

Robert Lou Hey.

From the Painting by John Opie

9673
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THE DOCTOR
&c

By ROBERT SOUTHEY

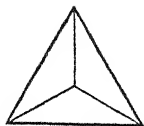
NEWLY EDITED AND ABRIDGED FROM
JOHN WOOD WARTER'S EDITION (1848)

BY

MAURICE H. FITZGERALD

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Though thou hadst made a general survey
 Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
 And knew so much as ever learning knew;
 Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
 And less presume.—And yet when being mov'd
 In private talk to speak, thou didst bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd
 That thou didst know whatever wit could say.
 Which show'd thou hadst not books, as many have,
 For ostentation, but for use; and that
 Thy bounteous memory was such as gave
 A large revenue of the good it gat.
 Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
 Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
 And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
 The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand,
 That none would think, if all thy life had been
 Turn'd into leisure, thou couldst have attain'd
 So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.¹

DANIEL. *Funeral Poem upon the Death of
 the late Noble Earl of Devonshire*

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¹J. W. Warter most happily inserted these lines, as descriptive of
 Southey, in his edition of "The Doctor" [Ed.]

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

The attitude of the mass of readers towards Southey resembles, it is to be feared, that expressed by Emerson in his account of an interview with Landor. 'He talked of Southey: but who is Southey?'—a remark which is said to have provoked from Swinburne the characteristic outburst, 'Did he say so? Then it was like him—the impudent foul-mouthed Yankee philosophaster!' Another contemporary American writer, Edgar Poe, proved a more kindly critic. 'The wit and humour of *The Doctor*,' he declared, 'have seldom been equalled. We cannot think Southey wrote it.' Yet even here the compliment is of the left-handed order. And it must be confessed that, in general, British as well as American critics have treated Southey's writings with a contempt or a neglect which they have little deserved. Partly this has been due to Southey's own fault. He would often state his opinions with a dogmatic self-righteousness very irritating to those who did not happen to agree with him; and he was stiff in his prejudices and vehement in their expression. Partly it was his misfortune. From political or personal reasons he drew upon himself the hostility of Byron, Hazlitt, and Macaulay; and a literary reputation must indeed be strongly entrenched to withstand unscathed the onslaught of three such redoubtable assailants. With the vast mass of Southey's writings as a whole we are not here concerned, but only with the book in which Poe found so much to praise. We may set by his verdict the judgment of Professor Saintsbury on 'this huge and charming book . . . *The Doctor* . . . which a few tastes (my own included) regard as, for desultory reading, one of the most delightful books in English.'¹ Huge indeed the book is, running, in J. W. Warton's one-volume edition, to some 690 pages of close-printed double columns; so huge that

¹ *Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury*, I. 263.

it would be idle at this time of day to think of reprinting it as a whole. And yet it would be strange if, while readers are won to-day for reprints of the obscurer dramatists of the Restoration, none, of a different taste, should discover even in an abridgment of *The Doctor* a charm hardly to be found elsewhere.

That charm consists of many contrasted elements. There is the sheer ease and beauty of the prose style. There is the tender grace of the quiet love-story which runs like a thread of gold athwart the curious patchwork of the earlier chapters. The atmosphere of old times and old manners is often recreated with a strange felicity. 'We do not believe,' wrote Lockhart in the *Quarterly*, 'that English literature contains a more exquisite sketch of the true old yeoman existence' than the account of the family and dwelling-place of the Doves. And throughout we find—once more to quote Professor Saintsbury—'the treasures of learning, never merely dry in itself, and constantly sweetened and moistened by fantastic humour.'¹ To many tastes the very discursive amplitude of the book will have its attraction, asking, as it does, for 'a leisurely reader content to ramble everywhere and no whither, and still pleased to take another turn because his companion has not yet come to an end of learning, mirth, or meditation.'² Those who know *The Doctor* must feel how strangely fitted to its author are the lines of his favourite, 'well-linguaged Daniel':

None would think if all thy life had been
Turned into leisure, thou couldst have attained
So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
So many volumes that so much contain'd.

Southey's own description of the book is interesting. Writing to his friend, Grosvenor Bedford, on October 12, 1824, he says: 'Such a variety of ingredients I think never before entered into any book which had a thread of continuity running through it. I promise you there is as much sense as nonsense there. It is very much like a trifle, where

¹ Op. cit., Vol. I., p. 264.

² E. Dowden, *Southey* (Men of Letters Series), p. 198.

the Author' written in a disguised hand, Southey pushed them aside with well-simulated disdain—'Some novel, I suppose.' For some weeks he enjoyed the mystification of his son Cuthbert, then a boy of fourteen, and his various conjectures as to the authorship of the strange work; till one day he surprised him by saying that he had a manuscript for him which he thought he would value, putting at the same time the manuscript of *The Doctor* into his hands. He amused himself further by sending all the original letters of acknowledgment for the first two volumes to Theodore Hook, as a person who might reasonably be suspected of being the author; and by suggesting a variety of alternative names to a number of his correspondents. And, though he never directly denied the authorship, he certainly contrived to imbue some of his friends with the belief that he had not written the book. All this may seem the exercise of a superfluous ingenuity; but it was no more than the instinctive effort to find a refuge from melancholy thoughts.

It will be of interest to subjoin here a few extracts from Lockhart's article on the first two volumes of *The Doctor*, which appeared in No. CI. of the *Quarterly Review*. That article began as follows: 'This work has excited more attention than any one belonging, or approaching, to the class of *novels* which has appeared in England for a considerable number of years; and we are not at all disposed to wonder that such should have been the case. It is broadly distinguished from the mass of books recently published in the same shape and form, both by excellencies of a very high order and by defects indicating such occasional contempt of sound judgment and sense and taste as we can hardly suppose in a strong and richly cultivated mind, unless that mind should be in a certain measure under the influence of disease. . . . The language, however, even where the matter is most absurd, retains the ease, the strength, and the purity of a true master of English; and there occur ever and anon, in chapters over which no human being but a reviewer will ever travel a second time, turns of expression which would of themselves justify us in pronouncing the author of this "apish and fantastic" nondescript to be a man of genius.' Lockhart declares that 'the writer is often a wise

one,' but finds little to relish in his attempts at wit or humour, though he admits that there are undoubtedly a few passages which might 'make Heraclitus chuckle.' He regrets the author's attacks upon Jeffrey and Lord Byron, and 'the heavy magniloquence of his own self-esteem. . . .' But he finds in the closing chapters of Vol. II. 'the sweetest love-story that has been printed for many a day in the English tongue—every sentence in it breathes freshness of heart and purity of mind, and all is perfect homely simplicity, both in the thought and in the expression. This jewel would alone make an enviable reputation.'

In the closing paragraph Lockhart addresses himself as follows to the question of the authorship: 'Be this author whom he may, the names which conjecture has bandied about in connection with his work imply, all and each of them, a strong impression of the ability and erudition which it evinces. At first suspicion lighted almost universally, we believe, on the Poet Laureate himself; and certainly the moral, political, and literary doctrines of the book are such, in the main, as might have countenanced such a notion—nor do we hesitate to pay the language of the book the extraordinary compliment of saying that much of it also might have done even Mr. Southey no discredit; but surely, of all the gross errors, both in the conception and in the execution, to which we have already alluded, the least could never have been supposed to come from him—unless, perhaps, in some merely juvenile proclusion, casually dug up out of a long-forgotten cabinet; and their catalogue contains some items which even that theory could never have reconciled us to affiliate upon him. Of the real author of the work we happen to know that he is ignorant, so we may spare ourselves further speculation on this head. Mr. Frere, who has also been not unfrequently talked of, must have changed many of his opinions in these latter days, if he has had any hand in *The Doctor*; but the comparative poverty of classical learning (strictly so called) in the book is to us sufficient proof that it is none of his. Mr. D'Israeli, too, has been much mentioned; but that delightful and instructive writer, though he might have supplied all, and more than all, the

¹ Ch: xli *et seq* in this edition.

learning of this odd work, could neither have reached the elegant clearness and precision of its style, nor condescended to affect certain feelings most beautifully and cordially expressed therein, and towards which, unfortunately for the world, his avowed works exhibit at best a semi-poetical sort of respect. We confess that of all our distinguished contemporaries the one upon whom we ourselves were at first most inclined to fasten *The Doctor* was Sir Egerton Brydges; but this guess was soon overturned by abuse of Lord Byron (whom no one has praised more eloquently than Sir Egerton)—by just, but highly expressed, laudation of Sir Egerton himself—and lastly, alas! by the frequent recurrence of passages indicating a happy and serene temper of mind, which, if Sir Egerton Brydges had possessed, he must long ere now have been one of the most popular, as well as, what no adequate judge of his writings can hesitate to pronounce him, one of the most elegantly accomplished and profoundly reflective authors of his age. A whisper seems now to be gaining ground that the book before us is in truth a joint-stock performance—but that the larger share belongs to Mr. Hartley Coleridge, of whose exquisite sonnets we gave some specimens in a recent Number of this Journal. This may or may not be the fact—the gentleman's residence in Yorkshire has perhaps been enough to start a provincial rumour which, should it be unfounded, he can have little reason to resent. Indeed, if *The Doctor* should prove at length to be a new candidate for literary fame, the names we have been reciting and rejecting will sufficiently attest the universal feeling that he, with all his defects, has been fully entitled to claim his degrees *in cumulo*.'

Such a book as *The Doctor* lends itself naturally to abridgment. Abridgment on any serious scale necessarily involves some loss of richness and variety. But it brings many compensations when applied to a book at once so loosely knit and so voluminous. *The Doctor* has been described as 'a glorified commonplace book'; and many of the extracts from other authors embedded in its pages can be omitted without serious damage to the effect of the work as a whole. The removal of many other passages inflicts

no structural harm, and helps to reduce the unwieldy fabric of the original to more reasonable proportions. In truth, to return to Southey's own metaphor, a good deal of the sweetmeats and of the solid foundation of cake in his confection can well be spared. Much of the 'whipt cream' has also been removed from the present edition. Southey possessed a keen and boyish sense of fun. But fun which may pass well enough at the schoolroom tea-table may cut but a poor figure when exposed in cold print to public gaze. Southey wrote of the book himself, 'I see in the work a little of Rabelais, but not much; more of *Tristram Shandy*, somewhat of Burton, and perhaps more of Montaigne; but methinks the *quintum quid* predominates.'¹ The resemblance to *Tristram Shandy* is to be seen, of course, in the rambling, haphazard arrangement of the material, in the apparently limitless ingenuity of the author in spinning his web, and in certain mechanical devices of disordered chapters, asterisks, and the like, which on the whole are rather tiresome. But the likeness is purely superficial. Southey was no more capable of Sterne's delicate and whimsical humour and fantastic invention than he was of his pinchbeck sentimentalism or his sniggering indecencies. *The Doctor* owes most of its charm and worth to the *quintum quid*, to the revelation which it gives of the mind and heart of its author—'that strongest and noblest and tenderest of human beings,'² as he was described by Henry Taylor, the close friend of his latter years. Southey delights us, in *The Doctor*, with his displays of curious learning, his brave and cheerful outlook upon life, his meditative wisdom; now and again with some quaint stroke of humour which hits the mark; while such passages as the story of the Three Bears, the memoir of the Cats of Greta Hall, or the account of Joseph Glover's Statues, make our hearts warm towards 'one whose spirit, grave with a man's wisdom, was pure as the spirit of a little child.'³

Little more than one-third of the entire work is included in this edition. But it is hoped that enough has been

¹ *Life and Correspondence*, VI. 269.

² *Correspondence of Henry Taylor*, p. 70.

³ E. Dowden, *Southey* (Men of Letters Series), p. 189.

retained to preserve the book's distinctive flavour. Excision has been practised most severely in the latter part, corresponding to the last two volumes, edited by J. W. Warter after Southey's death.¹ Warter had no detailed guidance as to the order in which these chapters should have appeared, nor can we be sure as to the form which they would have taken had Southey subjected them to a final revision. Accordingly, quite four-fifths of this 'Second Part' of *The Doctor* has been omitted in the present volume. The Prelude and Epilude of Mottoes, printed in Warter's edition, and Warter's own footnotes have also been omitted, and the Table of Contents has been curtailed. In no more than one or two of the chapters here printed has the plan of this edition made it necessary to delete a short passage of the original, the better to preserve the connection with what follows or precedes. The chapters have been numbered in due succession, while the number of each chapter as it appeared in the original work has been inserted in square brackets in the Table of Contents. A few Notes have been added at the end of the text, to explain various allusions. My special thanks are due to Mr. E. H. Ryle, not only for the help that he has given in tracing out for me many of these allusions, but also for the great assistance that he has rendered in preparing this volume for the press.

The readers of such a book as *The Doctor* must necessarily be 'rather fit and few than many.' But it may be hoped that some at least of those who read this volume may be led to make further acquaintance with Southey's writings, and so perhaps to readjust their estimate of his position in our literature. For as they read they will increasingly recognize the justice of Professor Saintsbury's considered verdict. In the essay already quoted he thus pronounces upon Southey's achievement: 'The man *knew* enormously; he could write admirably. . . . Only those who have worked through the enormous mass of his verse, his prose, and his letters can fully appreciate his merits; nor is it easy to conceive any scheme of collection that would be possible, or of selection that would do him justice. But if no one of

¹ In the present edition, chapter lxxxiii. is the first of the chapters taken from those posthumous volumes.

the Muses can claim him as her best beloved and most accomplished son, all ought to accord to him a preference never deserved by any other of their innumerable family. For such a lover and such a practitioner of almost every form of literature, no literature possesses save English, and English is very unlikely ever to possess again.¹

M. H. FG.

¹ *Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury*, I, 266, 267.

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POSTSCRIPT

There was a certain Pisander whose name has been preserved in one of the proverbial sayings of the Greeks, because he lived in continual fear of seeing his own ghost. How often have I seen mine while arranging these volumes for publication, and carrying them through the press!

Twenty years have elapsed since the intention of composing them was conceived, and the composition commenced, in what manner and in what mood the reader will presently be made acquainted. The vicissitudes which in the course of those years have befallen every country in Europe are known to every one; and the changes, which, during such an interval, must have occurred in a private family, there are few who may not, from their own sad experience, readily apprehend.

Circumstances which when they were touched upon in these volumes were of present importance, and excited a lively interest, belong now to the history of the past. They who were then the great performers upon the theatre of public life have fretted their hour and disappeared from the stage. Many who were living and flourishing when their names were here sportively or severely introduced are gone to their account. The domestic circle which the introduction describes has in the ordinary course of things been broken up; some of its members are widely separated from others, and some have been laid to rest. The reader may well believe that certain passages which were written with most joyousness of heart, have been rendered purely painful to the writer by time and change: and that some of his sweetest thoughts come to him in chewing the cud, like wormwood and gall.—But it is a wholesome bitterness.

He has neither expunged nor altered any thing on any of these accounts. It would be weakness to do this on the score of his own remembrances, and in the case of allusions to public affairs and to public men it would be folly. The

Almanack of the current year will be an old one as soon as next year begins.

It is the writer's determination to remain unknown; and they who may suppose that

By certain signs here set in sundry place

they have discovered him, will deceive themselves. A Welsh Triad says that the three unconcealable traits of a person by which he shall be known, are the glance of his eye, the pronunciation of his speech, and the mode of his self-motion;—in briefer English, his look, his voice, and his gait. There are no such characteristics by which an author can be identified. He must be a desperate mannerist who can be detected by his style, and a poor proficient in his art if he cannot at any time so vary it, as to put the critic upon a false scent. Indeed every day's experience shows that they who assume credit to themselves, and demand it from others, for their discrimination in such things, are continually and ridiculously mistaken.

On that side the author is safe; he has a sure reliance upon the honour as well as the discretion of the very few to whom he is naturally or necessarily known; and if the various authors to whom the Book will be ascribed by report, should derive any gratification from the perusal, he requests of them in return that they will favour his purpose by allowing such reports to pass uncontradicted.

CHAPTER I

A FAMILY PARTY AT A NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S

*Good Sir, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastic thing
At first unfolding !*

GEORGE WITHER TO THE KING

I was in the fourth night of the story of the Doctor and his horse, and had broken it off, not like Scheherezade because it was time to get up, but because it was time to go to bed. It was at thirty-five minutes after ten o'clock, on the 20th of July, in the year of our Lord 1813. I finished my glass of punch, tinkled the spoon against its side, as if making music to my meditations, and having my eyes fixed upon the Bhow Begum, who was sitting opposite to me at the head of her own table, I said, 'It ought to be written in a book !'

There had been a heavy thunder-storm in the afternoon; and though the thermometer had fallen from 78 to 70, still the atmosphere was charged. If that mysterious power by which the nerves convey sensation and make their impulses obeyed, be (as experiments seem to indicate) identical with the galvanic fluid; and if the galvanic and electric fluids be the same (as philosophers have more than surmised); and if the lungs (according to a happy hypothesis) elaborate for us from the light of heaven this pabulum of the brain, and material essence, or essential matter of genius,—it may be that the ethereal fire which I had inhaled so largely during the day produced the bright conception, or at least impregnated and quickened the latent seed. The punch, reader, had no share in it.

I had spoken as it were abstractedly, and the look which accompanied the words was rather cogitative than regardant. The Bhow Begum laid down her snuff-box and replied, entering into the feeling, as well as echoing the words, 'It ought to be written in a book,—certainly it ought.'

They may talk as they will of the dead languages. Our auxiliary verbs give us a power which the ancients, with all their varieties of mood, and inflections of tense, never could attain. 'It *must* be written in a book,' said I, encouraged by her manner. The mood was the same, the tense was the same; but the gradation of meaning was marked in a way which a Greek or Latin grammarian might have envied as well as admired.

'Pshaw! nonsense! stuff!' said my wife's eldest sister, who was sitting at the right hand of the Bhow Begum; 'I say, write it in a book indeed!' My wife's youngest sister was sitting diagonally opposite to the last speaker; she lifted up her eyes and smiled. It was a smile which expressed the same opinion as the late vituperative tones; there was as much of incredulity in it; but more of wonder and less of vehemence.

My wife was at my left hand, making a cap for her youngest daughter, and with her tortoiseshell-paper work-box before her. I turned towards her, and repeated the words, 'It *must* be written in a book!' But I smiled while I was speaking, and was conscious of that sort of meaning in my eyes which calls out contradiction for the pleasure of sporting with it.

'Write it in a book!' she replied, 'I am sure you won't; and she looked at me with a frown. Poets have written much upon their ladies' frowns, but I do not remember that they have ever described the thing with much accuracy. When my wife frowns, two perpendicular wrinkles, each three quarters of an inch in length, are formed in the forehead, the base of each resting upon the top of the nose, and equidistant from each other. The poets have also attributed dreadful effects to the frown of those whom they love. I cannot say that I ever experienced anything very formidable in my wife's. At present she knew her eyes would give the lie to it if they looked at me steadily for a moment; so they wheeled to the left about quick, off at a tangent, in a direction to the Bhow Begum, and then she smiled. She could not prevent the smile; but she tried to make it scornful.

My wife's nephew was sitting diagonally with her, and opposite his mother, on the left hand of the Bhow Begum.

'Oh !' he exclaimed, 'it ought to be written in a book ! it will be a glorious book ! write it, uncle, I beseech you !' My wife's nephew is a sensible lad. He reads my writings, likes my stories, admires my singing, and thinks as I do in politics:—a youth of parts and considerable promise.

'He *will* write it !' said the Bhow Begum, taking up her snuff-box, and accompanying the words with a nod of satisfaction and encouragement. 'He will never be so foolish !' said my wife. My wife's eldest sister rejoined, 'he is foolish enough for any thing.'

CHAPTER II

SHOWING THAT AN AUTHOR MAY MORE EASILY BE KEPT AWAKE BY HIS OWN IMAGINATIONS THAN PUT TO SLEEP BY THEM HIMSELF, WHATEVER MAY BE THEIR EFFECT UPON HIS READERS

Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

WEBSTER

When I ought to have been asleep the 'unborn pages crowded on my soul.' The Chapters ante-initial and post-initial appeared in delightful prospect 'long drawn out:' the beginning, the middle and the end were evolved before me: the whole spread itself forth, and then the parts unravelled themselves and danced the hays. The very types rose in judgment against me, as if to persecute me for the tasks which during so many years I had imposed upon them. Capitals and small letters, pica and long-primer, brevier and bourgeois, English and nonpareil, minion and pearl, Romans and Italics, black-letter and red, passed over my inward sight. The notes of admiration !!! stood straight up in view as I lay on the one side; and when I turned on the other to avoid them, the notes of interrogation cocked up their hump-backs ??? Then came to recollection the various incidents of the eventful tale. 'Visions of glory spare my

aching sight !' The various personages, like spectral faces in a fit of the vapours, stared at me through my eyelids. The Doctor oppressed me like an incubus; and for the Horse,—he became a perfect night-mare. 'Leave me, leave me to repose !'

Twelve by the kitchen clock !—still restless !—One ! O Doctor, for one of thy comfortable composing draughts !—Two ! here's a case of insomnolence ! I, who in summer close my lids as instinctively as the daisy when the sun goes down; and who in winter could hybernate as well as Bruin, were I but provided with as much fat to support me during the season, and keep the wick of existence burning:—I, who, if my pedigree were properly made out, should be found to have descended from one of the Seven Sleepers, and from the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood !

I put my arms out of bed. I turned the pillow for the sake of applying a cold surface to my cheek. I stretched my feet into the cold corner. I listened to the river, and to the ticking of my watch. I thought of all sleepy sounds and all soporific things: the flow of water, the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarine's head on the chimney-piece, a horse in a mill, the opera, Mr. Humdrum's conversation, Mr. Proser's poems, Mr. Laxative's speeches, Mr. Lengthy's sermons. I tried the device of my own childhood, and fancied that the bed revolved with me round and round. Still the Doctor visited me as perseveringly as if I had been his best patient; and, call up what thoughts I would to keep him off, the Horse charged through them all.

At last Morpheus reminded me of Dr. Torpedo's divinity lectures, where the voice, the manner, the matter, even the very atmosphere, and the streamy candle-light were all alike somnific;—where he who by strong effort lifted up his head, and forced open the reluctant eyes, never failed to see all around him fast asleep. Lettuces, cowslip-wine, poppy-syrup, mandragora, hop-pillows, spider's-web pills, and the whole tribe of narcotics, up to bang and the black drop, would have failed: but this was irresistible; and thus twenty years after date I found benefit from having attended the course.

CHAPTER III

SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS, AND THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE IN AERIAL HORSEMANSHIP

*If a dream should come in now to make you afear'd,
With a windmill on his head and bells at his beard,
Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your toes,
And your boots on your brows and your spurs on your nose?*

BEN JONSON

The wise ancients held that dreams are from Jove. Virgil hath told us from what gate of the infernal regions they go out, but at which of the five entrances of the town of Mansoul they get in, John Bunyan hath not explained. Some have conceited that unembodied spirits have access to us during sleep, and impress upon the passive faculty, by divine permission, presentiments of those things whereof it is fitting that we should be thus dimly forewarned. This opinion is held by Baxter, and to this also doth Bishop Newton incline. The old atomists supposed that the likenesses or spectres of corporeal things (*exuviae scilicet rerum, vel effluvia*, as they are called by Vaninus, when he takes advantage of them to explain the *Fata Morgana*), the atomists I say, supposed that these spectral forms which are constantly emitted from all bodies,

*Omne genus quoniam passim simulacra feruntur,*¹

assail the soul when she ought to be at rest; according to which theory all the lathered faces that are created every morning in the looking-glass, and all the smiling ones that my Lord Simper and Mr. Smallwit contemplate there with so much satisfaction during the day, must at this moment be floating up and down the world. Others again opine, as if in contradiction to those who pretend life to be a dream, that dreams are realities, and that sleep sets the soul free like a bird from a cage. John Henderson saw the spirit of a slumbering cat pass from her in pursuit of a visionary mouse;—(I know not whether he would have admitted the fact as an

¹ Lucretius.

argument for materialism;) and the soul of Hans Engelbrecht not only went to hell, but brought back from it a stench which proved to all the bystanders that it had been there.—Faugh!

Whether then my spirit that night found its way out at the nose (for I sleep with my mouth shut), and actually sallied out seeking adventures; or whether the spectrum of the Horse floated into my chamber; or some benevolent genius or daemon assumed the well-known and welcome form; or whether the dream were merely a dream,—

*si fuè en espiritu, ò fuè
en cuerpo, no sè; que yo
solo sè, que no lo sè.¹*

so however it was that in the visions of the night I mounted Nobs. Tell me not of Astolfo's hippogriff, or Pacolet's wooden steed; nor

Of that wondrous horse of brass
Whereon the Tartar King did pass;

nor of Alborak, who was the best beast for a night-journey that ever man bestrode. Tell me not even of Pegasus! I have ridden him many a time; by day and by night have I ridden him; high and low, far and wide, round the earth, and about it, and over it, and under it. I know all his earth-paces, and his sky-paces. I have tried him at a walk, at an amble, at a trot, at a canter, at a hand-gallop, at full gallop, and at full speed. I have proved him in the *manège* with single turns and the *manège* with double turns, his bounds, his curvets, his *pirouettes*, and his *pistes*, his *croupade* and his *balotade*, his gallop-galliard, and his capriole. I have been on him when he has glided through the sky with wings outstretched and motionless, like a kite or a summer cloud; I have bestrode him when he went up like a bittern with a strong spiral flight, round, round, and round, and upward, upward, upward, circling and rising still; and again when he has gone full sail, or full fly, with his tail as straight as a comet's behind him. But for a hobby or a night horse, Pegasus is nothing to Nobs.

¹ Calderon.

Where did we go on that memorable night ? What did we see ?—What did we do ?—Or rather what did we not see ? and what did we not perform ?

CHAPTER IV

A CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Tel condamne mon Coq-à-l'âne qui un jour en justifiera le bon sens.

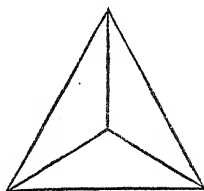
LA PRETIEUSE

I went down to breakfast as usual, overflowing with joyous thoughts. For mirth and for music, the skylark is but a type of me. I warbled a few wood notes wild, and then, full of the unborn work, addressed myself to my wife's eldest sister, and asked if she would permit me to dedicate the Book to her. 'What book ?' she replied. 'The History,' said I, 'of Doctor Daniel Dove, of Doncaster, and his Horse Nobs.' She answered, 'No, indeed ! I will have no such nonsense dedicated to me !'—and with that she drew up her upper lip, and the lower region of the nose. I turned to my wife's youngest sister: 'Shall I have the pleasure of dedicating it to you ?' She raised her eyes, inclined her head forwards with a smile of negation, and begged leave to decline the honour. 'Commandante,' said I, to my wife and Commandress, 'shall I dedicate it then to you ?' My Commandante made answer, 'Not unless you have something better to dedicate.'

'So Ladies !' said I; 'the stone which the builders rejected,'—and then looking at my wife's youngest sister—'Oh, it will be such a book !' The manner and the tone were so much in earnest, that they arrested the bread and butter on the way to her mouth; and she exclaimed, with her eyes full of wonder and incredulity at the same time, 'Why, you never can be serious ?' 'Not serious,' said I; 'why I have done nothing but think of it and dream of it the whole night.' 'He told me so,' rejoined my Commandante, 'the first thing in the morning.' 'Ah, Stupey !' cried my wife's

eldest sister, accompanying the compliment with a protrusion of the head, and an extension of the lips, which disclosed not only the whole remaining row of teeth, but the chasms that had been made in it by the tooth drawer; *hiatus valde lacrymabiles*.

'Two volumes,' said I, 'and this in the title-page !' So taking out my pencil, I drew upon the back of a letter the mysterious monogram, erudite in its appearance as the digamma of Mr. A. F. Valpy.



It past from hand to hand. 'Why, he is not in earnest;' said my wife's youngest sister. 'He never can be,' replied my wife. And yet beginning to think that peradventure I was, she looked at me with a quick turn of the eye,—'a pretty subject, indeed, for you to employ your time upon !—You, —*vema whehaha yohu almad otenba twandri athancod !*' I have thought proper to translate this part of my Commandante's speech into the Garamna tongue.

CHAPTER V

THE UTILITY OF POCKETS. A COMPLIMENT PROPERLY RECEIVED

La tasca è proprio cosa da Christiani.

BENEDETTO VARCHI

My eldest daughter had finished her Latin lessons, and my son had finished his Greek; and I was sitting at my desk, pen in hand and in mouth at the same time, (a substitute for

biting the nails which I recommend to all onychophagists,) when the Bhow Begum came in with her black velvet reticule, suspended as usual from her arm by its silver chain.

Now, of all the inventions of the Tailor (who is of all artists the most inventive), I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach; the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is—to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race, who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder in which they bear about their little implements; certes a more sensible bag than such as is worn at Court. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality is in proportion to their bulk, are said, upon the authority of tradition, when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth, as a place of security till breakfast; whence it may be inferred that they are not liable to tooth-ache, and that they make no use of tooth-picks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity, much might be said; for it would not be difficult to show, with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must* and *have* and *been*, which enabled Whitaker, of Manchester, to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood, that pockets are coeval with clothing: and, as erudite men have maintained that language and even letters are of divine origin, there might with like reason be a conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis, which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from

the pure language of our diplomatists, the *sine-qua-non*ness of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones; but all have a stomach,—and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, '*Saccus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla*'?

Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume—a wise custom; but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhouz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a play-thing, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments: among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that, if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the Doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For mark me, gentle or ungentle reader! there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition: and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket-handkerchief, and his pocket-book, and the key of his door (if he be a bachelor living in chambers), and his knife, and his loose pence and half-pence, and the letters which peradventure he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the post-office, two-penny or general, as he passes by, and his snuff, if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits, or his tobacco-box if he prefer the masticable to the pulverized weed, or his box of lozenges if he should be troubled with a tickling cough; and the sugar-plums, and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design,—who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the

thing which is wanted first fated alway to be undermost ! (Mr. Wilberforce knows the inconvenience)—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar-plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket-handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters ?

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this (not to mention that the very name of commutation ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold day-light and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwelling-houses), I abominate the bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And perceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping pitiably, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this farther proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must therefore either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.

When the Bhow Begum had seated herself I told her how my proffered dedication had been thrice rejected with scorn, and repeating the offer I looked for a more gracious reply. But, as if scorn had been the influenza of the female mind that morning, she answered, 'No; indeed she would not have it after it had been refused by every body else.' 'Nay, nay,' said I; 'it is as much in your character to accept, as it was in theirs to refuse.' While I was speaking she took a pinch of snuff; the nasal titillation co-operated with my speech, for when any one of the senses is pleased, the rest are not likely to continue out of humour. 'Well,' she replied, 'I will have it dedicated to me, because I shall delight in the book.' And she powdered the carpet with tobacco dust as she spake.

CHAPTER VI

CONCERNING DEDICATIONS, PRINTERS' TYPES, AND IMPERIAL INK

Il y aura des clefs, et des ouvertures de mes secrets.

LA PRETIEUSE

Monsieur Dellon, having been in the Inquisition at Goa, dedicated an account of that tribunal, and of his own sufferings to Mademoiselle du Cambout de Coislin, in these words:

Mademoiselle,

J'aurois tort de me plaindre des rigueurs de l'Inquisition, et des mauvais traitements que j'ay éprouvés de la part de ses ministres, puisqu'en me fournissant la matière de cet ouvrage, ils m'ont procuré l'avantage de vous le dédier.

This is the book which that good man Claudius Buchanan with so much propriety put into the hands of the Grand Inquisitor of India, when he paid him a visit at the Inquisition, and asked him his opinion of the accuracy of the relation upon the spot!

The Frenchman's compliment may truly be said to have been far-fetched and dearly bought. Heaven forefend that I should either go so far for one, or purchase it at such a price!

A dedication has oftentimes cost the unhappy author a greater consumption of thumb and finger nail than the whole book besides, and all varieties of matter and manner have been resorted to. Mine must be so far in character with the delectable history which it introduces, that it shall be unlike all which have ever gone before it. I knew a man (one he was who would have been an ornament to his country if methodism and madness had not combined to overthrow a bright and creative intellect), who, in one of his insaner moods, printed a sheet and a half of muddy rhapsodies with the title of the 'Standard of God Displayed:' and he prefaced it by saying that the price of a perfect book, upon a perfect subject, ought to be a perfect sum in a perfect coin; that is to say, one guinea. Now as Dr. Daniel Dove was a perfect Doctor, and his horse Nobs was a perfect horse, and

remembering him. He who can

But the turns of my Dedication to the Bhow Begum shall not be trusted to the letter founders, a set of men remarkable for involving their craft in such mystery that no one ever taught it to another, every one who has practised it having been obliged either surreptitiously to obtain the secret, or to invent a method for himself. It shall be in the old English letter, not only because that alphabet hath in its curves and angles, its frettings and redundant lines, a sort of picturesque similitude with Gothic architecture, but also because in its breadth and beauty it will display the colour of the ink

to most advantage. For the Dedication shall not be printed in black after the ordinary fashion, nor in white like the Sermon upon the Excise Laws, nor in red after the mode of Mr. Dibdin's half titles, but in the colour of that imperial encaustic ink, which by the laws of the Roman Empire it was death for any but the Roman Emperor himself to use. We Britons live in a free country, wherein every man may use what coloured ink seemeth good to him, and put as much gall in it as he pleases, or any other ingredient whatsoever. Moreover this is an imperial age, in which to say nothing of M. Ingelby, the Emperor of the Conjurers, we have seen no fewer than four new Emperors. He of Russia, who did not think the old title of Peter the Great good enough for him; he of France, for whom any name but that of Tyrant or Murderer is too good; he of Austria, who took up one imperial appellation to cover over the humiliating manner in which he laid another down; and he of Hayti, who if he be wise will order all public business to be carried on in the talkee-talkee tongue, and make it high treason for any person to speak or write French in his dominions. We also must dub our old Parliament imperial forsooth ! that we may not be behindhand with the age. Then we have Imperial Dining Tables ! Imperial Oil for nourishing the hair ! Imperial Liquid for Boot Tops ! Yea, and, by all the Caesars deified and damnified, Imperial Blacking ! For my part I love to go with the stream, so I will have an Imperial Dedication. Behold it, Reader. Therein is mystery.

To

The Bhow Begum

KEDORA

NIJABARMA

CHAPTER VII

NO BOOK CAN BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PREFACE

*I see no cause but men may pick their teeth,
Though Brutus with a sword did kill himself.*

TAYLOR, THE WATER POET

Who was the Inventor of Prefaces? I shall be obliged to the immortal Mr. Urban (immortal, because like the king in law he never dies,) if he will propound this question for me in his Magazine, that great lumber-room wherein small ware of all kinds has been laid up higgledy-piggledy by half-penny-worths or farthing-worths at a time for fourscore years, till, like broken glass, rags, or rubbish, it has acquired value by mere accumulation. To send a book like this into the world without a Preface would be as impossible as it is to appear at Court without a bag at the head and a sword at the tail; for as the perfection of dress must be shown at Court, so in this history should the perfection of histories be exhibited. The book must be *omni genere absolutum*; it must prove and exemplify the perfectibility of books: yea, with all imaginable respect for the 'Delicate Investigation,' which I leave in undisputed possession of an appellation so exquisitely appropriate, I conceive that the title of THE BOOK, as a popular designation *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, should be transferred from the edifying report of that Inquiry, to the present unique, unrivalled, and unrivalable production;—a production the like whereof hath not been, is not, and will not be. Here however let me warn my Greek and Arabian translators how they render the word, that if they offend the Mufti or the Patriarch, the offence as well as the danger may be theirs: I wash my hands of both. I write in plain English, innocently and in the simplicity of my heart: what may be made of it in heathen languages concerns not me.

ANTE-PREFACE

I here present thee with a hive of bees, laden some with wax, and some with honey. Fear not to approach! There are no Wasps, there are no Hornets here. If some wanton Bee should chance to buzz about thine ears, stand thy ground and hold thy hands: there none will sting thee if thou strike not first. If any do, she hath honey in her bag will cure thee too.

QUARLES

'Prefaces,' said Charles Blount, Gent., who committed suicide because the law would not allow him to marry his brother's widow,—(a law, be it remarked in passing, which is not sanctioned by reason, and which, instead of being in conformity with scripture, is in direct opposition to it, being in fact the mere device of a corrupt and greedy church)—'Prefaces,' said this flippant, ill-opinioned and unhappy man, 'ever were, and still are but of two sorts, let other modes and fashions vary as they please. Let the profane long peruke succeed the godly cropt hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery presbytery again, yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of pre-facing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he shall be hanged, or no; or else in a huffing manner he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of some friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual shams of all scribblers as well ancient as modern.' This was not true then, nor is it now; but when he proceeds to say, 'for my part I enter the lists upon another score,'—so say I with him; and my Preface shall say the rest.

PREFACE

Oh for a quill pluck'd from a Seraph's wing!

YOUNG

So the Poet exclaimed; and his exclamation may be quoted as one example more of the vanity of human wishes; for, in order to get a Seraph's quill it would be necessary, according to Mrs. Glasse's excellent item in her directions for roasting a hare, to begin by catching a Seraph. A quill from a Seraph's wing is, I confess, above my ambition; but one from a Peacock's tail was within my reach; and be it known unto all people, nations and languages, that with a Peacock's quill this Preface hath been penned—literally—truly, and *bona-fidely* speaking. And this is to write, as the learned old Pasquier says, *pavonesquement*, which in Latin minted for the nonce may be rendered *pavonicè*, and in English peacockically or peacockishly, whichever the reader may like best. That such a pen has verily and indeed been used upon this occasion I affirm. I affirm it upon the word of a true man; and here is a Captain of his Majesty's Navy at my elbow, who himself made the pen, and who, if evidence were required to the fact, would attest it by as round an oath as ever rolled over a right English tongue. Nor will the time easily escape his remembrance, the bells being at this moment ringing, June 4, 1814, to celebrate the King's birth-day, and the public notification that peace has been concluded with France.

I have oftentimes had the happiness of seeing due commendation bestowed by gentle critics, unknown admirers and partial friends upon my pen, which has been married to all amiable epithets:—classical, fine, powerful, tender, touching, pathetic, strong, fanciful, daring, elegant, sublime, beautiful. I have read these epithets with that proper satisfaction which, when thus applied, they could not fail to impart, and sometimes qualified the pride which they inspired by looking at the faithful old tool of the Muses beside me, worn to the stump in their service: the one end mended up to the quick in that spirit of economy which becomes a son of the Lackland family, and shortened at the other by

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the gradual and alternate processes of burning and biting, till a scant inch only is left above the finger place. Philemon Holland was but a type of me in this respect. Indeed I may be allowed to say that I have improved upon his practice, or at least that I get more out of a pen than he did, for in the engraved title-page to his *Cyrupaedia*, where there appears the Portrait of the *Interpres* marked by a great D inclosing the Greek letter Φ (which I presume designates Doctor Philemon) *aetatis suae* 80. A°. 1632, it may be plainly seen that he used his pen only at one end. Peradventure he delighted not, as I do, in the mitigated ammoniac odour.

But thou, O gentle reader, who in the exercise of thy sound judgment and natural benignity wilt praise this Preface, thou mayest with perfect propriety bestow the richest epithets upon the pen wherewith its immortal words were first clothed in material forms. Beautiful, elegant, fine, splendid, fanciful, will be to the very letter of truth: versatile it is as the wildest wit; flexible as the most monkey-like talent; and shouldst thou call it tender, I will whisper in thine ear—that it is only too soft. Yet softness may be suitable; for of my numerous readers one half will probably be soft by sex, and of the other half a very considerable proportion soft by nature. Soft therefore be the Pen and soft the strain.

I have drawn up the window-blinds (though sunshine at this time acts like snuff upon the mucous membrane of my nose) in order that the light may fall upon this excellent Poet's wand as I wave it to and fro, making cuts five and six of the broad-sword exercise. Every feather of its fringe is now lit up by the sun; the hues of green and gold and amethyst are all brought forth; and that predominant lustre which can only be likened to some rich metallic oxyde; and that spot of deepest purple, the pupil of an eye for whose glorious hue neither metals nor flowers nor precious stones afford a resemblance: its likeness is only to be found in animated life, in birds and insects whom nature seems to have formed when she was most prodigal of beauty: I have seen it indeed upon the sea, but it has been in some quiet bay when the reflection of the land combined with the sky and the ocean to produce it.

And what can be more emblematic of the work which I

am beginning than the splendid instrument wherewith the Preface is traced? What could more happily typify the combination of parts, each perfect in itself when separately considered, yet all connected into one harmonious whole; the story running through like the stem or back-bone, which the episodes and digressions fringe like so many featherlets, leading up to that catastrophe, the gem or eye-star, for which the whole was formed, and in which all terminate.

They who are versed in the doctrine of sympathies and the arcana of correspondences as revealed to the Swedish Emanuel, will doubtless admire the instinct or inspiration which directed my choice to the pavonian Pen. The example should be followed by all consumers of ink and quill. Then would the lover borrow a feather from the turtle dove. The lawyer would have a large assortment of kite, hawk, buzzard and vulture: his clients may use pigeon or gull. Poets according to their varieties. Mr. —, the Tom Tit. Mr. —, the Water-wagtail. Mr. —, the Crow. Mr. —, the Mocking-bird. Mr. —, the Magpie. Mr. —, the Sky-lark. Mr. —, the Eagle. Mr. —, the Swan. Lord —, the Black Swan. Critics some the Owl, others the Butcher Bird. Your challenger must indite with one from the wing of a game cock: he who takes advantage of a privileged situation to offer the wrong and shrink from the atonement will find a white feather. Your dealers in public and private scandal, whether Jacobins or Anti-Jacobins, the pimps and panders of a profligate press, should use none but duck feathers, and those of the dirtiest that can be found in the purlieus of Pimlico or St. George's Fields. But for the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, whether he dictates in morals or in taste, or displays his peculiar talent in political prophecy, he must continue to use goose quills. Stick to the goose, Mr. Jeffrey; while you live, stick to the Goose!

INITIAL CHAPTER

Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα.—HOMER

They who remember the year 1800 will remember also the great controversy whether it was the beginning of a century or the end of one; a controversy in which all Magazines, all Newspapers, and all persons took part. Now as it has been deemed expedient to divide this work, or to speak more emphatically this Opus, or more emphatically still this Ergon, into Chapters Ante-Initial and Post-Initial, a dispute of the same nature might arise among the commentators in after ages, if especial care were not now taken to mark distinctly the beginning. This therefore, is the Initial Chapter, neither Ante nor Post, but standing between both; the point of initiation, the goal of the *Antes*, the starting place of the *Posts*; the mark at which the former end their career, and from whence the latter take their departure.

THE DOCTOR

&c

*Eccoti il libro; mettilvi ben cura,
Iddio t'ajuti e dia buona ventura.*

ORL. INNAM

CHAPTER VIII

THE SUBJECT OF THIS HISTORY AT HOME AND AT TEA

*If thou be a severe sour complexioned man, then I here disallow thee
to be a competent judge.*

IZAAK WALTON

The clock of St. George's had struck five. Mrs. Dove had just poured out the Doctor's seventh cup of tea. The Doctor was sitting in his arm-chair. Sir Thomas was purring upon his knees; and Pompey stood looking up to his mistress, wagging his tail, sometimes whining with a short note of impatience, and sometimes gently putting his paw against her apron to remind her that he wished for another bit of bread and butter. Barnaby was gone to the farm; and Nobs was in the stable.

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN CERTAIN QUESTIONS ARE PROPOSED CONCERNING
TIME, PLACE, AND PERSONS

Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo quando?

TECHNICAL VERSE

Thus have I begun according to the most approved forms not like those who begin the Trojan War from Leda's egg, or the History of Great Britain from Adam, or the Life of

General Washington from the Discovery of the New World; but in conformity to the Horatian precept, rushing into the middle of things. Yet the Giant Moulineau's appeal to his friend the story-telling Ram may well be remembered here; *Belier, mon ami, si tu voulais commencer par le commencement, tu me ferois grand plaisir*. For in the few lines of the preceding chapter how much is there that requires explanation?—Who was Nobs?—Who was Barnaby?—Who was the Doctor?—Who was Mrs. Dove?—The place, where?—The time, when?—The persons, who?—

I maie not tell you all at once;
But as I maie and can, I shall
By order tellen you it all.

So saith Chaucer; and in the same mind, *facilius discimus quae congruo dicuntur ordine quam quae sparsimae et confusim*, saith Erasmus. Think a moment I beseech thee, Reader, what order is! Not the mere word which is so often vociferated in the House of Commons or uttered by the Speaker *ore rotundo*, when it is necessary for him to assume the tone of Ζεύς ὑψιβρεμέτης; but order in its essence and truth, in itself and in its derivatives.

Waiving the Orders in Council, and the Order of the Day, a phrase so familiar in the disorderly days of the French National Convention, think, gentle Reader, of the order of Knighthood, of Holy Orders, of the orders of architecture, the Linnaean orders, the orderly Serjeant, the ordinal numbers, the Ordinary of Newgate, the Ordinary on Sundays at 2 o'clock in the environs of the Metropolis, the ordinary faces of those who partake of what is ordinarily provided for them there; and under the auspices of Government itself, and *par excellence*, the Extraordinary Gazette. And as the value of health is never truly and feelingly understood except in sickness, contemplate for a moment what the want of order is. Think of disorder in things remote, and then as it approaches thee. In the country wherein thou livest, bad; in the town whereof thou art an inhabitant, worse; in thine own street, worser; in thine own house, worst of all. Think of it in thy family, in thy fortune, in thine intestines. In thy affairs, distressing; in thy members,

painful; in thy conduct, ruinous. Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. Abstract it from a Dictionary, and thou mayest imagine the inextricable confusion which would ensue. Reject it from the Alphabet, and Zerah Colburne himself could not go through the chriscross row. How then should I do without it in this history?

A Quaker, by name Benjamin Lay, (who was a little cracked in the head though sound at heart,) took one of his compositions once to Benjamin Franklin that it might be printed and published. Franklin, having looked over the manuscript, observed that it was deficient in arrangement; it is no matter, replied the author, print any part thou pleasest first. Many are the speeches and the sermons and the treatises and the poems and the volumes which are like Benjamin Lay's book; the head might serve for the tail, and the tail for the body, and the body for the head,—either end for the middle, and the middle for either end;—nay, if you could turn them inside out like a polypus, or a glove, they would be no worse for the operation.

When the excellent Hooker was on his death-bed, he expressed his joy at the prospect of entering a World of Order.

CHAPTER X

WHOLESOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE VANITY OF FAME

Whosoever shall address himself to write of matters of instruction, or of any other argument of importance, it behoveth that before he enter thereinto, he should resolutely determine with himself in what order he will handle the same; so shall he best accomplish that he hath undertaken, and inform the understanding, and help the memory of the Reader.

GWILLIM'S DISPLAY OF HERALDRY

Who was the Doctor?

We will begin with the persons for sundry reasons,

general and specific. Doth not the Latin grammar teach us so to do, wherein the personal verbs come before the impersonal, and the *Propria quae maribus* precede all other nouns? Moreover by replying to this question all needful explanation as to time and place will naturally and of necessity follow in due sequence.

Truly I will deliver and discourse
The sum of all.¹

Who was the Doctor?

Can it then be necessary to ask?—Alas the vanity of human fame! Vanity of vanities, all is Vanity! ‘How few,’ says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, ‘have heard of the name of Veneatapadino Ragium! He imagined that there was no man in the world that knew him not: how many men can tell me that he was the King of Narsinga?’ When I mention Arba, who but the practised textualist can call to mind that he was ‘a great man among the Anakim,’ that he was the father of Anak, and that from him Kirjath-Arba took its name? A great man among the Giants of the earth, the founder of a city, the father of Anak!—and now there remaineth nothing more of him or his race than the bare mention of them in one of the verses of one of the chapters of the Book of Joshua: except for that only record it would not now be known that Arba had ever lived, or that Hebron was originally called after his name. *Vanitas vanitatum! Omnia vanitas.* An old woman in a village in the West of England was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederic was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fulness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, ‘Is a! is a!—The Lord ha’ marcy!—Well, well! The King of Prussia! And who’s he?’—The ‘Who’s he’ of this old woman might serve as text for a notable sermon upon ambition. ‘Who’s he’ may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederic, or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac, or Sir Humphrey. Who built the Pyramids?

¹ G. Peele.

Who ate the first Oyster? *Vanitas vanitatum ! Omnia vanitas.*

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring Death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main
And made one mear¹ of the earth and of their reign ? "

Who was the Doctor ?

Oh that thou hadst known him, Reader ! Then should I have answered the question,—if orally, by an emphasis upon the article,—*the* Doctor; or if in written words, *THE DOCTOR*—thus giving the word that capital designation to which as the head of his profession within his own orbit, he was so justly entitled. But I am not writing to those only who knew him, nor merely to the inhabitants of the West Riding, nor to the present generation alone:—No ! to all Yorkshire,—all England; all the British Empire; all the countries wherein the English tongue is, or shall be, spoken or understood; yea to all places, and all times to come. *Para todos*, as saith the famous Doctor Juan Perez de Montalvan, *Natural de Madrid*, which is, being interpreted, a Spanish Cockney—*para todos; porque es un aparato de varias materias, donde el Filosofo, el Cortesano, el Humanista, el Poeta, el Predicador, el Teologo, el Soldado, el Devoto, el Jurisconsulto, el Matematico, el Medico, el Soltero, el Casado, el Religioso, el Ministro, el Plebeyo, el Señor, el Oficial, y el Entretenido, hallaran juntamente utilidad y gusto, erudicion y divertimento, doctrina y desahogo, recreo y enseñanza, moralidad y alivio,*

¹ A mear or meer-stone, still means a boundary stone. The word is used in our Homilies. See fourth part of the Sermon for Rogation Week.

² Spenser.

ciencia y descanso, provecho y passatiempo, alabanzas y reprehensiones, y ultimamente exemplos y donaires, que sin ofender las costumbres delecten el animo, y sazonen el entendimiento.

Who was the Doctor ?
The Doctor was Doctor Daniel Dove.

CHAPTER XI

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF DOCTOR DOVE, WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF A YEOMAN'S HOUSE IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.*

HORAT. OD.

Daniel, the son of Daniel Dove and of Dinah his wife, was born near Ingleton in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Monday the twenty-second of April, old style, 1723, nine minutes and three seconds after three in the afternoon; on which day Marriage came in and Mercury was with the Moon; and the aspects were $\square \text{ } \text{h} \text{ } \text{f}$: a week earlier, it would have been a most glorious Trine of the Sun and Jupiter;—circumstances which were all duly noted in the blank leaf of the family Bible.

Daniel, the father, was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six and twenty acres which his fathers had possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther than registers or title deeds could ascend. The little church, called Chapel le Dale, stands about a bow-shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn,

been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common with its limestone rocks peering every where above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tomb-stones which had been placed there were now themselves half buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprang.

The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants. You entered between two yew trees clipt to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas

under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. Over the door was a stone with these letters,

D

D + M

A.D.

1608.

The A. was in the Saxon character. The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry-bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet found their way into these remote parts: and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest in the best kitchen which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon, the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door, on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden

Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The Lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the Prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the Lions; but happily there were no 'judges' in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. The other print which ornamented the room had been purchased from a like feeling, though the cause was not so immediately apparent. It represented a Ship in full sail, with Joseph, and the Virgin Mary, and the Infant on board, and a Dove flying behind as if to fill the sails with the motion of its wings. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two Peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large 'sinuous shells' so finely thus described by Landor:—

Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbib'd
In the sun's palace porch; where, when unyok'd,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

There was also a head of Indian corn there, and a back scratcher, of which the hand was ivory and the handle black. This had been a present of Daniel the grandfather to his wife. The three apartments above served equally for store-rooms and bed-chambers. William Dove, the brother slept in one, and Agatha the maid, or Haggy as she was called, in another.

CHAPTER XII

EXTENSION OF THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THE PRACTICAL USES OF CRANIOLOGY

Hanc ergo scientiam blande excipiamus, hilariterque amplectamur, ut vere nostram et de nobismet ipsis tractantem; quam qui non amat, quam qui non amplectitur, nec philosophiam amat, neque suae vitae discrimina curat.

BAPTISTA PORTA

They who know that the word physiognomy is not derived from phiz, and infer from that knowledge that the science is not confined to the visage alone, have extended it to hand-writings also, and hence it has become fashionable in this age of collectors to collect the autographs of remarkable persons. But now that Mr. Rapier has arisen, 'the Reformer of illegible hands,' he and his rival Mr. Carstairs teach all their pupils to write alike. The countenance however has fairer play in our days than it had in old times, for the long heads of the sixteenth century were made by the nurses, not by nature. Elongating the nose, flattening the temples, and raising the forehead are no longer performed by manual force, and the face undergoes now no other artificial modelling than such as may be impressed upon it by the aid of the looking-glass. So far physiognomy becomes less difficult, the data upon which it has to proceed not having been falsified *ab initio*; but there arises a question in what state ought they to be examined? Dr. Gall is for shaving the head, and overhauling it as a Turk does a Circassian upon sale, that he may discover upon the outside of the skull the organs of fighting, murder, cunning, and thieving (near neighbours in his *mappa cerebri*), of comparing colours, of music, of sexual instinct, of philosophical judgment, &c. &c., all which, with all other qualities, have their latitudes and longitudes in the brain, and are conspicuous upon the outward skull, according to the degree in which they influence the character of the individual.

It must be admitted that if this learned German's theory of craniology be well founded, the Gods have devised a much surer, safer, and more convenient means for discovering

the real characters of the Lords and Ladies of the creation, than what Momus proposed, when he advised that a window should be placed in the breast. For if his advice had been followed, and there had actually been a window in the sternum,—it is, I think, beyond all doubt that a window-shutter would soon have been found indispensably necessary in cold climates, more especially in England, where pulmonary complaints are so frequent; and, secondly, the wind would not be more injurious to the lungs in high latitudes, than the sun would be to the liver in torrid regions; indeed, every where during summer it would be impossible to exist without a green curtain, or Venetian blinds to the window; and after all, take what precautions we might, the world would be ten times more bilious than it is. Another great physical inconvenience would also have arisen; for if men could peep into their insides at any time, and see the motions and the fermentations which are continually going on, and the rise and progress of every malady distinctly marked in the changes it produced, so many nervous diseases would be brought on by frequent inspection, and so many derangements from attempting to regulate the machine, that the only way to prevent it from making a full stop would be to put a lock upon the shutter, and deliver the key to the Physician.

But upon Dr. Gall's theory how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purposes of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory as applied to practice offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gasses, and with the commencement of the French Revolution, and in these later days with the progress of the Bible Society. In courts of Justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention. Think also in State Trials what infinite advantages an Attorney-General might

derive from the opinion of a Regius Professor of Craniology ! Even these are but partial benefits. Our Generals, Ministers, and Diplomatsists would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which Parents or Guardians might think proper to bespeak. The Doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth, by his skill in mechanics, devise with characteristic ingenuity the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born the professional cap, medical, military, theological, commercial, or legal, would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no farther than just to hint that the materials of the mould may operate sympathetically, and therefore that for a lawyer in *rus* the cap should be made of brass, for a divine of lead, for a politician of base-metal, for a soldier of steel, and for a sailor of heart of English oak.

Dr. Gall would doubtless require the naked head to be submitted to him for judgment. Contrariwise I opine,—and all the Ladies will agree with me in this opinion,—that the head ought neither to be stript, nor even examined in undress, but that it should be taken with all its accompaniments, when the owner has made the best of it, the accompaniments being not unfrequently more indicative than the features themselves. Long ago the question whether a man is most like himself drest or undrest, was propounded to the British Apollo; and it was answered by the Oracle that a man of God Almighty's making is most like himself when undrest; but a man of a tailor's, periwig-maker's, and sempstress's making, when drest. The Oracle answered rightly; for no man can select his own eyes, nose, or mouth,—but his wig and his whiskers are of his own choosing. And to use an illustrious instance, how much of character is there in that awful wig which alway in its box accompanies Dr. Parr upon his visits of ceremony, that it may be put on in the hall,

with all its feathery honours thick upon it, not a curl deranged, a hair flattened, or a particle of powder wasted on the way !

But if we would form a judgment of the interior of that portentous head which is thus formidably obumbrated, how could it be done so well as by beholding the Doctor among his books, and there seeing the food upon which his terrific intellect is fed. There we should see the accents, quantities, dialects, digammas, and other such small gear as in these days constitute the complete armour of a perfect scholar; and by thus discovering what goes into the head we might form a fair estimate of what was likely to come out of it. This is a truth which, with many others of equal importance, will be beautifully elucidated in this nonpareil history. For Daniel Dove, the Father, had a collection of books; they were not so numerous as those of his contemporary Harley, famous for his library, and infamous for the Peace of Utrecht; but he was perfectly conversant with all their contents, which is more than could be said of the Earl of Oxford.

Reader, whether thou art man, woman, or child, thou art doubtless acquainted with the doctrine of association as inculcated by the great Mr. Locke and his disciples. But never hast thou seen that doctrine so richly and so entirely exemplified as in this great history, the association of ideas being, in oriental phrase, the silken thread upon which its pearls are strung. And never wilt thou see it so clearly and delightfully illustrated, not even if the ingenious Mr. John Jones should one day give to the world the whole twelve volumes in which he has proved the authenticity of the Gospel History, by bringing the narratives of the Four Evangelists to the test of Mr. Locke's metaphysics.

'Desultoriness,' says Mr. Danby, 'may often be the mark of a full head; connection must proceed from a thoughtful one.'

CHAPTER XIII

A COLLECTION OF BOOKS NONE OF WHICH ARE INCLUDED
AMONGST THE PUBLICATIONS OF ANY SOCIETY FOR THE
PROMOTION OF KNOWLEDGE RELIGIOUS OR PROFANE.—
HAPPINESS IN HUMBLE LIFE

*Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco
Solicittat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuae tranquilla silentia vitae.*

POLITIAN

Happily for Daniel, he lived before the age of Magazines, Reviews, Cyclopaedias, Elegant Extracts and Literary Newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vendor. His books were few in number, but they were all weighty either in matter or in size. They consisted of the *Morte d'Arthur* in the fine black-letter edition of Cope-land; Plutarch's *Morals* and Pliny's *Natural History*, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat, and both translated by that old worthy Philemon, who for the service which he rendered to his contemporaries and to his countrymen deserves to be called the best of the Hollands, without disparaging either the Lord or the Doctor of that appellation. The whole works of Joshua Sylvester (whose name, let me tell the reader in passing, was accented upon the first syllable by his contemporaries, not as now upon the second);—Jean Petit's *History of the Netherlands*, translated and continued by Edward Grimeston, another worthy of the Philemon order; Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourses*; Stowe's *Chronicle*; Joshua Barnes's *Life of Edward III*; 'Ripley Revived by Eirenaeus Philalethes, an Englishman styling himself Citizen of the World,' with its mysterious frontispiece representing the *Domus Naturae*, to which, *Nil deest, nisi clavis*; the *Pilgrim's Progress*; two volumes of Ozell's translation of Rabelais; Latimer's *Sermons*; and the last volume of Fox's *Martyrs*, which latter book had been brought him by his wife. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was a godmother's present to

his son: the odd volumes of Rabelais he had picked up at Kendal, at a sale, in a lot with Ripley Revived and Plutarch's Morals: the others he had inherited.

Daniel had looked into all these books, read most of them, and believed all that he read, except Rabelais, which he could not tell what to make of. He was not, however, one of those persons who complacently suppose every thing to be nonsense, which they do not perfectly comprehend, or flatter themselves that they do. His simple heart judged of books by what they ought to be, little knowing what they are. It never occurred to him that any thing would be printed which was not worth printing, any thing which did not convey either reasonable delight or useful instruction: and he was no more disposed to doubt the truth of what he read, than to question the veracity of his neighbour, or any one who had no interest in deceiving him. A book carried with it to him authority in its very aspect. The *Morte d'Arthur* therefore he received for authentic history, just as he did the painful chronicle of honest John Stowe and the Barnesian labours of Joshua the self-satisfied: there was nothing in it indeed which stirred his English blood like the battles of Cressy and Poitiers and Najara; yet on the whole he preferred it to Barnes's story, believed in Sir Tor, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lamorack as entirely as in Sir John Chandos, the Captal de Buche and the Black Prince, and liked them better.

Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth, and poets derive any satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it, Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester, however, was reserved for a Sabbath book; as a week-day author Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a syllabub. He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves;

the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar, that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is a maxim which will not in all cases hold good. There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art,—with whatsoever is truly great and excellent. Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated (as such things always are) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

But the Author in whom he delighted most was Plutarch, of whose works he was lucky enough to possess the worthier half: if the other had perished Plutarch would not have been a popular writer, but he would have held a higher place in the estimation of the judicious. Daniel could have posed a candidate for university honours, and perhaps the examiner too, with some of the odd learning which he had stored up in his memory from these great repositories of ancient knowledge. Refusing all reward for such services, the strangers to whom he officiated as a guide, though they perceived that he was an extraordinary person, were little aware how much information he had acquired, and of how strange a kind. His talk with them did not go beyond the subjects which the scenes they came to visit naturally suggested, and they wondered more at the questions he asked, than at any thing which he advanced himself. For his disposition was naturally shy, and that which had been bashfulness in youth assumed the appearance of reserve as he advanced in life; for having none to communicate with upon his favourite studies, he lived in an intellectual world of his own, a mental solitude as complete as that of Alexander Selkirk or Robinson

Crusoe. Even to the Curate his conversation, if he had touched upon his books, would have been heathen Greek; and to speak the truth plainly, without knowing a letter of that language, he knew more about the Greeks, than nine-tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine-tenths of the schoolmasters also.

Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men. In fact he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself any thing. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun and wind and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought indeed that if he had had grammar learning in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining in this natural reflection.

Never indeed was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. And well he might be so, for no man ever passed through the world with less to disquiet or to sour him. Bred up in habits which secured the continuance of that humble but sure independence to which he was born, he had never known what it was to be anxious for the future. At the age of twenty-five he had brought home a wife, the daughter of

a little landholder like himself, with fifteen pounds for her portion: and the true-love of his youth proved to him a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. If at any time there had been some alloy in his happiness, it was when there appeared reason to suppose that in him his family would be extinct; for though no man knows what parental feelings are till he has experienced them, and Daniel therefore knew not the whole value of that which he had never enjoyed, the desire of progeny is natural to the heart of man; and though Daniel had neither large estates, nor an illustrious name to transmit, it was an unwelcome thought that the little portion of the earth which had belonged to his fathers time out of mind should pass into the possession of some stranger, who would tread on their graves and his own without any regard to the dust that lay beneath. That uneasy apprehension was removed after he had been married fifteen years, when to the great joy of both parents, because they had long ceased to entertain any hope of such an event, their wishes were fulfilled in the birth of a son. This their only child was healthy, apt and docile, to all appearance as happily disposed in mind and body as a father's heart could wish. If they had fine weather for winning their hay or shearing their corn, they thanked God for it; if the season proved unfavourable, the labour was only a little the more and the crop a little the worse. Their stations secured them from want, and they had no wish beyond it. What more had Daniel to desire?

The following passage in the divine Du Bartas he used to read with peculiar satisfaction, applying it to himself :—

O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city troubles, and of state-affairs;
And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team,
His own *free land*, left by his friends to him !

Never pale Envy's poisony heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart: nor Vulture Avarice:
His fields' bounds bound his thoughts: he never sups,
For nectar, poison mixed in silver cups;
Neither in golden platters doth he lick
For sweet ambrosia deadly arsenic:

His hand's his bowl (better than plate or glass)
The silver brook his sweetest hippocrass:
Milk cheese and fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.

False counsellors (concealers of the law)
Turncoat attorneys that with both hands draw;
Sly pettifoggers, wranglers at the bar,
Proud purse-leeches, harpies of Westminster
With feigned-chiding, and foul jarring noise,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joys;
But cheerful birds chirping him sweet good-morrows
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day
The diapason of their heavenly lay.

His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On th' ireful ocean (as the winds do blow)
With sudden tempest is not overwhurled,
To seek his sad death in another world:
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas
No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
Than that which waters with its silver current
His native meadows: and that very earth
Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Aethiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed;
Nor keep in consort (as Mecaenas did)
Luxurious Villains—(Viols I should have said):
But on green carpets thrum'd with mossy bever,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Drum, fife and trumpet, with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to arms;
Nor dear respect of some great General,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The crested cock sings '*Hunt-is-up*' to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the mountains and the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears which great Aurora sheds.

Never gross air poisoned in stinking streets,
To choke his spirit, his tender nostril meets;
But th' open sky where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives.
And Death, dread Serjeant of the Eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge.

CHAPTER XIV

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY. AN EXPERIMENT UPON MOONSHINE

*Quien comienza en juventud
A bien obrar,
Senal es de no errar
En senetud.*

PROVERBIOS DEL MARQUES DE SANTILLANA

It is not, however, for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations as the sparks fly upward, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion. Having nothing to desire for himself, Daniel's ambition had taken a natural direction and fixed upon his son. He was resolved that the boy should be made a scholar; not with the prospect of advancing him in the world, but in the hope that he might become a philosopher, and take as much delight in the books which he would inherit as his father had done before him. Riches and rank and power appeared in his judgment to be nothing when compared to philosophy; and herein he was as true a philosopher as if he had studied in the Porch, or walked the groves of Academus.

It was not however for this,—for he was as little given to talk of his opinions as to display his reading,—but for his retired habits, and general character, and some odd practices into which his books had led him, that he was commonly called Flossofer Daniel by his neighbours. The appellation was not affixed in derision, but respectfully and as his due; for he bore his faculties too meekly ever to excite an envious or an ill-natured feeling in any one. Rural Flossofers were not uncommon in those days, though in the progress of society they have disappeared like Crokers, Bowyers, Lorimers, Armourers, Running Footmen, and other descriptions of men whose occupations are gone by. But they were of a different order from our Daniel. They were usually Philomaths, Students in Astrology, or the Coelestial Science, and not unfrequently Empirics or downright Quacks. Between twenty and thirty almanacks used to be published every year by men of this description, some

of them versed enough in mathematics to have done honour to Cambridge, had the fates allowed; and others such proficient in roguery, that they would have done equal honour to the whipping-post.

A man of a different stamp from either came in declining life to settle at Ingleton in the humble capacity of school-master, a little before young Daniel was capable of more instruction than could be given him at home. Richard Guy was his name; he is the person to whom the lovers of old rhyme are indebted for the preservation of the old poem of Flodden Field, which he transcribed from an ancient manuscript, and which was printed from his transcript by Thomas Gent of York. In his way through the world, which had not been along the King's high Dunstable road, Guy had picked up a competent share of Latin, a little Greek, some practical knowledge of physic, and more of its theory; astrology enough to cast a nativity, and more acquaintance with alchemy than has often been possessed by one who never burnt his fingers in its processes. These acquirements were grafted on a disposition as obliging as it was easy; and he was beholden to nature for an understanding so clear and quick that it might have raised him to some distinction in the world if he had not been under the influence of an imagination at once lively and credulous. Five and fifty years had taught him none of the world's wisdom; they had sobered his mind without maturing it; but he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.

Daniel was too far advanced in life to fall in friendship; he felt a certain degree of attractiveness in this person's company; there was, however, so much of what may better be called reticence than reserve in his own quiet habitual manners, that it would have been long before their acquaintance ripened into any thing like intimacy, if an accidental circumstance had not brought out the latent sympathy which on both sides had till then rather been apprehended than understood. They were walking together one day when young Daniel, who was then in his sixth year, looking up in his father's face, proposed this question: 'Will it be any harm, Father, if I steal five beans when next I go into

Jonathan Dowthwaites, if I can do it without any one's seeing me ?'

'And what wouldst thou steal beans for ?' was the reply, 'when any body would give them to thee, and when thou knowest there are plenty at home ?'

'But it won't do to have them given, Father,' the boy replied. 'They are to charm away my warts. Uncle William says I must steal five beans, a bean for every wart, and tie them carefully up in paper, and carry them to a place where two roads cross, and then drop them, and walk away without ever once looking behind me. And then the warts will go away from me, and come upon the hands of the person that picks up the beans.'

'Nay, boy,' the Father made answer; 'that charm was never taught by a white witch ! If thy warts are a trouble to thee, they would be a trouble to any one else; and to get rid of an evil from ourselves, Daniel, by bringing it upon another, is against our duty to our neighbour. Have nothing to do with a charm like that !'

'May I steal a piece of raw beef then,' rejoined the boy, 'and rub the warts with it and bury it ? For Uncle says that will do, and as the beef rots, so the warts will waste away.'

'Daniel,' said the Father, 'those can be no lawful charms that begin with stealing; I could tell thee how to cure thy warts in a better manner. There is an infallible way, which is by washing the hands in moonshine, but then the moonshine must be caught in a bright silver basin. You wash and wash in the basin, and a cold moisture will be felt upon the hands, proceeding from the cold and moist rays of the moon.'

'But what shall we do for a silver basin ?' said little Daniel.

The Father answered, 'a pewter dish might be tried if it were made very bright; but it is not deep enough. The brass kettle perhaps might do better.'

'Nay,' said Guy, who had now begun to attend with some interest, 'the shape of a kettle is not suitable. It should be a concave vessel, so as to concentrate the rays. Joshua Wilsson I dare say would lend his brass basin, which he can very well spare at the hour you want it, because nobody comes to

be shaved by moonlight. The moon rises early enough to serve at this time. If you come in this evening at six o'clock I will speak to Joshua in the mean time, and have the basin as bright and shining as a good scouring can make it. The experiment is curious and I should like to see it tried. Where Daniel didst thou learn it?' 'I read it,' replied Daniel, 'in Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourses, and he says it never fails.'

Accordingly the parties met at the appointed hour. Mambrino's helmet, when new from the armourer's, or when furbished for a tournament, was not brighter than Guy had rendered the inside of the barber's basin. Schoolmaster, Father and Son retired to a place out of observation, by the side of the river, a wild stream tumbling among the huge stones which it had brought down from the hills. On one of these stones sate Daniel the elder, holding the basin in such an inclination toward the moon that there should be no shadow in it; Guy directed the boy where to place himself so as not to intercept the light, and stood looking complacently on, while young Daniel revolved his hands one in another within the empty basin, as if washing them. 'I feel them cold and clammy, Father !' said the boy. (It was the beginning of November.) 'Ay,' replied the father, 'that's the cold moisture of the moon !' 'Ay !' echoed the schoolmaster, and nodded his head in confirmation.

The operation was repeated on the two following nights; and Daniel would have kept up his son two hours later than his regular time of rest to continue it on the third if the evening had not set in with clouds and rain. In spite of the patient's belief that the warts would waste away and were wasting, (for Prince Hohenlohe could not require more entire faith than was given on this occasion,) no alteration could be perceived in them at a fortnight's end. Daniel thought the experiment had failed because it had not been repeated sufficiently often, nor perhaps continued long enough. But the Schoolmaster was of opinion that the cause of failure was in the basin: for that silver being the lunar metal would by affinity assist the influential virtues of the moonlight, which finding no such affinity in a mixed metal of baser compounds, might contrariwise have its

potential qualities weakened, or even destroyed when received in a brassen vessel, and reflected from it. Flossofer Daniel assented to this theory. Nevertheless as the child got rid of his troublesome excrescences in the course of three or four months, all parties disregarding the lapse of time at first, and afterwards fairly forgetting it, agreed that the remedy had been effectual, and Sir Kenelm, if he had been living, might have procured the solemn attestation of men more veracious than himself that moonshine was an infallible cure for warts.

CHAPTER XV

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOLBOY

Though happily thou wilt say that wands be to be wrought when they are green, lest they rather break than bend when they be dry, yet know also that he that bendeth a twig because he would see if it would bow by strength may chance to have a crooked tree when he would have a straight.

EUPHUES

From this time the two Flossofers were friends. Daniel seldom went to Ingleton without looking in upon Guy, if it were between school hours. Guy on his part would walk as far with him on the way back, as the tether of his own time allowed, and frequently on Saturdays and Sundays he strolled out and took a seat by Daniel's fireside. Even the wearying occupation of hearing one generation of urchins after another repeat *a-b-ab*, hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and pacing like a horse in a mill the same dull dragging round day after day, had neither diminished Guy's good-nature, nor lessened his love for children. He had from the first conceived a liking for young Daniel, both because of the right principle which was evinced by the manner in which he proposed the question concerning stealing the beans, and of the profound gravity (worthy of a Flossofer's son) with which he behaved in the affair of the moonshine. All that he saw and heard of him tended to confirm

this favourable prepossession; and the boy, who had been taught to read in the Bible and in Stowe's Chronicle, was committed to his tuition at seven years of age.

Five days in the week (for in the North of England Saturday as well as Sunday is a Sabbath to the Schoolmaster) did young Daniel, after supping his porringer of oatmeal pottage, set off to school, with a little basket containing his dinner in his hand. This provision usually consisted of oat-cake and cheese, the latter in goodly proportion, but of the most frugal quality, whatever cream the milk afforded having been consigned to the butter tub. Sometimes it was a piece of cold bacon or of cold pork; and in winter there was the luxury of a shred pie, which is a coarse north country edition of the pie abhorred by puritans. The distance was in those days called two miles; but miles of such long measure that they were for him a good hour's walk at a cheerful pace. He never loitered on the way, being at all times brisk in his movements, and going to school with a spirit as light as when he returned from it, like one whose blessed lot it was never to have experienced, and therefore never to stand in fear of severity or unkindness. For he was not more a favourite with Guy for his docility, and regularity and diligence, than he was with his schoolfellows for his thorough good-nature and a certain original oddity of humour.

There are some boys who take as much pleasure in exercising their intellectual faculties, as others do when putting forth the power of arms and legs in boisterous exertion. Young Daniel was from his childhood fond of books. William Dove used to say he was a chip of the old block; and this hereditary disposition was regarded with much satisfaction by both parents, Dinah having no higher ambition nor better wish for her son, than that he might prove like his father in all things. This being the bent of his nature, the boy having a kind master as well as a happy home, never tasted of what old Lily calls (and well might call) the wearisome bitterness of the scholar's learning. He was never subject to the brutal discipline of the Udals and Busbys and Bowyers, and Parrs, and other less notorious tyrants who have trodden in their steps; nor was any of that

inhuman injustice ever exercised upon him to break his spirit, for which it is to be hoped Dean Colet has paid in Purgatory;—to be hoped, I say, because if there be no Purgatory, the Dean may have gone farther and fared worse. Being the only *Latiner* in the school, his lessons were heard with more interest and less formality. Guy observed his progress with almost as much delight and as much hope as Daniel himself. A schoolmaster who likes his vocation feels toward the boys who deserve his favour something like a thrifty and thriving father toward the children for whom he is scraping together wealth; he is contented that his humble and patient industry should produce fruit not for himself, but for them, and looks with pride to a result in which it is impossible for him to partake, and which in all likelihood he may never live to see. Even some of the old Phlebotomists have had this feeling to redeem them.

'Sir,' says the Compositor to the Corrector of the Press, 'there is no heading in the Copy for this Chapter. What must I do?'

'Leave a space for it,' the Corrector replies. 'It is a strange sort of book; but I dare say the Author has a reason for every thing that he says or does, and most likely you will find out his meaning as you set up.'

Right, Mr. Corrector! you are a judicious person, free from the common vice of finding fault with what you do not understand. My meaning will be explained presently. And having thus prologized, we will draw a line if you please, and begin.

Ten measures of garrulity, says the Talmud, were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine.

I have known in my time eight terrific talkers; and five of them were of the masculine gender.

But supposing that the Rabbis were right in allotting to the women a ninefold proportion of talkativeness, I confess that I have inherited my mother's share.

I am liberal of my inheritance, and the Public shall have the full benefit of it.

And here if my gentle Public will consider to what profitable uses this gift might have been applied, the disinterestedness of my disposition in having thus benevolently dedicated it to their service will doubtless be appreciated as it deserves by their discrimination and generosity. Had I carried it to the pulpit, think how I might have filled the seats, and raised the prices of a private chapel! Had I taken it to the bar, think how I could have mystified a judge, and bamboozled a jury! Had I displayed it in the senate, think how I could have talked against time, for the purpose of delaying a division, till the expected numbers could be

brought together; or how efficient a part I could have borne in the patriotic design of impeding the business of a session, prolonging and multiplying the debates, and worrying a minister out of his senses and his life.

Diis aliter visum—I am what I was to be,—what it is best for myself that I should be,—and for you, my Public, also. The rough-hewn plans of my destination have been better shaped for me by Providence than I could have shaped them for myself.

But to the purpose of this chapter, which is as headless as the Whigs—Observe, my Public, I have not said as brainless . . . If it were, the book would be worth no more than a new Tragedy of Lord Byron's; or an old number of Mr. Jeffrey's Review, when its prophecies have proved false, its blunders have been exposed, and its slander stinks.

Every thing here shall be in order. The digressions into which this gift of discourse may lead me must not interrupt the arrangement of our History. Never shall it be said of the Unknown that 'he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.' We have a journey to perform from Dan to Beersheba, and we must halt occasionally by the way. Matter will arise contingent to the story, correlative to it, or excrescent from it; not necessary to its progress, and yet indispensable for your delight, my gentle Public, and for mine own ease. My Public would not have me stifle the *afflatus* when I am labouring with it, and in the condition of Elihu as described by himself in the 18th and 19th verses of the xxxii. chapter of the book of Job.

*Quemadmodum caelator oculos diu intentos ac fatigatos remittit atque avocat, et, ut dici solet, pascit; sic nos animum aliquando debemus relaxare et quibusdam oblectamentis reficere. Sed ipsa oblectamenta opera sint; ex his quoque si observaveris, sumes quod possit fieri salutare.*¹

But that the beautiful structure of this history may in no wise be deranged, such matter shall be distributed into distinct chapters in the way of intercalation; a device of which as it respects the year, Adam is believed to have been the inventor; but according to the Author of the book of

¹ Seneca, Epist. 58.

Jalkut, it was only transmitted by him to his descendants, being one of the things which he received by revelation.

How then shall these Chapters be annominated? Inter-calary they shall not. That word will send some of my readers to Johnson's Dictionary for its meaning; and others to Sheridan, or Walker for its pronunciation. Besides, I have a dislike to all mongrel words, and an especial dislike for strange compounds into which a preposition enters. I owe them a grudge. They make one of the main difficulties in Greek and German.

From our own Calendars we cannot borrow an appellation. In the Republican one of our neighbours, when the revolutionary fever was at its height, the supplemental days were called *Sans-culottes*. The Spaniards would call them *Dias Descamisados*. The holders of liberal opinions in England would term them Radical Days. A hint might be taken hence, and we might name them radical chapters, as having the root of the matter in them;—or *ramal*, if there were such a word, upon the analogy of the Branch Bible societies. Or *ramage* as the king of Cockayne hath his Foliage. But they would not be truly and philosophically designated by these names. They are not branches from the tree of this history, neither are they its leaves; but rather choice garlands suspended there to adorn it on festival days. They may be likened to the waste weirs of a canal, or the safety valves of a steam engine; (my gentle Public would not have me stifle the *afflatus*!)—interludes;—symphonies between the acts;—voluntaries during the service;—resting places on the ascent of a church tower; angular recesses of an old bridge, into which foot passengers may retire from carriages or horsemen;—houses-of-call upon the road; seats by the way side, such as those which were provided by the Man of Ross, or the not less meritorious Woman of Chippenham, Maud Heath of Langley Burrell,—Hospices on the passages of the Alps,—Capes of Good Hope, or Isles of St. Helena,—yea, Islands of Tinian or Juan Fernandez, upon the long voyage whereon we are bound.

Leap-chapters they cannot properly be called; and if we were to call them Ha Has! as being chapters which the Reader may leap if he likes, the name would appear rather

strained than significant, and might be justly censured as more remarkable for affectation than for aptness. For the same reason, I reject the designation of Inter-means, though it hath the sanction of great Ben's authority.

Among the requisites for an accomplished writer Steele enumerates the skill whereby common words are started into new significations. I will not presume so far upon that talent (—modesty forbids me—) as to call these intervening chapters either Interpellations or Interpositions, or Interlocations, or Intervals. Take this, Reader, for a general rule, that the readiest and plainest style is the most forcible (if the head be but properly stored;) and that in all ordinary cases the word which first presents itself is the best; even as in all matters of right and wrong, the first feeling is that which the heart owns and the conscience ratifies.

But for a new occasion, a new word or a new composite must be formed. Therefore I will strike one in the mint of analogy, in which alone the king's English must be coined, and call them Interchapters—and thus endeth

INTERCHAPTER I

REMARKS IN THE PRINTING OFFICE. THE AUTHOR CONFESSES A DISPOSITION TO GARRULITY. PROPRIETY OF PROVIDING CERTAIN CHAPTERS FOR THE RECEPTION OF HIS EXTRANEOUS DISCOURSE. CHOICE OF AN APPELLATION FOR SUCH CHAPTERS

*Perque vices aliquid, quod tempora longa videri
Non sinat, in medium vacuas referamus ad aures.*

OVID

CHAPTER XVI

EXCEPTIONS TO ONE OF KING SOLOMON'S RULES. A WINTER'S EVENING AT DANIEL'S FIRESIDE

These are my thoughts; I might have spun them out into a greater length, but I think a little plot of ground, thick sown, is better than a great field which, for the most part of it, lies fallow.

NORRIS

'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old his feet will not depart from it.' Generally speaking it will be found so; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions?

Ask the serious Christian as he calls himself, or the Professor (another and more fitting appellation which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves)—ask him whether he has found it hold good? Whether his sons when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life) have profited as he expected by the long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened night and morning, the sad sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days? Ask him if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age? from being birdlimed by dissipation? or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief? 'It is no doubt a true observation,' says Bishop Patrick, 'that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom.'

Ask the old faithful servant of Mammon, whom Mammon has rewarded to his heart's desire, and in whom the acquisition of riches has only increased his eagerness for acquiring more—ask him whether he has succeeded in training up his heir to the same service? He will tell you that the young man is to be found upon race-grounds, and in gaming-houses, that he is taking his swing of extravagance and excess, and is on the high road to ruin.

Ask the wealthy Quaker, the pillar of the meeting—most

orthodox in heterodoxy,—who never wore a garment of forbidden cut or colour, never bent his body in salutation, or his knees in prayer,—never uttered the heathen name of a day or month, nor ever addressed himself to any person without religiously speaking illegitimate English,—ask him how it has happened that the tailor has converted his sons ? He will fold his hands, and twirl his thumbs mournfully in silence. It has not been for want of training them in the way wherein it was his wish that they should go.

You are about, Sir, to send your son to a public school; Eton or Westminster; Winchester or Harrow; Rugby or the Charter House, no matter which. He may come from either an accomplished scholar to the utmost extent that school education can make him so; he may be the better both for its discipline and its want of discipline; it may serve him excellently well as a preparatory school for the world into which he is about to enter. But also he may come away an empty coxcomb or a hardened brute—a spendthrift—a profligate—a blackguard or a sot.

To put a boy in the way he should go, is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain; but there are rocks and shallows in her course, winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and perils of the sea.

How often has it been seen that sons, not otherwise deficient in duty toward their parents, have, in the most momentous concerns of life, taken the course most opposite to that in which they were trained to go, going wrong where the father would have directed them aright, or taking the right path in spite of all inducements and endeavours for leading them wrong ! The son of Charles Wesley, born and bred in Methodism and bound to it by all the strongest ties of pride and prejudice, became a papist. This indeed was but passing from one erroneous persuasion to another, and a more inviting one. But Isaac Casaubon also had the grief of seeing a son seduced into the Romish superstition, and on the part of that great and excellent man there had been no want of discretion in training him, nor of sound learning and sound wisdom. Archbishop Leighton, an honour to his church, his country, and his kind, was the child of one of

those firebrands who kindled the Great Rebellion. And Franklin had a son, who notwithstanding the example of his father (and such a father !) continued steadfast in his duty as a soldier and a subject; he took the unsuccessful side—but

— *nunquam successu crescat honestum.*¹

No such disappointment was destined to befall our Daniel. The way in which he trained up his son was that into which the bent of the boy's own nature would have led him; and all circumstances combined to favour the tendency of his education. The country abounding in natural objects of sublimity and beauty (some of these singular in their kind) might have impressed a duller imagination than had fallen to his lot; and that imagination had time enough for its workings during his solitary walks to and from school morning and evening. His home was in a lonely spot; and having neither brother nor sister, nor neighbours near enough in any degree to supply their place as playmates, he became his father's companion imperceptibly as he ceased to be his fondling. And the effect was hardly less apparent in Daniel than in the boy. He was no longer the same taciturn person as of yore; it seemed as if his tongue had been loosened, and when the reservoirs of his knowledge were opened they flowed freely.

Their chimney corner on a winter's evening presented a group not unworthy of Sir Joshua's pencil. There sate Daniel, richer in marvellous stories than ever traveller who in the days of mendacity returned from the East; the peat fire shining upon a countenance which weather-hardened as it was, might have given the painter a model for a Patriarch, so rare was the union which it exhibited of intelligence, benevolence and simplicity. There sate the boy with open eyes and ears, raised head, and fallen lip, in all the happiness of wonder and implicit belief. There sate Dinah, not less proud of her husband's learning than of the towardly disposition and promising talents of her son,—twirling the thread at her spinning-wheel, but attending to all that past;

¹ Lucan.

and when there was a pause in the discourse, fetching a deep sigh, and exclaiming, 'Lord bless us ! what wonderful things there are in the world !' There also sate Haggy, knitting stockings, and sharing in the comforts and enjoyments of the family when the day's work was done. And there sate William Dove;—but William must have a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER XVII

ONE WHO WAS NOT SO WISE AS HIS FRIENDS COULD HAVE WISHED, AND YET QUITE AS HAPPY AS IF HE HAD BEEN WISER.
NEPOTISM NOT CONFINED TO POPES

*There are of madmen as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike. — Some
Apish and fantastic;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.*

DEKKER

William Dove was Daniel's only surviving brother, seven years his junior. He was born with one of those heads in which the thin partition that divides great wits from folly is wanting. Had he come into the world a century sooner, he would have been taken *nolens volens* into some Baron's household, to wear motley, make sport for the guests and domestics, and live in fear of the rod. But it was his better fortune to live in an age when this calamity rendered him liable to no such oppression, and to be precisely in that station which secured for him all the enjoyments of which he was capable, and all the care he needed. In higher life, he would probably have been consigned to the keeping of strangers who would have taken charge of him for pay; in a humbler degree he must have depended upon the parish for support; or have been made an inmate of one of those moral lazaret-houses in which age and infancy, the harlot and

the idiot, the profligate and the unfortunate are herded together.

William Dove escaped these aggravations of calamity. He escaped also that persecution to which he would have been exposed in populous places where boys run loose in packs, and harden one another in impudence, mischief and cruelty. Natural feeling, when natural feeling is not corrupted, leads men to regard persons in his condition with a compassion not unmixed with awe. It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons to point significantly at the head and say *'tis not all there;*—words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. No outward and visible deformity can make them so truly apprehend how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

William Dove's was not a case of fatuity. Though *all* was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half-saved*. Some of his faculties were more than ordinarily acute, but the power of self conduct was entirely wanting in him. Fortunately it was supplied by a sense of entire dependence which produced entire docility. A dog does not obey his master more dutifully than William obeyed his brother; and in this obedience there was nothing of fear; with all the strength and simplicity of a child's love, it had also the character and merit of a moral attachment.

The professed and privileged fool was generally characterized by a spice of knavery, and not unfrequently of maliciousness: the unnatural situation in which he was placed, tended to excite such propensities and even to produce them. William had shrewdness enough for the character, but nothing of this appeared in his disposition; ill-usage might perhaps have awakened it, and to a fearful degree, if he had proved as sensible to injury as he was to kindness. But he had never felt an injury. He could not have been treated with more tenderness in Turkey (where a degree of holiness is imputed to persons in his condition) than was uniformly shown him within the little sphere of his perambulations. It was surprising how much he had picked up within that little sphere. Whatever event occurred,

whatever tale was current, whatever traditions were preserved, whatever superstitions were believed, William knew them all; and all that his insatiable ear took in, his memory hoarded. Half the proverbial sayings in Ray's volume were in his head, and as many more with which Ray was unacquainted. He knew many of the stories which our children are now receiving as novelties in the selections from Grimm's *Kinder und Haus-Marchen*, and as many of those which are collected in the Danish Folk-Sagn. And if some zealous lover of legendary lore, (like poor John Leyden, or Sir Walter Scott,) had fallen in with him, the Shakesperian commentators might perhaps have had the whole story of St. Withold; the Wolf of the World's End might have been identified with Fenris and found to be a relic of the Scalds: and Rauf Collyer and John the Reeve might still have been as well known as Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.

William had a great fondness for his nephew. Let not Protestants suppose that Nepotism is an affection confined to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. In its excess indeed it is peculiarly a Papal vice,—which is a degree higher than a Cardinal one; but like many other sins it grows out of the corruption of a good feeling. It may be questioned whether fond uncles are not as numerous as unkind ones, notwithstanding our recollections of King Richard and the Children in the Wood. We may use the epithet nepotious for those who carry this fondness to the extent of doting, and as expressing that degree of fondness it may be applied to William Dove: he was a nepotious uncle. The father regarded young Daniel with a deeper and more thoughtful, but not with a fonder affection, not with such a doting attachment. Dinah herself, though a fond as well as careful mother, did not more thoroughly

— delight to hear
Her early child mis-speak half-uttered words;¹

and perhaps the boy, so long as he was incapable of distinguishing between their moral qualities, and their relative

¹ Donne.

claims to his respect and love and duty, loved his uncle most of the three. The father had no idle hours; in the intervals when he was not otherwise employed one of his dear books usually lay open before him, and if he was not feeding upon the page, he was ruminating the food it had afforded him. But William Dove, from the time that his nephew became capable of noticing and returning caresses, seemed to have concentrated upon him all his affections. With children affection seldom fails of finding its due return; and if he had not thus won the boy's heart in infancy, he would have secured it in childhood by winning his ear with these marvellous stories. But he possessed another talent which would alone have made him a favourite with children,—the power of imitating animal sounds with singular perfection. A London manager would have paid him well for performing the cock in Hamlet. He could bray in octaves to a nicety, set the geese gabbling by addressing them in their own tongue, and make the turkey-cock spread his fan, brush his wing against the ground, and angrily gob-gobble in answer to a gobble of defiance. But he prided himself more upon his success with the owls, as an accomplishment of more difficult attainment. In this Mr. Wordsworth's boy of Winander was not more perfect. Both hands were used as an instrument in producing the notes; and if Pope could have heard the responses which came from barn and doddered oak and ivied crag, he would rather, (satirist as he was,) have left Ralph unsatirized, than have vilified one of the wildest and sweetest of nocturnal sounds.

He was not less expert to a human ear in hitting off the wood-pigeon's note, though he could not in this instance provoke a reply. This sound he used to say ought to be natural to him, and it was wrong in the bird not to acknowledge his relation. Once when he had made too free with a lass's lips, he disarmed his brother of a reprehensive look, by pleading that as his name was William Dove it behoved him both to *bill* and to *coo*.

CHAPTER XVIII

A WORD TO THE READER, SHOWING WHERE WE ARE, AND HOW
WE CAME HERE, AND WHEREFORE; AND WHITHER WE ARE
GOING

*'Tis my venture
On your retentive wisdom.*

BEN JONSON

Reader, you have not forgotten where we are at this time: you remember I trust, that we are neither at Dan nor Beersheba; nor anywhere between those two celebrated places; nor on the way to either of them: but that we are in the Doctor's parlour, that Mrs. Dove has just poured out his seventh cup of tea, and that the clock of St. George's has struck five. In what street, parade, place, square, row, terrace, or lane, and in what town, and in what county; and on what day, and in what month, and in what year, will be explained in due time. You cannot but remember what was said in the ninth chapter *post initium* concerning the importance and the necessity of order in an undertaking like this. 'All things,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'began in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the ordainer of order, and mystical mathematics of the City of Heaven.' This awful sentence was uttered by the Philosopher of Norwich upon occasion of a subject less momentous than that whereon we have entered, for what are the mysteries of the *Quincunx* compared to the delineation of a human mind? Be pleased only at present to bear in mind where we are. Place but as much confidence in me as you do in your review, your newspaper, and your apothecary; give me but as much credit as you expect from your tailor; and if your apothecary deserves that confidence as well, it will be well for you, and if your credit is as punctually redeemed, it will be well for your tailor. It is not without cause that I have gone back to the Doctor's childhood and his birth-place. Be thou assured, O Reader! that he never could have been seated thus comfortably in that comfortable parlour where we are now regarding him,—never by possibility could have been at that time in that spot, and in those

circumstances;—never could have been the Doctor that he was,—nay, according to all reasonable induction, all tangible or imaginable probabilities,—never would have been a Doctor at all,—consequently thou never couldst have had the happiness of reading this delectable history, nor I the happiness of writing it for thy benefit and information and delight,—had it not been for his father's character, his father's books, his schoolmaster Guy, and his Uncle William, with all whom and which, it was therefore indispensable that thou shouldst be made acquainted.

A metaphysician, or as some of my contemporaries would affect to say a psychologist, if he were at all a master of his art bablative (for it is as much an *ars bablativa* as the law, which was defined to be so by that old traitor and time-server Serjeant Maynard)—a metaphysician I say, would not require more than three such octavo volumes as those of Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population, to prove that no existing circumstance could at this time be what it is, unless all preceding circumstances had from the beginning of time been precisely what they were. But, my good reader, I have too much respect for you, and too much regard for your precious time, and too much employment, or amusement (which is a very rational kind of employment) for my own, to waste it in demonstrating a truism. No man knows the value of time more feelingly than I do !

Man's life, Sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.¹

It is my wish and intention to make you acquainted with a person most worthy to be known, for such the subject of this history will be admitted to be: one whom when you once know him it will be impossible that you should ever forget: one for whom I have the highest possible veneration and regard; (and though it is not possible that your feelings towards him should be what mine are) one who, the more he is known, will and must be more and more admired. I wish to introduce this person to you. Now, Sir, I appeal to your

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher.

good sense, and to your own standard of propriety, should I act with sufficient respect either to yourself or him, if, without giving you any previous intimation, any information, concerning his character and situation in life; or in any way apprising you who and what he was, I were to knock at your door and simply present him to you as Doctor Dove? No, my dear Sir! it is indispensable that you should be properly informed who it is whom I thus introduce to your acquaintance; and if you are the judicious person that I suppose you to be, you will be obliged to me as long as you live. 'For why,' as old Higgins hath it,—

For why, who writes such histories as these
Doth often bring the Reader's heart such ease
As when they sit and see what he doth note,
Well fare his heart, say they, this book that wrote!

Ill fare that reader's heart who of this book says otherwise! '*Tam suavia dicam facinora, ut malè sit ei qui talibus non delectetur!*' said a very different person from old Higgins, writing in a different vein. I have not read his book, but so far as my own is concerned, I heartily adopt his malediction.

Had I been disposed, as the Persians say, to let the steed of the pen expatiate in the plains of prolixity, I should have carried thee farther back in the generations of the Doves. But the good garrulous son of Garcilasso my Lord (Heaven rest the soul of the Princess who bore him,—for Peru has never produced any thing else half so precious as his delightful books,)—the Inca-blooded historian himself, I say, was not more anxious to avoid that failing than I am. Forgive me, Reader, if I should have fallen into an opposite error; forgive me if in the fear of saying too much I should have said too little. I have my misgivings:—I may have run upon Scylla while striving to avoid Charybdis. Much interesting matter have I omitted; much have I passed by on which I 'cast a longing lingering look behind;'—much which might worthily find a place in the History of Yorkshire;—or of the West Riding (if that history were tripartitively distributed;—or in the Gentleman's Magazine;—or in John Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century: (I honour John Nichols, I honour

Mr. Urban !)—much more might it have had place—much more might it be looked for here !

I might have told thee, Reader, of Daniel the Grandfather, and of Abigail his second wife, who once tasted tea in the house-keeper's apartments at Skipton Castle; and of the Great Grandfather who at the age of twenty-eight died of the small-pox, and was the last of the family that wore a leathern jerkin; and of his father Daniel the *atavus*, who was the first of the family that shaved, and who went with his own horse and arms to serve in that brave troop, which during the wreck of the King's party the heir of Lowther raised for the loyal cause: and of that Daniel's Grandfather, (the *tritavus*) who going to Kentmore to bring home a wife was converted from the Popish superstition by falling in with Bernard Gilpin on the way. That apostolic man was so well pleased with his convert that he gave him his own copy of Latimer's sermons,—that copy which was one of our Daniel's Sunday books, and which was religiously preserved in reverence for this ancestor, and for the Apostle of the North (as Bernard Gilpin was called), whose autograph it contained.

The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than could be done by the most elaborate dissertation. And the History of the Doves might be rendered as interesting and as instructive as that of the Scymours or the Howards. Frown not, my Lord of Norfolk, frown not, your Grace of Somerset, when I add, that it would contain less for their descendants to regret.

CHAPTER XIX

A HISTORY NOTICED WHICH IS WRITTEN BACKWARD. THE
CONFUSION OF TONGUES AN ESPECIAL EVIL FOR SCHOOLBOYS

*For never in the long and tedious tract
Of slavish grammar was I made to plod;
No Tyranny of Rules my patience rackt;
I served no prenticehood to any Rod;
But in the freedom of the Practic way
Learnt to go right, even when I went astray.*

DR. BEAUMONT

It has been the general practice of historians, from the time of Moses, to begin at the beginning of their subject: but as a river may be traced either from its sources or its mouth, so it appears that a history may be composed in the reversed order of its chronology; and a French author of very considerable ability and great learning has actually written a history of the Christian religion from his own times upwards. It forms part of an elaborate and extensive work entitled *Parallèle des Religions*, which must have been better known than it appears to be at present if it had not happened to be published in Paris during the most turbulent year of the Revolution. Perhaps if I had carried back the memoirs of the Dove family, I might have followed his example in choosing the up-hill way, and have proceeded from son to father in the ascending line. But having resolved (whether judiciously or not) not to go farther back in these family records than the year of our Lord 1723, being the year of the Doctor's birth, I shall continue in the usual course, and pursue his history *ab incunabulis* down to that important evening on which we find him now reaching out his hand to take that cup of tea which Mrs. Dove has just creamed and sugared for him. After all, the beaten way is usually the best, and always the safest. 'He ought to be well-mounted,' says Aaron Hill, 'who is for leaping the hedges of custom.' For myself I am not so adventurous a horseman as to take the hazards of a steeple chace.

Proceeding, therefore, after the model of a Tyburn biography, which being an ancient as well as popular form is

likely to be the best,—we come after birth and parentage to education. ‘That the world from Babel was scattered into divers tongues, we need not other proof,’ says a grave and good author, ‘than as Diogenes proved that there is motion,—by walking;—so we may see the confusion of languages by our confused speaking. Once all the earth was of one tongue, one speech and one consent; for they all spake in the holy tongue wherein the world was created in the beginning. But *pro peccato dissentionis humanæ* (as saith St. Austin,)—for the sin of men disagreeing,—not only different dispositions but also different languages came into the world.—They came to Babel with a disagreeing agreement; and they came away punished with a speechless speech. They disagree among themselves, while every one strives for dominion. They agree against God in their *Nagnavad lan Liguda*,—we will make ourselves a rendezvous for idolatry. But they come away speaking to each other, but not understood of each other; and so speak to no more purpose than if they spake not at all. This punishment of theirs at Babel is like Adam’s corruption, hereditary to us; for we never come under the rod at the Grammar School, but we smart for our ancestor’s rebellion at Babel.’

Light lie the earth upon the bones of Richard Guy, the Schoolmaster of Ingleton! He never consumed birch enough in his vocation to have made a besom; and his ferule was never applied unless when some moral offence called for a chastisement that would be felt. There is a closer connection between good-nature and good sense than is commonly supposed. A sour ill-tempered pedagogue would have driven Daniel through the briars and brambles of the Grammar and foundered him in its sloughs; Guy led him gently along the green-sward. He felt that childhood should not be made altogether a season of painful acquisition, and that the fruits of the sacrifices then made are uncertain as to the account to which they may be turned, and are also liable to the contingencies of life at least, if not otherwise jeopardized. ‘*Puisque le jour peut lui manquer, laissons le un peu jouir de l’Aurore !*’ The precept which warmth of imagination inspired in Jean Jacques was impressed upon Guy’s practice by gentleness of heart. He never crammed

the memory of his pupil with such horrific terms as Prothesis, Aphaeresis, Epenthesis, Syncope, Paragoge, and Apocope; never questioned him concerning Appositio, Evocatio, Syllepsis, Prolepsis, Zeugma, Synthesis, Antiptosis, and Synecdoche; never attempted to deter him (as Lily says boys are above all things to be deterred) from those faults which Lily also says, seem almost natural to the English,—the heinous faults of Iotacism, Lambdacism, (which Alcibiades affected,)—Ischnotesism, Trauli'sm and Plateasm. But having grounded him well in the nouns and verbs, and made him understand the concords, he then followed in part the excellent advice of Lily thus given in his address to the Reader:

‘When these concords be well known unto them (an easy and pleasant pain, if the foregrounds be well and thoroughly beaten in) let them not continue in learning of the rules orderly, as they lie in their Syntax, but rather learn some pretty book wherein is contained not only the eloquence of the tongue, but also a good plain lesson of honesty and godliness; and thereof take some little sentence as it lieth, and learn to make the same first out of English into Latin, not seeing the book, or construing it thereupon. And if there fall any necessary rule of the Syntax to be known, then to learn it, as the occasion of the sentence giveth cause that day; which sentence once made well, and as nigh as may be with the words of the book, then to take the book and construe it; and so shall he be less troubled with the parsing of it, and easiest carry his lesson in mind.’

Guy followed this advice in part; and in part he deviated from it, upon Lily's own authority, as ‘judging that the most sufficient way which he saw to be the readiest mean;’ while, therefore, he exercised his pupil in writing Latin pursuant to this plan, he carried him on faster in construing, and promoted the boy's progress by gratifying his desire of getting forward. When he had done with Cordery, Erasmus was taken up,—for some of Erasmus's colloquies were in those days used as a school book, and the most attractive one that could be put into a boy's hands. After he had got through this, the aid of an English version was laid aside. And here Guy departed from the ordinary course, not upon any

notion that he could improve upon it, but merely because he happened to possess an old book composed for the use of Schools, which was easy enough to suit young Daniel's progress in the language, and might therefore save the cost of purchasing Justin or Phaedrus or Cornelius Nepos, or Eutropius,—to one or other of which he would otherwise have been introduced.

CHAPTER XX

A DOUBT CONCERNING SCHOOL BOOKS, WHICH WILL BE DEEMED HERETICAL: AND SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRA-ORDINARY SUBSTITUTE FOR OVID OR VIRGIL

They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but in a skilful hand serves, either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge.

HERBERT'S REMAINS

I am sometimes inclined to think that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system, than boys at a grammar school. The Pig is allowed to feed upon any kind of offal, however coarse, on which he can thrive, till the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon; and then he is fed daintily. Now it has sometimes appeared to me that in like manner, boys might acquire their first knowledge of Latin from authors very inferior to those which are now used in all schools; provided the matter was unexceptionable and the Latinity good; and that they should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity till they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.

Understand me, Reader, as speaking doubtfully,—and that too upon a matter of little moment; for the scholar will return in riper years to those authors which are worthy of being studied, and as for the blockhead—it signifies nothing whether the book which he consumes by thumbing it in the middle and dog-caring it at the corners be worthy or not of a better use. Yet if the dead have any cognizance of

posthumous fame, one would think it must abate somewhat of the pleasure with which Virgil and Ovid regard their earthly immortality, when they see to what base purposes their productions are applied. That their verses should be administered to boys in regular doses, as lessons or impositions, and some dim conception of their meaning whipt into the tail when it has failed to penetrate the head, cannot be just the sort of homage to their genius which they anticipated or desired.

Not from any reasonings or refinements of this kind, but from the mere accident of possessing the book, Guy put into his pupil's hands the Dialogues of Johannes Ravisius Textor. Jean Tixier, Seigneur de Ravisy, in the Nivernois, who thus latinized his name, is a person whose works, according to Baillet's severe censure, were buried in the dust of a few petty colleges and unfrequented shops, more than a century ago. He was, however, in his day a person of no mean station in the world of letters, having been Rector of the University of Paris, at the commencement of the sixteenth century; and few indeed are the writers whose books have been so much used; for perhaps no other author ever contributed so largely to the manufacture of exercises whether in prose or verse, and of sermons also. Textor may be considered as the first compiler of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and that collection of Apophthegms was originally formed by him, which Conrade Lycosthenes enlarged and re-arranged; which the Jesuits adopted after expurgating it; and which, during many generations, served as one of the standard common-place books for common-place divines in this country as well as on the continent.

But though Textor was continually working in classical literature with a patience and perseverance which nothing but the delight he experienced in such occupations could have sustained, he was without a particle of classical taste. His taste was that of the age wherein he flourished, and these his Dialogues are Moralities in Latin verse. The designs and thoughts which would have accorded with their language, had they been written either in old French or old English, appear, when presented in Latinity, which is always that of a scholar, and largely interwoven with scraps from

familiar classics, as strange as Harlequin and Pantaloon would do in heroic costume.

Earth opens the first of these curious compositions with a bitter complaint for the misfortunes which it is her lot to witness. Age (*Aetas*) overhears the lamentation and inquires the cause; and after a dialogue in which the author makes the most liberal use of his own common-places, it appears that the perishable nature of all sublunary things is the cause of this mourning. *Aetas* endeavours to persuade *Terra* that her grief is altogether unreasonable by such brief and cogent observations as *Fata jubent, Fata volunt, Ita Diis placitum*. Earth asks the name of her philosophic consoler, but upon discovering it, calls her *falsa virago*, and *meretrix*, and abuses her as being the very author of all the evils that distress her. However *Aetas* succeeds in talking *Terra* into better humour, advises her to exhort man that he should not set his heart upon perishable things, and takes her leave as *Homo* enters. After a recognition between mother and son, *Terra* proceeds to warn *Homo* against all the ordinary pursuits of this world. To convince him of the vanity of glory she calls up in succession the ghosts of Hector, Achilles, Alexander, and Samson, who tell their tales and admonish him that valour and renown afford no protection against Death. To exemplify the vanity of beauty Helen, Lais, Thisbe and Lucretia are summoned, relate in like manner their respective fortunes, and remind him that *pulvis et umbra sumus*. Virgil preaches to him upon the emptiness of literary fame. Xerxes tells him that there is no avail in power, Nero that there is none in tyranny, Sardanapalus that there is none in voluptuousness. But the application which *Homo* makes of all this is the very reverse to what his mother intended; he infers that seeing he must die at last, live how he will, the best thing he can do is to make a merry life of it, so away he goes to dance and revel and enjoy himself: and *Terra* concludes with the mournful observation that men will still pursue their bane, unmindful of their latter end.

Another of these Moralities begins with three Worldlings (*Tres Mundani*) ringing changes upon the pleasures of profligacy, in Textor's peculiar manner, each in regular

succession saying something to the same purport in different words. As thus—

PRIMUS MUNDANUS.
Si breve tempus abit,
SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.
Si vita caduca recedit;
TERTIUS MUNDANUS.
Si cadit hora.
PRIMUS MUNDANUS.
Dies abeunt,
SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.
Perit Omne,
TERTIUS MUNDANUS.
Venit Mors,
PRIMUS MUNDANUS,
Quidnam prodesset fati meminisse futuri?
SECUNDUS MUNDANUS.
Quidnam prodesset lachrymis consumere vitam?
TERTIUS MUNDANUS.
Quidnam prodesset tantis incumbere curis?

Upon which an unpleasant personage who has just appeared to interrupt their dialogue observes,

*Si breve tempus abit, si vita caduca recedit,
Si cadit hora, dies abeunt, perit omne, venit Mors,
Quidnam lethiferae Mortis meminisse nocebit?*

It is *Mors* herself who asks the question. The three Worldlings, however, behave as resolutely as Don Juan in the old drama; they tell Death that they are young, and rich, and active, and vigorous, and set all admonition at defiance. Death, or rather Mrs. Death, (for *Mors*, being feminine, is called *laena*, and *meretrix*, and *virago*,) takes all this patiently, and letting them go off in a dance, calls up Human Nature, who has been asleep meantime, and asks her how she can sleep in peace while her sons are leading a life of dissipation and debauchery? Nature very coolly replies by demanding why they should not? and Death answers, because they must go to the infernal regions for so doing. Upon this Nature, who appears to be liberally inclined, asks if it is credible that any should be obliged to go there? and Death, to convince her, calls up a soul from bale to give an account of his own sufferings. A dreadful account this

Damnatus gives; and when Nature, shocked at what she hears, inquires if he is the only one who is tormented in *Orcus*, *Damnatus* assures her that hardly one in a thousand goes to Heaven, but that his fellow-sufferers are in number numberless; and he specifies among them Kings and Popes, and Senators, and severe Schoolmasters,—a class of men whom *Textor* seems to have held in great and proper abhorrence—as if like poor Thomas Tusser he had suffered under their inhuman discipline.

Horried at this, Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* advises her to send a Son of Thunder round the world, who should reprove the nations for their sins, and sow the seeds of virtue by his preaching. *Peregrinus* goes upon this mission and returns to give an account of it. Nothing can be worse than the report. As for the Kings of the Earth, it would be dangerous, he says, to say what they were doing. The Popes suffered the ship of Peter to go wherever the winds carried it. Senators were won by intercession or corrupted by gold. Doctors spread their nets in the temples for prey, and Lawyers were dumb unless their tongues were loosened by money.—Had he seen the Italians?—Italy was full of dissensions, ripe for war, and defiled by its own infamous vice. The Spaniards?—They were suckled by Pride. The English?—

*Gens tacitis praeagnans arcanis, ardua tentans,
Edita tartareis mihi creditur esse tenebris.*

In short the Missionary concludes that he has found every where an abundant crop of vices, and that all his endeavours to produce amendment have been like ploughing the sea-shore. Again afflicted Nature asks advice of *Mors*, and *Mors* recommends that she should call up Justice and send her abroad with her scourge to repress the wicked. But Justice is found to be so fast asleep that no calling can awaken her. *Mors* then advises her to summon *Veritas* alas! unhappy *Veritas* enters complaining of pains from head to foot and in all the intermediate parts, within and without; she is dying and entreats that Nature will call some one to confess her. But who shall be applied to?—Kings?

They will not come.—Nobles ? *Veritas* is a hateful personage to them.—Bishops, or mitred Abbots ? They have no regard for Truth.—Some Saint from the desert ? Nature knows not where to find one ! Poor *Veritas* therefore dies 'unhouselled, disappointed, unanealed;' and forthwith three Demons enter rejoicing that Human Nature is left with none to help her, and that they are Kings of this world. They call in their Ministers, *Caro* and *Voluptas* and *Vitium*, and send them to do their work among mankind. These successful missionaries return, and relate how well they have sped every where; and the Demons being by this time hungry, after washing in due form, and many ceremonious compliments among themselves, sit down to a repast which their ministers have provided. The bill of fare was one which Beelzebub's Court of Aldermen might have approved. There were the brains of a fat monk,—a roasted Doctor of Divinity who afforded great satisfaction,—a King's sirloin,—some broiled Pope's flesh, and part of a Schoolmaster; the joint is not specified, but I suppose it to have been the rump. Then came a Senator's lights and a Lawyer's tongue.

When they have eaten of these dainties till the distended stomach can hold no more, *Virtus* comes in, and seeing them send off the fragments to their Tartarean den, calls upon mankind to bestow some sustenance upon her, for she is tormented with hunger. The Demons and their ministers insult her and drive her into banishment; they tell Nature that to-morrow the great King of Orcus will come and carry her away in chains; off they go in a dance, and Nature concludes the piece by saying that what they have threatened must happen, unless Justice shall be awakened, *Virtue* fed, and *Veritas* restored to life by the sacred book.

There are several other Dialogues in a similar strain of fiction. The rudest and perhaps oldest specimen of this style is to be found in *Pierce Ploughman*, the most polished in *Calderon*, the most popular in *John Bunyan's Holy War*, and above all in his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It appears from the Dialogues that they were not composed for the use of youth alone as a school book, but were represented at College; and poor as they are in point of composition, the

oddity of their combinations, and the wholesome honesty of their satire, were well adapted to strike young imaginations and make an impression there which better and wiser works might have failed to leave.

A schoolmaster who had been regularly bred would have regarded such a book with scorn, and discerning at once its obvious faults, would have been incapable of perceiving any thing which might compensate for them. But Guy was not educated well enough to despise a writer like old Textor. What he knew himself, he had picked up where and how he could, in bye ways and corners. The book was neither in any respect above his comprehension, nor below his taste; and Joseph Warton never rolled off the hexameters of Virgil or Homer, *ore rotundo*, with more delight, when expatiating with all the feelings of a scholar and a poet upon their beauties, to such pupils as Headley and Russell and Bowles, than Guy paraphrased these rude but striking allegories to his delighted Daniel.

INTERCHAPTER II

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO

Io'l dico dunque, e dicol che ognun m'ode.

BENEDETTO VARCHI

Whether the secret of the Freemasons be comprised in the mystic word above is more than I think proper to reveal at present. But I have broken no vow in uttering it.

And I am the better for having uttered it.

Mahomet begins some of the chapters of the Koran with certain letters of unknown signification, and the commentators say that the meaning of these initials ought not to be inquired. So Gelaleddin says, so sayeth Taleb. And they say truly. Some begin with A. L. M. Some with K. H. I. A. S.; some with T. H.;—T. S. M.;—T. S. or I. S. others with K. M.;—H. M. A. S. K.;—N. M.;—a single *Kaf*, a single *Nun* or a single *Sad*, and *sad* work would it be either

for *Kaffer* or Mussulman to search for meaning where *none* is. Gelaeddin piously remarks that there is only One who knoweth the import of these letters;—I reverence the name which he uses too much to employ it upon this occasion. Mahomet himself tells us that they are the signs of the Book which teacheth the true doctrine,—the Book of the Wise,—the Book of Evidence, the Book of Instruction. When he speaketh thus of the Koran he lieth like an impostor as he is: but what he has said falsely of that false book may be applied truly to this. It is the Book of Instruction inasmuch as every individual reader among the thousands and tens of thousands who peruse it will find something in it which he did not know before. It is the Book of Evidence because of its internal truth. It is the Book of the Wise, because the wiser a man is the more he will delight therein; yea, the delight which he shall take in it will be the measure of his intellectual capacity. And that it teacheth the true doctrine is plain from this circumstance, that I defy the British Critic, the Antijacobin, the Quarterly and the Eclectic Reviews,—ay, and the Evangelical, the Methodist, the Baptist, and the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, with the Christian Observer to boot, to detect any one heresy in it. Therefore I say again,

Aballiboozobanganorribo,

and, like Mahomet, I say that it is the Sign of the Book; and therefore it is that I have said it;

*Nondimen nè la lingua degli Hebrei
Nè la Latina, nè la Greca antica,
Nè quella forse ancor degli Aramei.*¹

Happen it may,—for things not less strange have happened, and what has been may be again;—for may be and has been are only tenses of the same verb, and that verb is eternally being declined:—Happen I say it may; and peradventure if it may it must; and certainly if it must it will:—but what with indicatives and subjunctives, presents, praeter-perfects and paulo-post-futura, the parenthesis is becoming

¹ Molza.

too long for the sentence, and I must begin it again. A prudent author should never exact too much from the breath or the attention of his reader,—to say nothing of the brains.

Happen then it may that this Book may outlive Lord Castlereagh's Peace, Mr. Pitt's reputation (we will throw Mr. Fox's into the bargain); Mr. Locke's *Metaphysics*, and the Regent's Bridge in St. James's Park. It may outlive the eloquence of Burke, the discoveries of Davy, the poems of Wordsworth, and the victories of Wellington. It may outlive the language in which it is written; and, in heaven knows what year of heaven knows what era, be discovered by some learned inhabitant of that continent which the insects who make coral and madrepore are now, and from the beginning of the world have been, fabricating in the Pacific Ocean. It may be dug up among the ruins of London, and considered as one of the sacred books of the sacred Island of the West,—for I cannot but hope that some reverence will always be attached to this most glorious and most happy island when its power and happiness and glory, like those of Greece, shall have passed away. It may be deciphered and interpreted, and give occasion to a new religion called Dovy or Danielism, which may have its Chapels, Churches, Cathedrals, Abbeys, Priories, Monasteries, Nunneries, Seminaries, Colleges, and Universities;—its Synods, Consistories, Convocations, and Councils;—its Acolytes, Sacristans, Deacons, Priests, Archdeacons, Rural Deans, Chancellors, Prebends, Canons, Deans, Bishops, Archbishops, Prince Bishops, Primates, Patriarchs, Cardinals, and Popes; its most Catholic Kings, and its Kings most Dovish or most Danielish. It may have Commentators and Expounders—(who can doubt that it will have them?)—who will leave unenlightened that which is dark, and darken that which is clear. Various interpretations will be given, and be followed by as many sects. Schisms must ensue; and the tragedies, comedies, and farces, with all the varieties of tragi-comedy and tragi-farce or farcico-tragedy which have been represented in this old world, be enacted in that younger one. Attack on the one side, defence on the other; high Dovers and low Dovers; Danielites of a thousand unimagined and unimaginable denominations; schisms,

heresies, seditions, persecutions, wars,—the dismal game of Puss-catch-corner played by a nation instead of a family of children, and in dreadful earnest, when power, property, and life are to be won and lost !

But, without looking so far into the future history of Dover, let me exhort the learned Australian to whom the honour is reserved of imparting this treasure to his countrymen, that he abstain from all attempts at discovering the mysteries of Aballiboozobanganorribo ! The unapocalyptical arcana of that stupendous vocable are beyond his reach; so let him rest assured. Let him not plunge into the fathomless depths of that great word; let him not attempt to soar to its unapproachable heights. Perhaps,—and surely no man of judgment will suppose that I utter any thing lightly,—perhaps, if the object were attainable, he might have cause to repent its attainment. If too ‘little learning be a dangerous thing,’ too much is more so;

*Il saper troppo qualche volta nuoce.*¹

‘Curiosity,’ says Fuller, ‘is a kernel of the Forbidden Fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choaking.’

There is a knowledge which is forbidden because it is dangerous. Remember the Apple ! Remember the beautiful tale of Cupid and Psyche ! Remember Cornelius Agrippa’s library; the youth who opened in unhappy hour his magical volume; and the choice moral which Southey, who always writes so morally, hath educed from that profitable story ! Remember Bluebeard ! But I am looking far into futurity. Bluebeard may be forgotten; Southey may be forgotten; Cornelius Agrippa may be no more remembered; Cupid and Psyche may be mere names which shall have outlived all tales belonging to them; Adam and Eve—Enough.

Eat beans, if thou wilt, in spite of Pythagoras. Eat bacon with them, for the Levitical law hath been abrogated: and indulge in black-puddings, if thou likest such food, though there be Methodists who prohibit them as sinful. But abstain from Aballiboozobanganorribo.

¹ Molza.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A CATHOLIC TASTE

*There's no want of meat, Sir;
Portly and curious viands are prepared
To please all kinds of appetites.*

MASSINGER

A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite; the one has its origin in some disease of mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach. Your true lover of literature is never fastidious. I do not mean the *helluo librorum*, the swinish feeder, who thinks that every name which is to be found in a title-page, or on a tombstone, ought to be rescued from oblivion; nor those first cousins of the moth, who labour under a bulimy for black-letter, and believe every thing to be excellent which was written in the reign of Elizabeth. I mean the man of robust and healthy intellect, who gathers the harvest of literature into his barns, threshes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it at his own mill, bakes it in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of knowledge. If he bake his loaf upon a cabbage leaf, and eat onions with his bread and cheese, let who will find fault with him for his taste,—not I!

The Doves, father as well as son, were blest with a hearty intellectual appetite, and a strong digestion: but the son had the more catholic taste. He would have relished caviare; would have ventured upon laver undeterred by its appearance—and would have liked it.

What an excellent thing did God bestow on man,
When he did give him a good stomach!¹

He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, sally-luns at Bath, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon haddocks at Aberdeen, and drunk punch with beef-steaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a *déjeuner à l'Angloise*.

A good digestion turneth all to health.²

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher.

² Herbert.

He would have eaten squab-pie in Devonshire, and the pie which is squabber than squab in Cornwall; sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland; frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour-kroust with the Germans, maccaroni with the Italians, aniseed with the Spaniards, garlic with any body; horse-flesh with the Tartars; ass-flesh with the Persians; dogs with the North Western American Indians, curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds' nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, pismire cakes on the Orinoco, and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though catholic, was not indiscriminating. He would have tried all, tasted all, thriven upon all, and lived contentedly and cheerfully upon either, but he would have liked best that which was best. And his intellectual appetite had the same happy catholicism.

He would not have said with Euphues, 'If I be in Crete, I can lie; if in Greece, I can shift; if in Italy, I can court it:' but he might have said with him, 'I can carouse with Alexander; abstain with Romulus; eat with the Epicure; fast with the Stoic; sleep with Endymion; watch with Chrysippus.'

The reader will not have forgotten, I trust, (but if he should I now remind him of it,) that in the brief inventory of Daniel's library there appeared some odd volumes of that 'book full of Pantagruelism,' the inestimable life of the Great Gargantua. The elder Daniel could make nothing of this book; and the younger, who was about ten years old when he began to read it, less than he could of the Pilgrim's Progress. But he made out something.

Young Daniel was free from all the *isms* in Lily, and from rhotacism to boot; he was clear too of schism, and all the worse *isms* which have arisen from it: having by the blessing of Providence been bred up not in any denomination ending in *ist* or *inian*, or *erian* or *arian*, but as a dutiful and contented son of the Church of England. In humour, however, he was by nature a Pantagruelist. And, indeed, in his mature years he always declared that one of the reasons which had led him to reject the old humoral pathology was,

that it did not include Pantagruelism, which, he insisted, depended neither upon heat or cold, moisture or dryness, nor upon any combination of those qualities; but was itself a peculiar and elementary humour; a truth, he said, of which he was feelingly and experimentally convinced, and lauded the gods therefore.

Mr. Wordsworth, in that poem which Mr. Jeffrey has said *won't do*—(Mr. Jeffrey is always lucky in his predictions whether as a politician or a critic,—bear witness, Wellington! bear witness, Wordsworth and Southey! bear witness, Elia and Lord Byron!)—Mr. Wordsworth, in that poem which

The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise:

Mr. Wordsworth, in that noble poem, observes,

Oh many are the Poets that are sown
By nature!

Among the emblems of Daniel Heinsius—(look at his head, reader, if thou hast a collection of portraits to refer to, and thou wilt marvel how so queer a conceit should have entered it, for seldom has there been a face more gnarled and knotted with crabbed cogitation than that of this man, who was one of the last of the Giants;—)among his emblems, I say, is one which represents Cupid sowing a field, and little heads springing out of the ground on all sides, some up to the neck, others to the shoulders, and some with the arms out. If the crop were examined, I agree with Mr. Wordsworth, that poets should be found there as thick as darnel in the corn;—and grave counsellors would not be wanting whose advice would be that they should be weeded out.

The Pantagruelists are scarcer. Greece produced three great tragic poets, and only one Aristophanes. The French had but one Rabelais when the seven Pleiades shone in their poetical hemisphere. We have seen a succession of great Tragedians from Betterton to the present time; and in all that time there has been but one Grimaldi in whom the Pantagruelism of Pantomime has found its perfect representative.

And yet the reader must not hastily conclude that I think Pantagruelism a better thing than Poetry, because it is rarer; that were imputing to me the common error of estimating things by their rarity rather than their worth, an error more vulgar than any which Sir Thomas Browne has refuted. But I do hold this, that all the greatest poets have had a spice of Pantagruelism in their composition, which I verily believe was essential to their greatness. What the world lost in losing the Margites of Homer we know not, we only know that Homer had there proved himself a Pantagruelist. Shakespear was a Pantagruelist; so was Cervantes; and till the world shall have produced two other men in whom that humour has been wanting equal to these, I hold my point established.

Some one objects Milton. I thank him for the exception; it is just such an exception as proves the rule; for look only at Milton's Limbo and you will see what a glorious Pantagruelist he might have been,—if the Puritans had not spoil him for Pantagruelism.

CHAPTER XXII

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS

*Allí se ve tan eficaz el llanto,
las fabulas y historias retratadas,
que parece verdad, y es dulce encanto.*

* * * *

*Y para el vulgo rudo, que ignorante
aborrece el manjar costoso, guisa
el plato del gracioso extravagante;*

*Con que les hartas de contento y risa,
gustando de mirar sayal grossero,
mas que sutil y candida camisa.*

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENA

Were it not for that happy facility with which the mind in such cases commonly satisfies itself, my readers would find it not more easy to place themselves in imagination at

Ingleton a hundred years ago, than at Thebes or Athens, so strange must it appear to them, that a family should have existed, in humble but easy circumstances, among whose articles of consumption neither tea nor sugar had a place, who never raised potatoes in their garden, nor saw them at their table, and who never wore a cotton garment of any kind.

Equally unlike any thing to which my contemporaries have been accustomed, must it be for them to hear of an Englishman whose talk was of philosophy, moral or speculative, not of politics; who read books in folio and had never seen a newspaper; nor ever heard of a magazine, review, or literary journal of any kind. Not less strange must it seem to them who, if they please, may travel by steam at the rate of thirty miles an hour upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway, or at ten miles an hour by stage upon any of the more frequented roads, to consider the little intercourse which, in those days, was carried on between one part of the kingdom and another. During young Daniel's boyhood, and for many years after he had reached the age of manhood, the whole carriage of the northern counties, and indeed of all the remoter parts, was performed by pack-horses, the very name of which would long since have been as obsolete as their use, if it had not been preserved by the sign or appellation of some of those inns at which they were accustomed to put up. Rarely, indeed, were the roads about Ingleton marked by any other wheels than those of its indigenous carts.

That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days, as being the home and head quarters of Rowland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or Puppet-show-master-general, of the North; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel, whom the Spectator has immortalized.

My readers must not form their notion of Rowland Dixon's company from the ambulatory puppet-shows which of late years have added new sights and sounds to the spectacles and cries of London. Far be it from me to depreciate those peripatetic street exhibitions, which you may have before your window at a call, and by which the hearts of so

many children are continually delighted: Nay, I confess that few things in that great city carry so much comfort to the cockles of my own, as the well-known voice of Punch;

—— the same which in my school-boy days
I listened to, ——

as Wordsworth says of the Cuckoo,

And I can listen to it yet—
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

It is a voice that seems to be as much in accord with the noise of towns, and the riotry of fairs, as the note of the Cuckoo, with the joyousness of spring fields and the fresh verdure of the vernal woods.

But Rowland Dixon's company of puppets would be pitifully disparaged, if their size, uses, or importance, were to be estimated by the street performances of the present day.

The Dramatis Personae of these modern exhibitions never, I believe, comprehends more than four characters, and these four are generally the same, to wit, Punch, Judy, as she who used to be called Joan is now denominated, the Devil and the Doctor, or sometimes the Constable in the Doctor's stead. There is, therefore, as little variety in the action as in the personages; and their dimensions are such, that the whole company and the theatre in which they are exhibited are carried along the streets at quick time and with a light step by the two persons who manage the concern.

But the Rowlandian, Dixonian, or Ingletonian puppets were large as life; and required for their removal a caravan —(in the use to which that word is now appropriated),—a vehicle of such magnitude and questionable shape, that if Don Quixote had encountered its like upon the highway, he would have regarded it as the most formidable adventure which had ever been presented to his valour. And they went as far beyond our street-puppets in the sphere of their subjects as they exceeded them in size; for in that sphere *quicquid agunt homines* was included,—and a great deal more.

In no country, and in no stage of society, has the drama

ever existed in a ruder state than that in which this company presented it. The Drolls of Bartholomew Fair were hardly so far below the legitimate drama, as they were above that of Rowland Dixon; for the Drolls were written compositions: much ribaldry might be, and no doubt was, interpolated as opportunity allowed or invited; but the main dialogue was prepared. Here, on the contrary, there was no other preparation than that of frequent practice. The stock pieces were founded upon popular stories or ballads, such as Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and Bateman, who hanged himself for love; with scriptural subjects for Easter and Whitsun-week, such as the Creation, the Deluge, Susannah and the Elders, and Nebuchadnezzar or the Fall of Pride. These had been handed down from the time of the old mysteries and miracle-plays, having, in the progress of time and change, descended from the monks and clergy to become the property of such managers as Powel and Rowland Dixon. In what manner they were represented when thus

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate,

may be imagined from a play-bill of Queen Anne's reign, in which one of them is thus advertised:

'At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little Opera, called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's flood. Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the Sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels, ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands and country dances, to the

admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch, and Sir John Spendall.'

I have not found it any where stated at what time these irreverent representations were discontinued in England, nor whether (which is not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then Archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks, and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for Saints and Images as for the great object of Romish Idolatry. These, probably, will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the Sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoaah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Dalilah clipt him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of 'hazy weather, master Noah,' having been preserved by tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupae gesticulantes*, which may be found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum Latina*, edited by Mr. Popham.

*Ecce tamen subito, et medio discrimine rerum,
Ridiculus vultu procedit Homuncio, tergum
Cui riget in gibbum, immensusque protruditur alvus:
PUNCHIUS huic nomen, nec erat petulantior unquam*

*Ullus; quin etiam media inter seria semper
 Importunus adest, lepidusque et garrulus usque
 Perstat, permiscetque jocos, atque omnia turbat.
 Saepe puellarum densa ad subsellia sese
 Convertens,—sedet en ! pulchras mea, dixit, amica
 Illic inter eas ! Oculo simul improbus uno
 Connivens, aliquam illarum quasi noverat, ipsam
 Quaeque pudens se signari pudefacta rubescit;
 Totaque subridet juvenumque virumque corona.
 Cum vero ambiguus obscenas turpia dictis
 Innuit, effuso testantur gaudia risu.*

In one particular only this description is unlike the Punch of the Ingleton Company. He was not an *homuncio*, but a full-grown personage, who had succeeded with little alteration either of attributes or appearance to the Vice of the old Mysteries, and served like the Clown of our own early stage, and the *Gracioso* of the Spaniards, to scatter mirth over the serious part of the performance, or turn it into ridicule. The wife was an appendage of later times, when it was not thought good for Punch to be alone; and when, as these performances had fallen into lower hands, the quarrels between such a pair afforded a standing subject equally adapted to the capacity of the interlocutor and of his audience.

A tragic part was assigned to Punch in one of Rowland Dixon's pieces, and that one of the most popular, being the celebrated tragedy of Jane Shore. The Beadle in this piece, after proclaiming in obvious and opprobrious rhyme the offence which had drawn upon Mistress Shore this public punishment, prohibited all persons from relieving her on pain of death, and turned her out, according to the common story, to die of hunger in the streets. The only person who ventured to disobey this prohibition was Punch the Baker; and the reader may judge of the dialogue of these pieces by this Baker's words, when he stole behind her, and nudging her furtively, while he spake, offered her a loaf, saying, '*Tak it, fenny, tak it !*' for which act so little consonant with his general character, Punch died a martyr to humanity by the hangman's hands.

Dr. Dove used to say he doubted whether Garrick and Mrs. Cibber could have affected him more in middle life,

than he had been moved by Punch the Baker and this wooden Jane Shore in his boyhood. For rude as were these performances (and nothing could possibly be ruder), the effect on infant minds was prodigious, from the accompanying sense of wonder, an emotion which of all others is, at that time of life, the most delightful. Here was miracle in any quantity to be seen for two-pence, and be believed in for nothing. No matter how confined the theatre, how coarse and inartificial the scenery, or how miserable the properties; the mind supplied all that was wanting.

'Mr. Guy,' said young Daniel to the schoolmaster, after one of these performances, 'I wish Rowland Dixon could perform one of our Latin dialogues !'

'Ay, Daniel,' replied the schoolmaster, entering into the boy's feelings; 'it would be a grand thing to have the Three Fatal Sisters introduced, and to have them send for Death; and then for Death to summon the Pope and jugulate him; and invite the Emperor and the King to dance; and disarm the soldier, and pass sentence upon the Judge; and stop the Lawyer's tongue; and feel the Physician's pulse; and make the Cook come to be killed; and send the Poet to the shades; and give the Drunkard his last draught. And then to have Rhadamanthus come in and try them all ! Methinks, Daniel, that would beat Jane Shore and Fair Rosamond all to nothing, and would be as good as a sermon to boot.'

'I believe it would, indeed !' said the Boy; 'and then to see MORS and NATURA; and have DAMNATUS called up; and the Three Cacodaemons at supper upon the sirloin of a King, and the roasted Doctor of Divinity, and the cruel Schoolmaster's rump ! Would not it be nice, Mr. Guy ?'

'The pity is, Daniel,' replied Guy, 'that Rowland Dixon is no Latiner, any more than those who go to see his performances.'

'But could not you put it into English for him, Mr. Guy ?'

'I am afraid, Daniel, Rowland Dixon would not thank me for my pains. Besides, I could never make it sound half so noble in English as in those grand Latin verses, which fill the mouth, and the ears, and the mind,—ay and the heart and soul too. No, boy ! schools are the proper places for

representing such pieces, and if I had but Latiners enough we would have them ourselves. But there are not many houses, my good Daniel, in which learning is held in such esteem as it is at thy father's; if there were, I should have more Latin scholars;—and what is of far more consequence, the world would be wiser and better than it is !

CHAPTER XXIII

DANIEL AT DONCASTER; THE REASON WHY HE WAS DESTINED
FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, RATHER THAN HOLY ORDERS;
AND SOME REMARKS UPON SERMONS

Je ne veux dissimuler, amy Lecteur, que je n'aye bien préveu, et me tiens pour déüement adverty, que ne puis éviter la reprehension d'aucuns, et les calomnies de plusieurs, ausquels c'est écrit désplaira du tout.

CHRISTOFLE DE HERICOURT

* * * * *

Daniel the younger, at the time to which this present chapter refers, was residing at Doncaster with Peter Hopkins who practised the medical art in all its branches. He had lived with him eight years, first as a pupil, latterly in the capacity of an assistant, and afterwards as an adopted successor.

How this connection between Daniel and Peter Hopkins was brought about, and the circumstances which prepared the way for it, would have appeared in some of the non-existent fourteen volumes, if it had pleased Fate that they should have been written.

Some of my readers, and especially those who pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, or their success in it, will think it strange, perhaps, that the elder Daniel, when he resolved to make a scholar of his son, did not determine upon breeding him either to the Church or the Law, in either of which professions the way was easier

and more inviting. Now though this will not appear strange to those other readers who have perceived that the father had no knowledge of the world, and could have none, it is nevertheless proper to enter into some explanation upon that point.

If George Herbert's Temple, or his Remains, or his life by old Izaak Walton, had all or any of them happened to be among those few but precious books which Daniel prized so highly and used so well, it is likely that the wish of his heart would have been to train up his Son for a Priest to the Temple. But so it was that none of his reading was of a kind to give his thoughts that direction; and he had not conceived any exalted opinion of the Clergy from the specimens which had fallen in his way. A contempt which was but too general had been brought upon the Order by the ignorance or the poverty of a great proportion of its members. The person who served the humble church which Daniel dutifully attended was almost as poor as a Capuchine, and quite as ignorant. This poor man had obtained in evil hour from some easy or careless Bishop a licence to preach. It was reprehensible enough to have ordained one who was destitute of every qualification that the office requires; the fault was still greater in promoting him from the desk to the pulpit.

'A very great Scholar' is quoted by Dr. Eachard as saying, 'that such preaching as is usual is a hindrance of salvation rather than the means to it.' This was said when the fashion of conceited preaching, which is satirized in Frey Gerundio, had extended to England, and though that fashion has so long been obsolete, that many persons will be surprised to hear it had ever existed among us, it may still reasonably be questioned whether sermons, such as they commonly are, do not quench more devotion than they kindle.

My Lord ! put not the book aside in displeasure ! (I address myself to whatever Bishop may be reading it.) Unbiased I will not call myself, for I am a true and orthodox churchman, and have the interests of the Church zealously at heart, because I believe and know them to be essentially and inseparably connected with those of the commonwealth. But I have been an attentive observer, and as such,

request a hearing. Receive my remarks as coming from one whose principles are in entire accord with your Lordship's, whose wishes have the same scope and purport, and who, while he offers his honest opinion, submits it with proper humility to your judgment.

The founders of the English Church did not intend that the sermon should invariably form a part of the Sunday services. It became so in condescension to the Puritans, of whom it has long been the fashion to speak with respect, instead of holding them up to the contempt and infamy and abhorrence which they have so richly merited. They have been extolled by their descendants and successors as models of patriotism and piety; and the success with which this delusion has been practised is one of the most remarkable examples of what may be effected by dint of effrontery and persevering falsehood.

That sentence I am certain will not be disapproved at Fulham or Lambeth. Dr. Southey, or Dr. Phillpotts, might have written it.

The general standard of the Clergy has undoubtedly been very much raised since the days when they were not allowed to preach without a licence for that purpose from the Ordinary. Nevertheless it is certain that many persons who are in other, and more material respects well, or even excellently, qualified for the ministerial functions, may be wanting in the qualifications for a preacher. A man may possess great learning, sound principles and good sense, and yet be without the talent of arranging and expressing his thoughts well in a written discourse: he may want the power of fixing the attention, or reaching the hearts of his hearers; and in that case the discourse, as some old writer has said in serious jest, which was designed for edification turns to *tedification*. The evil was less in Addison's days, when he who distrusted his own abilities availed himself of the compositions of some approved Divine, and was not disparaged in the opinion of his congregation by taking a printed volume into the pulpit. This is no longer practised; but instead of this, which secured wholesome instruction to the people, sermons are manufactured for sale, and sold in manuscript, or printed in a cursive type imitating manuscript. The articles which

are prepared for such a market are, for the most part, copied from obscure books, with more or less alteration of language, and generally for the worse; and so far as they are drawn from such sources they are not likely to contain any thing exceptionable on the score of doctrine: but the best authors will not be resorted to, for fear of discovery, and therefore when these are used, the congregation lose as much in point of instruction, as he who uses them ought to lose in self-esteem.

But it is more injurious when a more scrupulous man composes his own discourses, if he be deficient either in judgment or learning. He is then more likely to entangle plain texts than to unravel knotty ones; rash positions are sometimes advanced by such preachers, unsound arguments are adduced by them in support of momentous doctrines, and though these things neither offend the ignorant and careless, nor injure the well-minded and well-informed, they carry poison with them when they enter a diseased ear. It cannot be doubted that such sermons act as corroboratives for infidelity.

Nor when they contain nothing that is actually erroneous, but are merely unimproving, are they in that case altogether harmless. They are not harmless if they are felt to be tedious. They are not harmless if they torpify the understanding: a chill that begins there may extend to the vital regions. Bishop Taylor (the great Jeremy) says of devotional books, that 'they are in a large degree the occasion of so great indevotion as prevails among the generality of nominal Christians, being,' he says, 'represented naked in the conclusions of spiritual life, without art or learning; and made apt for persons who can do nothing but believe and love, not for them that can consider and love.' This applies more forcibly to bad sermons than to common-place books of devotion; the book may be laid aside if it offend the reader's judgment, but the sermon is a positive infliction upon the helpless hearer.

The same Bishop,—and his name ought to carry with it authority among the wise and the good,—has delivered an opinion upon this subject, in his admirable *Apology for Authorized and Set Forms of Liturgy*. 'Indeed,' he says,

'if I may freely declare my opinion, I think it were not amiss, if the liberty of making sermons were something more restrained than it is; and that such persons only were entrusted with the liberty, for whom the church herself may safely be responsive,—that is, men learned and pious; and that the other part, the *vulgus cleri*, should instruct the people out of the fountains of the church and the public stock, till by so long exercise and discipline in the schools of the Prophets they may also be intrusted to minister of their own unto the people. This I am sure was the practice of the Primitive Church.'

'I am convinced,' said Dr. Johnson, 'that I ought to be at Divine Service more frequently than I am; but the provocations given by ignorant and affected preachers too often disturb the mental calm which otherwise would succeed to prayer. I am apt to whisper to myself on such occasions, "How can this illiterate fellow dream of fixing attention, after we have been listening to the sublimest truths, conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a liturgy which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom!"'—'Take notice, however,' he adds, 'though I make this confession respecting myself, I do not mean to recommend the fastidiousness that sometimes leads me to exchange congregational for solitary worship.'

The saintly Herbert says,

'Judge not the Preacher, for he is thy Judge;
If thou mislike him thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good. If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.'

This sort of patience was all that Daniel could have derived from the discourses of the poor curate; and it was a lesson of which his meek and benign temper stood in no need. Nature had endowed him with this virtue, and this Sunday's discipline exercised without strengthening it. While he

was, in the phrase of the Religious Public, *sitting under* the preacher, he obeyed to a certain extent George Herbert's precept,—that is, he obeyed it as he did other laws with the existence of which he was unacquainted,—

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.

Pleasure made no part of his speculations at any time. Plots he had none. For the Plough,—it was what he never followed in fancy, patiently as he plodded after the furrow in his own vocation. And then for worldly thoughts they were not likely in that place to enter a mind which never at any time entertained them. But to that sort of thought (if thought it may be called) which cometh as it listeth, and which when the mind is at ease and the body in health, is the forerunner and usher of sleep, he certainly gave way. The curate's voice passed over his ear like the sound of the brook with which it blended, and it conveyed to him as little meaning and less feeling. During the sermon, therefore, he retired into himself, with as much or as little edification as a Quaker finds at a silent meeting.

It happened also that of the few clergy within the very narrow circle in which Daniel moved, some were in no good repute for their conduct, and none displayed either that zeal in the discharge of their pastoral functions, or that earnestness and ability in performing the service of the Church, which are necessary for commanding the respect and securing the affections of the parishioners. The clerical profession had never presented itself to him in its best, which is really its true light; and for that cause he would never have thought of it for the boy, even if the means of putting him forward in this path had been easier and more obvious than they were. And for the dissenting ministry, Daniel liked not the name of a Nonconformist. The Puritans had left behind them an ill savour in his part of the country, as they had done every where else; and the extravagances of the primitive Quakers, which during his childhood were fresh in remembrance, had not yet been forgotten.

It was well remembered in those parts that the Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, through the malignity of some of his puritanical parishioners, had been taken out of his bed—from his wife who was then big with child—and hurried away to Lancaster jail, where he was imprisoned three years for no other offence than that of fidelity to his Church and his King. And that the man who was a chief instigator of this persecution, and had enriched himself by the spoil of his neighbour's goods, though he flourished for awhile, bought a field and built a fine house, came to poverty at last, and died in prison, having for some time received his daily food there from the table of one of this very Vicar's sons. It was well remembered also that, in a parish of the adjoining county-palatine, the puritanical party had set fire in the night to the Rector's barns, stable, and parsonage; and that he and his wife and children had only as it were by miracle escaped from the flames.

William Dove had also among his traditional stores some stories of a stranger kind concerning the Quakers, these parts of the North having been a great scene of their vagaries in their early days. He used to relate how one of them went into the church at Brough, during the reign of the Puritans, with a white sheet about his body, and a rope about his neck, to prophesy before the people and their Whig Priest (as he called him) that the surplice which was then prohibited should again come into use, and that the Gallows should have its due! And how when their ringleader, George Fox, was put in prison at Carlisle, the wife of Justice Benson would eat no meat unless she partook it with him at the bars of his dungeon, declaring she was moved to do this; wherefore it was supposed he had bewitched her. And not without reason; for when this old George went, as he often did, into the church to disturb the people, and they thrust him out, and fell upon him and beat him, sparing neither sticks nor stones if they came to hand, he was presently, for all they had done to him, as sound and as fresh as if nothing had touched him; and when they tried to kill him, they could not take away his life! And how this old George rode a great black horse, upon which he was seen in the course of the same hour at two places, threescore miles

distant from each other ! And how some of the women who followed this old George used to strip off all their clothes, and in that plight go into the church at service time on the Sunday, to bear testimony against the pomps and vanities of the world; 'and to be sure,' said William, 'they must have been witched, or they never would have done this.' 'Lord deliver us !' said Dinah, 'to be sure they must !'—'To be sure they must, Lord bless us all !' said Haggy.

CHAPTER XXIV

PETER HOPKINS. EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE. DESCRIPTION OF HIS DWELLING-HOUSE

*Combien de changemens depuis que suis au monde,
Qui n'est qu'un point du tems !*

PASQUIER

Peter Hopkins was a person who might have suffered death by the laws of Solon, if that code had been established in this country; for though he lived in the reigns of George I and George II, he was neither Whig nor Tory, Hanoverian nor Jacobite. When he drank the King's health with any of his neighbours, he never troubled himself with considering which King was intended, nor to which side of the water their good wishes were directed. Under George or Charles he would have been the same quiet subject, never busying himself with a thought about political matters, and having no other wish concerning them than that they might remain as they were,—so far he was a Hanoverian, and no farther. There was something of the same temper in his religion; he was a sincere Christian, and had he been born to attendance at the Mass or the Meeting House would have been equally sincere in his attachment to either of those extremes: for his whole mind was in his profession. He was learned in its history; fond of its theories; and skilful in its practice, in which he trusted little to theory and much to experience.

Both he and his wife were at this time well stricken in years; they had no children, and no near kindred on either

side; and being both kind-hearted people, the liking which they soon entertained toward Daniel for his docility, his simplicity of heart, his obliging temper, his original cast of mind, and his never-failing good-humour, ripened into a settled affection.

Hopkins lived next door to the Mansion House, which edifice was begun a few years after Daniel went to live with him. There is a view of the Mansion House in Dr. Miller's History of Doncaster, and in that print the dwelling in question is included. It had undergone no other alteration at the time this view was taken than that of having had its case-ments replaced by sash windows, an improvement which had been made by our Doctor, when the frame-work of the case-ments had become incapable of repair. The gilt pestle and mortar also had been removed from its place above the door. Internally the change had been greater; for the same business not being continued there after the Doctor's decease, the shop had been converted into a sitting-room, and the very odour of medicine had passed away. But I will not allow myself to dwell upon this melancholy subject. The world is full of mutations; and there is hardly any that does not bring with it some regret at the time,—and alas, more in the retrospect! I have lived to see the American Colonies separated from Great Britain, the Kingdom of Poland extinguished, the Republic of Venice destroyed, its territory seized by one Usurper, delivered over in exchange by another, and the transfer sanctioned and confirmed by all the Powers of Europe in Congress assembled! I have seen Heaven knows how many little Principalities and States, proud of their independence, and happy in the privileges connected with it, swallowed up by the Austrian or the Prussian Eagle, or thrown to the Belgic Lion, as his share in the division of the spoils. I have seen constitutions spring up like mushrooms and kicked down as easily. I have seen the rise and fall of Napoleon.

I have seen Cedars fall
And in their room a mushroom grow;
I have seen Comets, threatening all,
Vanish themselves;¹

¹ Habington.

wherefore then should I lament over what time and mutability have done to a private dwelling-house in Doncaster ?

It was an old house, which when it was built had been one of the best in Doncaster; and even after the great improvements which have changed the appearance of the town, had an air of antiquated respectability about it. Had it been near the church it would have been taken for the Vicarage; standing where it did, its physiognomy was such that you might have guessed it was the Doctor's house, even if the pestle and mortar had not been there as his insignia. There were eight windows and two doors in front. It consisted of two stories, and was oddly built, the middle part having, something in the Scotch manner, the form of a gable end towards the street. Behind this was a single chimney, tall, and shaped like a pillar. In windy nights the Doctor was so often consulted by Mrs. Dove concerning the stability of that chimney, that he accounted it the plague of his life. But it was one of those evils which could not be removed without bringing on a worse, the alternative being whether there should be a tall chimney, or a smoky house. And after the mansion house was erected, there was one wind which, in spite of the chimney's elevation, drove the smoke down,—so inconvenient is it sometimes to be fixed near a great neighbour.

This unfortunate chimney, being in the middle of the house, served for four apartments; the Doctor's study and his bedchamber on the upper floor, the kitchen and the best parlour on the lower,—that parlour, yes, Reader, that very parlour wherein, as thou canst not have forgotten, Mrs. Dove was making tea for the Doctor on that ever memorable afternoon with which our history begins.

CHAPTER XXV

A HINT OF REMINISCENCE TO THE READER. THE CLOCK OF ST. GEORGE'S. A WORD IN HONOUR OF ARCHDEACON MARKHAM

There is a ripe season for every thing, and if you slip that or anticipate it, you dim the grace of the matter be it never so good. As we say by way of Proverb that an hasty birth brings forth blind whelps, so a good tale tumbled out before the time is ripe for it, is ungrateful to the hearer.

BISHOP HACKETT

The judicious reader will now have perceived that in the progress of this narrative,—which may be truly said to

— bear
A music in the ordered history
It lays before us, —

we have arrived at that point which determines the scene and acquaints him with the local habitation of the Doctor. He will perceive also that in our method of narration, nothing has been inartificially anticipated; that, there have been no premature disclosures, no precipitation, no hurry, or impatience on my part; and that, on the other hand, there has been no unnecessary delay, but that we have regularly and naturally come to this development. The author who undertakes a task like mine,

— must nombre al the hole cyrcumstaunce
Of hys matter with brevycacion,

as an old Poet¹ says of the professors of the rhyming art, and must moreover be careful

That he walke not by longe continuance
The perambulate way,

as I have been, O Reader ! and as it is my fixed intention still to be. Thou knowest, gentle Reader, that I have never wearied thee with idle and worthless words; thou knowest that the old comic writer spake truly when he said, that the man who speaks little says too much, if he says

¹ Hawes' 'Pastime of Pleasure.'

what is not to the point; but that he who speaks well and wisely, will never be accused of speaking at too great length

Τὸν μὴ λέγοντα τῶν δεόντων μὴδὲ ἐν
Μακρὸν νόμιζε, κἄν δὲ εἴπῃ συλλαβάς.
Τὸν δ' εὖ λέγοντα, μὴ νόμιζ' εἶναι μακρὸν,
Μηδ' ἂν σφόδρ' εἴπῃ πολλὰ, καὶ πολλὸν χρόνον.¹

My good Readers will remember that, as was duly noticed in our eighth chapter, the clock of St. George's had just struck five, when Mrs. Dove was pouring out the seventh cup of tea for her husband, and when our history opens. I have some observations to make concerning both the tea and the tea service, which will clear the Doctor from any imputation of intemperance in his use of that most pleasant, salutiferous and domesticizing beverage: but it would disturb the method of my narration were they to be introduced in this place. Here I have something to relate about the Clock. Some forty or fifty years ago a Butcher, being one of the churchwardens of the year, and fancying himself in that capacity invested with full power to alter and improve any thing in or about the church, thought proper to change the position of the clock, and, accordingly, had it removed to the highest part of the tower, immediately under the battlements. Much beautiful Gothic work was cut away to make room for the three dials, which he placed on three sides of this fine tower; and when he was asked what had induced him thus doubly to disfigure the edifice, by misplacing the dials, and destroying so much of the ornamental part, the great and greasy killcow answered that by fixing the dials so high, he could now stand at his own shop-door and see what it was o'clock ! That convenience this arrant churchwarden had the satisfaction of enjoying for several years, there being no authority that could call him to account for the insolent mischief he had done. But Archdeacon Markham (to his praise be it spoken), at the end of the last century, prevailed on the then churchwardens to remove two of the dials, and restore the architectural ornaments which had been defaced.

This was the clock which, with few intervals, measured out by hours the life of Daniel Dove from the seventeenth

¹ Philemon.

year of his age, when he first set up his rest within its sound.

Perhaps of all the works of man, sun-dials and church-clocks are those which have conveyed most feeling to the human heart; the clock more than the sun-dial, because it speaks to the ear as well as to the eye, and by night as well as by day. Our forefathers understood this, and, therefore, they not only gave a Tongue to Time, but provided that he should speak often to us, and remind us that the hours are passing. Their quarter-boys and their chimes were designed for this moral purpose as much as the memento which is so commonly seen upon an old clock-face,—and so seldom upon a new one. I never hear chimes that they do not remind me of those which were formerly the first sounds I heard in the morning, which used to quicken my step on my way to school, and which announced my release from it, when the same tune methought had always a merrier import. When I remember their tones, life seems to me like a dream, and a train of recollections arises, which, if it were allowed to have its course, would end in tears.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE OLD BELLS RUNG TO A NEW TUNE

If the bell have any sides the clapper will find 'em.

BEN JONSON

That same St. George's Church has a peal of eight tunable bells, in the key of E. b. the first bell weighing seven hundred, one quarter, and fourteen pounds.

*Tra tutte quante le musiche humane,
O Signor mio gentil, tra le più care
Gioje del mondo, è 'l suon delle campane;
Don don don don don don, che ve ne pare ?¹*

¹ Agnolo Firenzuola.

They were not christened, because they were not Roman Catholic bells; for in Roman Catholic countries church bells are christened with the intention of causing them to be held in greater reverence,—

— *però ordinò n'un consistoro
Un certo de quei buon papi all' antica,
Che non ci lavoravan di straforo,
Che la campana sì, sì benedica,
Poi si battezzì, e se le ponga il nome,
Prima che' in campanil l' ufizio dica.
Gli oragni, ch' anco lor san sben come
Sì dica il vespro, e le messe cantate,
Non hanno questo honor sopra le chiome.
Che le lor canne non son battezzate,
Ne' nome ha l' una Pier, l' altra Maria
Come hanno le campane prelibate.*¹

The bells of St. George's, Doncaster, I say, were not christened, because they were Protestant bells; for distinction's sake, however, we will name them as the bells stand in the dirge of that unfortunate Cat whom Johnny Green threw into the well.

But it will be better to exhibit their relative weights in figures, so that they may be seen synoptically. Thus then;—

	Cwt.	qr.	lb.
Bim the first	7	1	14
Bim the second	8	0	18
Bim the third	8	2	6
Bim the fourth	10	3	15
Bim the fifth	13	1	0
Bim the sixth	15	2	16
Bom . . .	22	1	0
Bell . . .	29	1	20

I cannot but admit that these appellations are not so stately in appearance as those of the peal which the Bishop of Chalons recently baptized, and called a 'happy and holy family' in the edifying discourse that he delivered upon the occasion. The first of these was called Marie, to which—or

¹ Agnolo Firenzuola.

to whom—the Duke and Duchess of Danderville (so the newspapers give this name) stood sponsors. ‘It is you, Marie,’ said the Bishop, ‘who will have the honour to announce the festivals, and proclaim the glory of the Lord ! You appear among us under the most happy auspices, presented by those respectable and illustrious hands to which the practices of piety have been so long familiar. And you, Anne,’ he pursued, addressing the second bell,—‘an object worthy of the zeal and piety of our first magistrate (the Prefect), and of her who so nobly shares his solicitude,—you shall be charged with the same employment. Your voice shall be joined to Marie’s upon important occasions. Ah ! what touching lessons will you not give in imitation of her whose name you bear, and whom we reverence as the purest of Virgins ! You, also, Deodate, will take part in this concert, you whom an angel, a new-born infant, has conjointly with me consecrated to the Lord ! Speak, Deodate ! and let us hear your marvellous accents.’ This Angel and God-mother, in whose name the third bell was given, was Mademoiselle Deodate Boisset, then in the second month of her age, daughter of Viscount Boisset. ‘And you, Stephanie, crowned with glory,’ continued the orator, in learned allusion to the Greek word *στέφανος*, ‘you are not less worthy to mingle your accents with the melody of your sisters. And you, lastly, Seraphine and Pudentienne, you will raise your voices in this touching concert, happy all of you in having been presented to the benedictions of the Church, by these noble and generous souls, so praiseworthy for the liveliness of their faith, and the holiness of their example.’ And then the Bishop concluded by calling upon the congregation to join with him in prayer that the Almighty would be pleased to preserve from all accidents this ‘happy and holy family of the bells.’

We have no such sermons from our Bishops ! The whole ceremony must have been as useful to the bells as it was edifying to the people.

Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth. There has been a bull so called, and a bull it was of great merit. But if it were the great bell, then it

should be called Andrew, in honour of Dr. Bell; and that bell should call the children to school.

There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their christian names, and they are both called Tom; but Great Tom of Oxford, which happens to be much the smaller of the two, was christened in the feminine gender, being called Mary, in the spirit of catholic and courtly adulation at the commencement of the bloody Queen's reign. Tresham, the Vice-Chancellor, performed the ceremony, and his exclamation, when it first summoned him to mass, has been recorded:—'O delicate and sweet harmony! O beautiful Mary! how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!'

In spite of this christening, the object of Dr. Tresham's admiration is as decidedly a Tom-Bell as the Puss in Boots who appeared at a Masquerade (Theodore Hook remembers when and where) was a Tom Cat. Often as the said Tom-Bell has been mentioned, there is but one other anecdote recorded of him; it occurred on Thursday the thirteenth day of March, 1806, and was thus described in a letter written two hours after the event:—'An odd thing happened to-day, about half-past four, Tom suddenly went mad; he began striking as fast as he could about twenty times. Every body went out doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the Dean was dead, or the College on fire. However, nothing was the matter but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels: in other words, something had happened to the works, but it was not of any serious consequence, for he has struck six as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night as well as he did before the attack.'

This was written by a youth of great natural endowments, rare acquirements, playful temper, and affectionate heart. If his days had been prolonged, his happy industry, his inoffensive wit, his sound judgment and his moral worth, favoured as they were by all favourable circumstances, must have raised him to distinction; and the name of Barré Roberts, which is now known only in the little circle of his own and his father's friends, would have had its place with those who have deserved well of their kind and reflected honour upon their country.

But I return to a subject, which would have interested him in his antiquarian pursuits,—for he loved to wander among the Ruins of Time. We will return therefore to that ceremony of christening Church Bells, which, with other practices of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, has been revived in France.

Bells, say those Theologians in *issimi* who have gravely written upon this grave matter,—Bells, say they, are not actually baptized with that baptism which is administered for the remission of sins ; but they are said to be christened because the same ceremonies which are observed in christening children are also observed in consecrating them, such as the washing, the anointing, and the imposing a name; all which, however, may more strictly be said to represent the signs and symbols of baptism than they may be called baptism itself.

Nothing can be more candid ! Bells are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the Priest undertakes to remove. There was however a previous ceremony of blessing the furnace when the bells were cast within the precincts of a monastery, as they most frequently were in former times, and this may have been intended for the prevention of such defects. The Brethren stood round the furnace ranged in processional order, sang the 150th Psalm, and then, after certain prayers, blessed the molten metal, and called upon the Lord to infuse into it His grace and overshadow it with His power, for the honour of the Saint to whom the bell was to be dedicated and whose name it was to bear.

When the time of christening came, the officiating Priest and his assistant named every bell five times, as a sort of prelude, for some unexplained reason which may perhaps be as significant and mystical as the other parts of the ceremony. He then blessed the water in two vessels which were prepared for the service. Dipping a clean linen cloth in one of these vessels, he washed the bell within and without, the bell being suspended over a vessel wider in circumference than the bell's mouth, in order that no drop of the water employed in this washing might fall to the ground; for the

water was holy. Certain psalms were said or sung (they were the 96th and the four last in the psalter) during this part of the ceremony and while the officiating Priest prepared the water in the second vessel: this he did by sprinkling salt in it, and putting holy oil upon it, either with his thumb, or with a stick; if the thumb were used, it was to be cleaned immediately by rubbing it well with salt over the same water. Then he dipt another clean cloth in this oiled and salted water, and again washed the bell within and without: after the service the cloths were burnt lest they should be profaned by other uses. The bell was then authentically named. Then it was anointed with chrism in the form of a cross four times on the broadest part of the outside, thrice on the smaller part, and four times on the inside, those parts being anointed with most care against which the clapper was to strike. After this the name was again given. Myrrh and frankincense were then brought, the bell was incensed while part of a psalm was recited, and the bell was authentically named a third time; after which the priest carefully wiped the chrism from the bell with tow, and the tow was immediately burnt in the censer. Next the Priest struck each bell thrice with its clapper, and named it again at every stroke; every one of the assistants in like manner struck it and named it once. The bells were then carefully covered each with a cloth and immediately hoisted that they might not be contaminated by any irreverent touch. The Priest concluded by explaining to the congregation, if he thought proper, the reason for this ceremony of christening the bells, which was that they might act as preservatives against thunder and lightning, and hail and wind, and storms of every kind, and moreover that they might drive away evil Spirits. To these and their other virtues the Bishop of Chalons alluded in his late truly Gallican and Roman Catholic discourse. 'The Bells,' said he, 'placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform heaven of the necessities of the earth.'

CHAPTER XXVII

MORAL INTEREST OF TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS. LOCAL ATTACHMENT

*Let none our Author rudely blame
Who from the story has thus long digrest;
But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

Reader, if thou carest little or nothing for the Yorkshire river Don and for the town of Doncaster, and for the circumstances connected with it, I am sorry for thee. My venerable friend the Doctor was of a different disposition. He was one who lived, like Southey,

—— uncontrolled, as in a dream
To muse upon the course of human things;
Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,
Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;
Or following upon Thought's audacious wings
Into Futurity the endless stream.

He could not only find

—— tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing, —¹

but endeavoured to find all he could in them, and for that reason delighted to inquire into the history of places and of things, and to understand their past as well as their present state. The revolutions of a mansion house within his circuit were as interesting to him as those of the Mogul Empire; and he had as much satisfaction in being acquainted with the windings of a brook from its springs to the place where it fell into the Don, as he could have felt in knowing that the sources of the Nile had been explored, or the course and termination of the Niger.

Hear, Reader, what a journalist says upon rivers in the newest and most approved style of critical and periodical

¹ Shakespeare.

eloquence ! He says, and he regarded himself no doubt with no small complacency while so saying:

‘An acquaintance with Rivers well deserves to be erected into a distinct science. We hail *Potamology* with a cordial greeting, and welcome it to our studies, parlours, schools, reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, mechanics’ institutes and universities. There is no end to the interest which Rivers excite. They may be considered physically, geographically, historically, politically, commercially, mathematically, poetically, pictorially, morally, and even religiously—in the world’s anatomy they are its veins, as the primitive mountains, those mighty structures of granite, are its bones; they minister to the fertility of the earth, the purity of the air, and the health of mankind. They mark out nature’s kingdoms and provinces, and are the physical dividers and subdividers of continents. They welcome the bold discoverer into the heart of the country, to whose coast the sea has borne his adventurous bark. The richest freights have floated on their bosoms, and the bloodiest battles have been fought upon their banks. They move the wheels of cotton mills by their mechanical power, and madden the souls of poets and painters by their picturesque splendour. They make scenery and are scenery, and land yields no landscape without water. They are the best vehicle for the transit of the goods of the merchant, and for the illustration of the maxims of the moralist. The figure is so familiar, that we scarcely detect a metaphor when the stream of life and the course of time flow on into the ocean of Eternity.’

Hear, hear, oh hear !

*Udite—
Fiumi correnti, e rive,—
E voi—fontane vive !¹*

Yet the person who wrote this was neither deficient in feeling, nor in power; it is the epidemic vice prevailing in an age of journals that has infected him. They who frame their style *ad captandum* fall into this vein, and as immediate

¹ Giusto de’ Conte.

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effect is their object they are wise in their generation. The public to which they address themselves are attracted by it, as flies swarm about treacle.

We are advanced from the Age of Reason to the Age of Intellect, and this is the current eloquence of that age !—let us get into an atmosphere of common sense.

Topographical pursuits, my Doctor used to say, tend to preserve and promote the civilization of which they are a consequence and a proof. They have always prospered in prosperous countries, and flourished most in flourishing times, when there have been persons enough of opulence to encourage such studies, and of leisure to engage in them. Italy and the Low Countries therefore took the lead in this branch of literature; the Spaniards and Portuguese cultivated it in their better days; and beginning among ourselves with Henry VIII it has been continued with increasing zeal down to the present time.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home,—our birth place,—our native land,—think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast any intellectual eyes thou wilt then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism.

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice ! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognize this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gypsies, tinkers, and potters.

The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove in the highest degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have found out a bump on his head for its local habitation;—letting that quackery pass, it is enough for me

to know that he derived his feeling from his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by inheritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt upon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye whose domains extend over more square miles than there were square roods upon his patrimony ! To have held that little patrimony unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest of your genealogies !

The most sacred spot upon earth to him was his father's hearth-stead. Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Thames or Tyber, the mighty Ganges or the mightier Maranon, even Jordan itself, affected his imagination less than the Greta, or Wease as he was wont to call it, of his native fields; whose sounds in his boyhood were the first which he heard at morning and the last at night, and during so many peaceful and happy years made as it were an accompaniment to his solitary musings, as he walked between his father's house and his schoolmaster's, to and fro.

Next to that wild river Wease whose visible course was as delightful to the eye and ear, as its subterranean one was to the imagination, he loved the Don. He was not one of those refined persons who like to lessen their admiration of one object by comparing it with another. It entered as little into his mind to depreciate the Don because it was not a mountain stream, as it did into Corporal Trim's or Uncle Toby's to think the worse of Bohemia because it has no sea coast. What if it had no falls, no rapids or resting-places, no basins whose pellucid water might tempt Diana and the Oreades to bathe in it; instead of these the Don had beauties of its own, and utilities which give to such beauties when combined with them an additional charm. There was not a more pleasing object in the landscape to his eyes than the broad sail of a barge slowly moving between the trees, and bearing into the interior of England the produce of the Baltic, and of the East and West.

The place in the world which he loved best was Ingleton, because in that little peaceful village, as in his childhood it

was, he had once known every body and every body had known him; and all his recollections of it were pleasurable, till time cast over them a softening but a pensive hue. But next to Ingleton he loved Doncaster.

And wherefore did he thus like Doncaster? For a better reason than the epigrammatist could give for not liking Dr. Fell, though perhaps many persons have no better than that epigrammatist had in this case, for most of their likings and dislikings. He liked it because he must have been a very unreasonable man if he had not been thankful that his lot had fallen there—because he was useful and respected there, contented, prosperous, happy; finally because it is a very likeable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England: for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well-built, well-governed, has no manufactures, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling, than perhaps any other town in the kingdom, and moreover it sends no members to parliament.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE READER IS LED TO INFER THAT A TRAVELLER WHO STOPS UPON THE WAY TO SKETCH, BOTANIZE, ENTOMOLOGIZE, OR MINERALOGIZE, TRAVELS WITH MORE PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO HIMSELF THAN IF HE WERE IN THE MAIL COACH

Non servio materiae sed indulgeo; quam quo ducit sequendum est, non quo invitat.

SENECA

Fear not, my patient reader, that I should lose myself and bewilder you, either in the Holy Land or Whichwood forest, or in the wide fields of the Poly-olbion, or in Potteric Carr, or in any part of the country about Doncaster, most fortunate of English towns for circumstances which I have already stated and henceforth to be the most illustrious, as

having been the place where my never-to-be-forgotten Philosopher and friend passed the greater part of his innocent and useful and happy life. Good patient reader, you may confide in me as in one who always knows his whereabouts, and whom the Goddess Upibia will keep in the right way.

In treating of that flourishing and every way fortunate town, I have not gone back to visionary times, like the author who wrote a description and drew a map of Anglesea as it was before the flood. Nor have I touched upon the ages when hyenas prowled over what is now Doncaster race-ground, and great lizards, huge as crocodiles, but with long necks and short tails, took their pleasure in Potteric Carr. I have not called upon thee, gentle and obsequious reader, to accompany me into a Praeadamite world, nor even into the antediluvian one. We began with the earliest mention of Doncaster—no earlier; and shall carry our summary notices of its history to the Doctor's time,—no later. And if sometimes the facts on which I may touch should call forth thoughts, and those thoughts remind me of other facts, anecdotes leading to reflection, and reflection producing more anecdotes, thy pleasure will be consulted in all this, my good and patient reader, and thy profit also as much as mine; nay, more in truth, for I might think upon all these things in silence, and spare myself the trouble of relating them.

O Reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader, you would find
A Tale in every thing!¹

I might muse upon these things and let the hours pass by unheeded as the waters of a river in their endless course. And thus I might live in other years,—with those who are departed, in a world of my own, by force of recollection;—or by virtue of sure hope in that world which is their's now, and to which I shall, ere long, be promoted.

For thy pleasure, Reader, and for thy improvement, I take upon myself the pains of thus materializing my spiritual

¹ Wordsworth.

stores. Alas ! their earthly uses would perish with me unless they were thus embodied !

'The age of a cultivated mind,' says an eloquent and wise and thoughtful author, 'is often more complacent and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter.

'In truth, nothing is so happy to itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and ripened imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. The more it produces, the more capable it becomes of production; the creative faculty grows by indulgence; and the more it combines, the more means and varieties of combinations it discovers.

'When death comes to destroy that mysterious and magical union of capacities and acquirements which has brought a noble genius to this point of power, how frightful and lamentable is the effect of the stroke that stops the current which was wont to put this mighty formation into activity ! Perhaps the incomprehensible Spirit may have acted in conjunction with its corporeal adherents to the last. Then in one moment, what darkness and destruction follows a single gasp of breath !'¹

This fine passage is as consolatory in its former part, as it is gloomy at the conclusion; and it is gloomy there, because the view which is there taken is imperfect. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world,—but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for Heaven. That which is of the earth, earthy, perishes with wealth, rank, honours, authority, and other earthy and perishable things; but nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. When Ovid says, in Ben Jonson's play,—

We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fade our loves,

¹ Sir Egerton Brydges.

the dramatist makes the Roman Poet speak like a sensualist, as he was, and the philosophy is as false as it is foul. Affections well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping: these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.

INTERCHAPTER III

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR MAKES KNOWN HIS GOOD INTENTIONS
TO ALL READERS, AND OFFERS GOOD ADVICE TO SOME OF
THEM

I can write, and talk, too, as soft as other men, with submission to better judgments,—and I leave it to you Gentlemen. I am but one, and I always distrust myself. I only hint my thoughts. You'll please to consider whether you will not think that it may seem to deserve your consideration.—This is a taking way of speaking. But much good may do them that use it !

ASGILL

Reader, my compliments to you !

This is a form of courtesy which the Turks use in their compositions, and being so courteous a form, I have here adopted it. Why not ? Turks though they are, we learnt inoculation from them, and the use of coffee; and hitherto we have taught them nothing but the use of tobacco in return.

Reader, my compliments to you !

Why is it that we hear no more of Gentle Readers ? Is it that having become critical in this age of Magazines and Reviews, they have ceased to be gentle ? But all are not critical;

The baleful dregs
Of these late ages,—that Circean draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,—
Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
The native judgment of the human soul.¹

¹ Akenside.

In thus applying these lines I mean the servitude to which any rational man degrades his intellect, when he submits to receive an opinion from the dictation of another, upon a point whereon he is just as capable of judging for himself;—the intellectual servitude of being told by Mr. A. B. or C. whether he is to like a book or not,—or why he is to like it: and the folly of supposing that the man who writes anonymously, is on that very account entitled to more credit for judgment, erudition, and integrity, than the author who comes forward in his own person, and stakes his character upon what he advances.

All Readers, however,—thank Heaven, and what is left among us of that best and rarest of all senses called Common Sense,—all Readers, however, are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an Essay upon Taste;—and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery-book.

I have something to say to all classes of Readers: and, therefore, having thus begun to speak of one, with that class I will proceed. It is to the youthful part of my lecturers—(why not lecturers as well as auditors?) it is *virginibus puerisque* that I now address myself. Young Readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you!

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the

laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue—and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects,—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!

INTERCHAPTER IV

CONTINGENT CAUSES. PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS INDUCED
BY REFLECTING ON THEM. THE AUTHOR TREMBLES FOR
THE PAST

*Vereis que no hay lazada desasida
De nudo y de pendencia soberana;
Ni á poder trastornar la orden del cielo
Las fuerzas llegan, ni el saber del suelo.*

BALBUENA

‘There is no action of man in this life,’ says Thomas of Malmesbury, ‘which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.’ The chain of causes, however, is as long as the chain of consequences,—peradventure longer; and when I think of the causes which have combined to procreate this book, and the consequences which of necessity it must produce, I am lost in admiration.

How many accidents might for ever have impossibilitated

the existence of this incomparable work ! If, for instance, I the Unknown had been born in any other part of the world than in the British dominions; or in any other age than one so near the time in which the venerable subject of these memoirs flourished; or in any other place than where these localities could have been learned, and all these personalities were remembered; or if I had not counted it among my felicities like the philosopher of old, and the Polish Jews of this day, (who thank God for it in their ritual), to have been born a male instead of a female; or if I had been born too poor to obtain the blessings of education, or too rich to profit by them: or if I had not been born at all. If, indeed, in the course of six thousand years which have elapsed since the present race of intellectual inhabitants were placed upon this terraqueous globe, any chance had broken off one marriage among my innumerable married progenitors, or thwarted the courtship of those my equally innumerable ancestors who lived before that ceremony was instituted, or in countries where it was not known,—where, or how would my immortal part have existed at this time, or in what shape would these bodily elements have been compounded with which it is invested ? A single miscarriage among my millions of grandmothers might have cut off the entail of my mortal being !

*Quid non everit primordia frivola vitae ?
 Nec mirum, vita est integra pene nihil.
 Nunc perit, ah ! tenui pereuntis odore lucernae,
 Et fumum hunc fumus fortior ille fugat.
 Totum aquilis Caesar rapidis circumvolet orbem,
 Collegamque sibi vix ferat esse Jovem.
 Quantula res quantos potuisset inepta triumphos,
 Et magnum nasci vel prohibere Deum !
 Exhaeredasset moriente lucernula flammâ
 Tot dominis mundum numinibusque novis.
 Tu quoque tantilli, juvenis Pellaeæ, perisses,
 (Quam gratus terris ille fuisset odor !)
 Tu tantum unius qui pauper regulus orbis,
 Et prope privatus visus es esse tibi.
 Nec tu tantum, idem potuisset tollere casus
 Teque, Jovis fili, Bucephalumque tuum :
 Dormitorque urbem malè delevisset agaso
 Bucephalam è vestris, Indica Fata, libris.¹*

¹ Cowley.

The snuff of a candle,—a fall,—a fright,—nay, even a fit of anger ! Such things are happening daily,—yea, hourly, upon this peopled earth. One such mishap among so many millions of cases, millions ten million times told, centillions multiplied beyond the vocabulary of numeration, and ascending to *ψαμμακόστια*,—which word having been coined by a certain Alexis (perhaps no otherwise remembered) and latinized *arenaginta* by Erasmus, is now Anglicized *sandillions* by me;—one such among them all !—I tremble to think of it !

Again. How often has it depended upon political events ! If the Moors had defeated Charles Martel; if William instead of Harold had fallen in the Battle of Hastings; if bloody Queen Mary had left a child; or if blessed Queen Mary had not married the Prince of Orange ! In the first case the English might now have been Mussulmans; in the second they would have continued to use the Saxon tongue, and in either of those cases the Ego could not have existed; for if Arabian blood were put in, or Norman taken out, the whole chain of succession would have been altered. The two latter cases, perhaps, might not have affected the bodily existence of the Ego; but the first might have entailed upon him the curse of Popery, and the second, if it had not subjected him to the same curse, would have made him the subject of a despotic government. In neither case could he have been capable of excogitating lucubrations, such as this high history contains: for either of these misfortunes would have emasculated his mind, unipsefying and unegofying the *Ipsissimus Ego*.

Another chance must be mentioned. One of my ancestors was, as the phrase is, out in a certain rebellion. His heart led him into the field and his heels got him out of it. Had he been less nimble,—or had he been taken and hanged, and hanged he would have been if taken,—there would have been no Ego at this day, no history of Dr. Daniel Dove. The Doctor would have been like the heroes who lived before Agamemnon, and his immortalizer would never have lived at all.

CHAPTER XXIX

DONCASTRIANA. GUY'S DEATH. SEARCH FOR HIS TOMB-
STONE IN INGLETON CHURCH-YARD

*Go to the dull church-yard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality,
Where proudest man is only found
By a small hillock in the ground.*

TIXALL POETRY

The first years of Daniel's abode in Doncaster were distinguished by many events of local memorability. The old Friar's bridge was taken down, and a new one with one large arch built in its stead. Turnpikes were erected on the roads to Saltsbrook and to Tadcaster; and in 1742 Lord Semple's regiment of Highlanders marched through the town, being the first soldiers without breeches who had ever been seen there since breeches were in use. In 1746 the Mansion House was begun, next door to Peter Hopkins's, and by no means to his comfort while the work was going on, nor indeed after it was completed, its effect upon his chimneys having heretofore been noticed. The building was interrupted by the rebellion. An army of six thousand English and Hessians was then encamped upon Wheatley Hills; and a Hessian general dying there, was buried in St. George's Church; from whence his leaden coffin was stolen by the grave-digger.

Daniel had then completed his twenty-second year. Every summer he paid a month's visit to his parents; and those were happy days, not the less so to all parties because his second home had become almost as dear to him as his first. Guy did not live to see the progress of his pupil; he died a few months after the lad had been placed at Doncaster, and the delight of Daniel's first return was over-clouded by this loss. It was a severe one to the elder Daniel, who lost in the Schoolmaster his only intellectual companion.

I have sought in vain for Richard Guy's tombstone in Ingleton church-yard.¹ That there is one there can hardly,

I think, be doubted; for if he left no relations who regarded him, nor perhaps effects enough of his own to defray this last posthumous and not necessary expense; and if Thomas Gent of York, who published the old poem of Flodden Field from his transcript, after his death, thought he required no other monument; Daniel was not likely to omit this last tribute of respect and affection to his friend. But the church-yard, which, when his mortal remains were deposited there, accorded well with its romantic site, on a little eminence above the roaring torrent, and with the then retired character of the village, and with the solemn use to which it was consecrated, is now a thickly-peopled burial-ground. Since their time, manufactures have been established in Ingleton, and though eventually they proved unsuccessful, and were consequently abandoned, yet they continued long enough in work largely to increase the population of the church-yard. Amid so many tombs the stone which marked poor Guy's resting-place might escape even a more diligent search than mine. Nearly a century has elapsed since it was set up: in the course of that time its inscription not having been re-touched, must have become illegible to all but an antiquary's poring and practised eyes; and perhaps to them also unless aided by his tracing tact, and by the conjectural supply of connecting words, syllables, or letters; indeed, the stone itself has probably become half interred, as the earth around it has been disturbed and raised. Time corrodes our epitaphs, and buries our very tombstones.

Returning pensively from my unsuccessful search in the church-yard, to the little inn at Ingleton, I found there, upon a sampler, worked in 1824 by Elizabeth Brown, aged 9, and framed as an ornament for the room which I occupied, some lines in as moral a strain of verse as any which I had that day perused among the tombs. And I transcribed them for preservation, thinking it not improbable that they had been originally composed by Richard Guy, for the use of his female scholars, and handed down for a like purpose, from one generation to another. This may be only a fond imagination, and perhaps it might not have occurred to me at another time; but many compositions have been ascribed

in modern as well as ancient times, and indeed daily are so, to more celebrated persons, upon less likely grounds. These are the verses:

Jesus permit Thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek Thy love;
With Thy dear children may she have a part,
And write Thy name Thyself upon her heart.

CHAPTER XXX

A FATHER'S MISGIVINGS CONCERNING HIS SON'S DESTINATION.
PETER HOPKINS'S GENEROSITY. DANIEL IS SENT ABROAD TO
GRADUATE IN MEDICINE

*Heaven is the magazine wherein He puts
Both good and evil; Prayer's the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure: 'tis a key
Whose wards are Faith and Hope and Charity.
Wouldst thou prevent a judgment due to sin?
Turn but the key, and thou may'st lock it in.
Or wouldst thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door, and it will shower on thee!*

QUARLES

The elder Daniel saw in the marked improvement of his son at every yearly visit more and more cause to be satisfied with himself for having given him such a destination, and to thank Providence that the youth was placed with a master whose kindness and religious care of him might truly be called fatherly. There was but one consideration which sometimes interfered with that satisfaction, and brought with it a sense of uneasiness. The Doves, from time immemorial, had belonged to the soil as fixedly as the soil had belonged to them. Generation after generation they had moved in the same contracted sphere, their wants and wishes being circumscribed alike within their own few hereditary acres. Pride, under whatever form it may show itself, is of

the Devil; and though Family Pride may not be its most odious manifestation, even that child bears a sufficiently ugly likeness of its father. But Family Feeling is a very different thing, and may exist as strongly in humble as in high life. Naboth was as much attached to the vineyard, the inheritance of his fathers, as Ahab could be to the throne which had been the prize, and the reward, or punishment, of his father Omri's ambition.

This feeling sometimes induced a doubt in Daniel whether affection for his son had not made him overlook his duty to his forefathers;—whether the fixtures of the land are not happier, and less in the way of evil, than the moveables:—whether he had done right in removing the lad from that station of life in which he was born, in which it had pleased God to place him; divorcing him, as it were, from his paternal soil, and cutting off the entail of that sure independence, that safe contentment which his ancestors had obtained and preserved for him, and transmitted to his care to be in like manner by him preserved and handed down. The latent poetry which there was in the old man's heart made him sometimes feel as if the fields and the brook, and the hearth and the graves, reproached him for having done this! But then he took shelter in the reflection that he had consulted the boy's true welfare, by giving him opportunities of storing and enlarging his mind; that he had placed him in the way of intellectual advancement, where he might improve the talents which were committed to his charge, both for his own benefit and for that of his fellow-creatures. Certain he was that whether he had acted wisely or not, he had meant well. He was conscious that his determination had not been made without much and anxious deliberation, nor without much and earnest prayer; hitherto, he saw that the blessing which he prayed for had followed it, and he endeavoured to make his heart rest in thankful and pious hope that that blessing would be continued. 'Wouldst thou know,' says Quarles, 'the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing. If it be lawful, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either

blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving.' Daniel might safely put his conduct to this test; and to this test, in fact, his own healthy and uncorrupted sense of religion led him, though probably he had never read these golden words of Quarles the Emblemist.

It was, therefore, with no ordinary delight that our good Daniel received a letter from his son, asking permission to go to Leyden, in conformity with his Master's wishes, and there prosecute his studies long enough to graduate as a Doctor in medicine. Mr. Hopkins, he said, would generously take upon himself the whole expense, having adopted him as his successor, and almost as a son; for as such he was treated in all respects, both by him and by his mistress, who was one of the best of women. And, indeed, it appeared that Mr. Hopkins had long entertained this intention, by the care which he had taken to make him keep up and improve the knowledge of Latin which he had acquired under Mr. Guy.

The father's consent, as might be supposed, was thankfully given; and accordingly Daniel Dove, in the twenty-third year of his age, embarked from Kingston-upon-Hill for Rotterdam, well provided by the care and kindness of his benevolent master with letters of introduction and of credit; and still better provided with those religious principles which, though they cannot ensure prosperity in this world, ensure to us things of infinitely greater moment,—good conduct, peace of mind, and the everlasting reward of the righteous.

CHAPTER XXXI

CONCERNING THE INTEREST WHICH DANIEL THE ELDER TOOK
IN THE DUTCH WAR, AND MORE ESPECIALLY IN THE SIEGE AND
PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERY OF LEYDEN

*Glory to Thee in Thine omnipotence,
O Lord who art our shield and our defence,
And dost dispense,
As seemeth best to Thine unerring will,
(Which passeth mortal sense)
The lot of Victory still;
Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust;
And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so such seeming ill
May Thine appointed purposes fulfil;
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked feel Thy present power;
Glory to Thee and praise,
Almighty God, by whom our strength was given !
Glory to Thee, O Lord of Earth and Heaven !*

SOUTHEY

There were two portions of history with which the elder Daniel was better acquainted than most men,—that of Edward the Third's reign, and that of the Wars in the Netherlands down to the year 1608. Upon both subjects he was *homo unius libri*; such a man is proverbially formidable at his own weapon; and the book with which Johnson immortalized Osborne the bookseller, by knocking him down with it, was not a more formidable folio than either of those from which Daniel derived this knowledge.

Now of all the events in the wars of the Low Countries, there was none which had so strongly affected his imagination as the siege of Leyden. The patient fortitude of the besieged, and their deliverance, less by the exertions of man, (though no human exertions were omitted,) than by the special mercy of Him whom the elements obey, and in whom they had put their trust, were in the strong and pious mind of Daniel, things of more touching interest than the tragedy of Haarlem, or the wonders of military science and of courage displayed at the siege of Antwerp. Who indeed

could forget the fierce answer of the Leydeners when they were, for the last time, summoned to surrender, that the men of Leyden would never surrender while they had one arm left to eat, and another to fight with ! And the not less terrible reply of the Burgemeester Pieter Adriaanzoon Vander Werf, to some of the townsmen when they represented to him the extremity of famine to which they were reduced; 'I have sworn to defend this city,' he made answer, 'and by God's help I mean to keep that oath ! but if my death can help ye men, here is my body ! cut it in pieces, and share it among ye as far as it will go.' And who without partaking in the hopes and fears of the contest, almost as if it were still at issue, can peruse the details of that *amphibious* battle (if such an expression may be allowed) upon the inundated country, when, in the extremity of their distress, and at a time when the Spaniards said that it was as impossible for the Hollanders to save Leyden from their power, as it was for them to pluck the stars from heaven, 'a great south wind, which they might truly say came from the grace of God,' set in with such a spring tide, that in the course of eight-and-forty hours, the inundation rose half a foot, thus rendering the fields just passable for the flat-bottomed boats which had been provided for that service ! A naval battle, among the trees; where the besieged, though it was fought within two miles of their walls, could see nothing because of the foliage; and amid such a labyrinth of dykes, ditches, rivers and fortifications, that when the besiegers retired from their palisades and sconces, the conquerors were not aware of their own success, nor the besieged of their deliverance !

'In this delivery,' says the historian, 'and in every particular of the enterprise, doubtless all must be attributed to the mere providence of God, neither can man challenge any glory therein; for without a miracle all the endeavours of the Protestants had been as wind. But God who is always good, would not give way to the cruelties wherewith the Spaniards threatened this town, with all the insolencies whereof they make profession in the taking of towns (although they be by composition) without any respect of humanity or honesty. And there is not any man but will

confess with me, if he be not some atheist, or epicure, (who maintain that all things come by chance,) that this delivery is a work which belongs only unto God. For if the Spaniards had battered the town but with four cannons only, they had carried it, the people being so weakened with famine, as they could not endure any longer: besides a part of them were ill affected, and very many of their best men were dead of the plague. And for another testimony that it was God only who wrought, the town was no sooner delivered, but the wind which was south-west, and had driven the water out of the sea into the country, turned to north-east, and did drive it back again into the sea, as if the south-west wind had blown those three days only to that effect; wherefore they might well say that both the winds and the sea had fought for the town of Leyden. And as for the resolution of the States of Holland to drown the country, and to do that which they and their Prince, together with all the commanders, captains and soldiers of the army shewed in this sea-course, together with the constancy and resolution of the besieged to defend themselves, notwithstanding so many miseries which they suffered, and so many promises and threats which were made unto them, all in like sort proceeded from a divine instinct.'

In the spirit of thoughtful feeling that this passage breathes, was the whole history of that tremendous struggle perused by the elder Daniel; and Daniel the son was so deeply imbued with the same feeling, that if he had lived till the time of the Peninsular War, he would have looked upon the condition to which Spain was reduced, as a consequence of its former tyranny, and as an awful proof how surely, soon or late, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

Oh that all history were regarded in this spirit! 'Even such as are in faith most strong, of zeal most ardent, should not,' says one of the best and wisest of Theologians, 'much misspend their time in comparing the degenerate fictions, or historical relations of times ancient or modern, with the everlasting truth. For though this method could not add much increase either to their faith or zeal, yet would it doubtless much avail for working placid and mild affections.

The very penmen of Sacred Writ themselves were taught patience, and instructed in the ways of God's providence, by their experience of such events as the course of time is never barren of; not always related by canonical authors, nor immediately testified by the Spirit; but oft-times believed upon a moral certainty, or such a resolution of circumstances concurrent into the first cause or disposer of all affairs as we might make of modern accidents, were we otherwise partakers of the Spirit, or would we mind heavenly matters as much as earthly.'

CHAPTER XXXII

VOYAGE TO ROTTERDAM AND LEYDEN. THE AUTHOR CANNOT TARRY TO DESCRIBE THAT CITY. WHAT HAPPENED THERE TO DANIEL DOVE

He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage. As who doth not that shall attempt the like?—For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same still; still, still, the same, the same!

BURTON

'Why did Dan remain in ships?' says Deborah the Prophetess in that noble song, which, if it had been composed in Greek instead of Hebrew, would have made Pindar hide his diminished head, or taught him a loftier strain than even he has reached in his eagle flights—'Why did Dan remain in ships?' said the Prophetess. Our Daniel during his rough passage from the Humber to the Maese, thought that nothing should make him do so. Yet when all danger, real or imaginary, was over, upon that deep

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen:—¹

¹ B. Jonson: 'Neptune's Triumph.'

when all the discomforts and positive sufferings of the voyage were at an end; and when the ship,—

Quitting her fairly of the injurious sea,¹

had entered the smooth waters of that stately river, and was gliding

Into the bosom of her quiet quay;¹

he felt that the delight of setting foot on shore after a sea voyage, and that too the shore of a foreign country, for the first time, is one of the few pleasures which exceed any expectation that can be formed of them.

He used to speak of his landing, on a fine autumnal noon, in the well-wooded and well-watered city of Rotterdam, and of his journey along what he called the highturnpike canal from thence to Leyden, as some of the pleasantest recollections of his life. Nothing, he said, was wanting to his enjoyment, but that there should have been some one to have partaken it with him in an equal degree. But the feeling that he was alone in a foreign land sate lightly on him, and did not continue long,—young as he was, with life and hope before him, healthful of body and of mind, cheerful as the natural consequence of that health corporeal and mental, and having always much to notice and enough to do—the one being an indispensable condition of happiness, the other a source of pleasure as long as it lasts; and where there is a quick eye and an inquiring mind, the longest residence abroad is hardly long enough to exhaust it.

No day in Daniel's life had ever passed in such constant and pleasurable excitement as that on which he made his passage from Rotterdam to Leyden, and took possession of the lodgings which Peter Hopkins's correspondent had engaged for him. His reception was such as instantly to make him feel that he was placed with worthy people. The little apprehensions, rather than anxieties, which the novelty of his situation occasioned, the sight of strange faces with which he was to be domesticated, and the sound of a strange language, to which, harsh and uninviting as it

¹ Quarles.

seemed, his ear and speech must learn to accustom themselves, did not disquiet his first night's rest. And having fallen asleep, notwithstanding the new position to which a Dutch bolster constrained him, he was not disturbed by the storks,

— all night

Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks,

(for with Ben Jonson's leave, this may much more appropriately be said of them than of the ravens), nor by the watchmen's rappers, or clap-sticks, which seem to have been invented in emulous imitation of the stork's instrumental performance.

But you and I, Reader, can afford to make no tarriance in Leyden. I cannot remain with you here till you could see the Rector Magnificus in his magnificence. I cannot accompany you to the monument of that rash Baron who set the crown of Bohemia in evil hour upon the Elector Palatine's unlucky head. I cannot take you to the graves of Boerhaave and of Scaliger. I cannot go with you into that library of which Heinsius said, when he was Librarian there, 'I no sooner set foot in it and fasten the door, but I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of Eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness.'—*Plerumque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo, ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, &c. excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix; et in ipso aeternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animas sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat qui felicitatem hanc ignorant!* I cannot walk with you round the ramparts, from which wide-circling and well-shaded promenade you might look down upon a large part of the more than two thousand gardens which a century ago surrounded this most horticultural city of a horticultural province, the garden, as it was called, of Holland, that is of the land of Gardeners. I cannot even go up the Burgt with you, though it be pretended that the Hengist of Anglo-Saxon history erected it; nor can

I stop at the entrance of that odd place, for you to admire (as you could not but admire) the Lion of the United Provinces, who stands there erect and rampant in menacing attitude, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, his eyes truculent, his tail in full elevation, and in action correspondent to his motto *Pugno pro Patria*, wielding a drawn sword in his dreadful right paw.

Dear Reader, we cannot afford time for going to Oegstgeest, though the first Church in Holland is said to have been founded there by St. Willebord, and its burial-ground is the Campo Santo of the Dutch Roman Catholics, as Bunnhill Fields of the English Dissenters. Nor can I accompany thee to Noortwyck and describe to thee its fishponds, its parterres, the arabesque carpet-work of its box, and the espalier walls or hedges, with the busts which were set in the archways, such as they existed when our Doctor, in his antedoctorial age, was a student at Leyden, having been kept up till that time in their old fashion by the representatives of Janus Dousa. We cannot, dear Reader, tarry to visit the gardens in that same pleasant village from which the neighbouring cities are supplied with medicinal plants; where beds of ranunculuses afford, when in blossom, a spectacle which no exhibition of art could rival in splendour and in beauty; and from whence rose-leaves are exported to Turkey, there to have their essential oil extracted for Mahometan luxury.

We must not go to see the sluices of the Rhine, which Daniel never saw, because in his time the Rhine had no outlet through these Downs. We cannot walk upon the shore at Katwyck, where it was formerly a piece of Dutch courtship for the wooer to take his mistress in his arms, carry her into the sea till he was more than knee deep, set her down upon her feet, and then bearing her out again, roll her over and over upon the sand-hills by way of drying her. We have no time for visiting that scene of the Batavian Arcadia. No, Reader, I cannot tarry to show thee the curiosities of Leyden, nor to talk over its *memorabilia*, nor to visit the pleasant parts of the surrounding country: though Gerard Goris says, that *comme la Ville de Leide, entourée par les plaisants villages de Soeterwoude, Stompvic,*

Wilsveen, Tedingebroek, Oegstgeest, Leiderdorp et Venneſ, est la C  tre et la Delice de toute Hollande, ainsi la Campagne    l'entour de cette c  l  bre Ville est comme un autre Eden ou Jardin de plaisance, qui avec ses beaux attraits tellement transporte l'attention du spectateur qu'il se trouve contraint, comme par un ravissement d'esprit, de confesser qu'il n'a jamais vu pais au monde, ou l'art et la nature si bien ont pris leurs mesures pour apporter et entrem  ler tout ce qui peut servir    l'aise,    la recreation, et au profit.

No, Reader, we must not linger here,

*Hier, waar in Hollands heerlijkste oorden
De lieve Lente zoeter lacht,
Het schroeiend Zuid, het grijnzend Noorden
Zijn' gloed en strenge kou verzacht;
Waar nijverheid eb blij genoegen,
Waar stilte en vlijt zich samenvoegen.¹*

We must return to Doncaster. It would not be convenient for me to enter minutely, even if my materials were sufficient for that purpose, into the course of our student's life, from the time when he was entered among the Greenies of this famous University; nor to describe the ceremonies which were used at his *ungreening*, by his associates; nor the academical ones with which, at the termination of his regular terms, his degree in medicine was conferred. I can only tell thee that, during his residence at Leyden, he learned with exemplary diligence whatever he was expected to learn there, and by the industrious use of good opportunities a great deal more.

But,—he fell in love with a Burgemeester's Daughter.

¹ Leyden's Ramp.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ARMS OF LEYDEN. DANIEL DOVE, M.D. A LOVE STORY,
STRANGE BUT TRUE

*Oye el extraño caso, advierte y siente;
Suceso es raro, mas verdad ha sido.*

BALBUENA

The arms of Leyden are two cross keys, gules in a field argent; and having been entrusted with the power of those keys to bind and to loose,—and, moreover, to bleed and to blister, to administer at his discretion pills, potions, and powders, and employ the whole artillery of the pharmacopoeia,—Daniel returned to Doncaster. The papal keys convey no such general power as the keys of Leyden: they give authority over the conscience and the soul; now it is not every man that has a conscience, or that chooses to keep one; and as for souls, if it were not an article of faith to believe otherwise,—one might conclude that the greater part of mankind had none, from the utter disregard of them which is manifested in the whole course of their dealings with each other. But bodily diseases are among the afflictions which flesh is heir to; and we are not more surely *fruges consumere nati*, than we are born to consume physic also, greatly to the benefit of that profession in which Daniel Dove had now obtained his commission.

But though he was now M.D. in due form, and entitled to the insignia of the professional wig, the muff, and the gold-headed cane, it was not Mr. Hopkins's intention that he should assume his title, and commence practice as a physician. This would have been an unpromising adventure; whereas, on the other hand, the consideration which a regular education at Leyden, then the most flourishing school of medicine, would obtain for him in the vicinity, was a sure advantage. Hopkins could now present him as a person thoroughly qualified to be his successor: and if at any future time Dove should think proper to retire from the more laborious parts of his calling, and take up his rank, it would be in his power to do so.

But one part of my Readers are, I suspect, at this time a

little impatient to know something about the Burgemeester's Daughter; and I, because of the

— allegiance and fast fealty
Which I do owe unto all womankind,¹

am bound to satisfy their natural and becoming curiosity. Not, however, in this place; for though love has its bitters, I never will mix it up in the same chapter with physic. Daniel's passion for the Burgemeester's Daughter must be treated of in a chapter by itself, this being a mark of respect due to the subject, to her beauty, and to the dignity of Mynheer, her Wel Edel, Groot, Hoogh-Achtbaer father.

First, however, I must dispose of an objection.

There may be readers who, though they can understand why a lady instead of telling her love, should

— let concealment like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damask cheek,

will think it absurd to believe that any man should fix his affections as Daniel did upon the Burgemeester's Daughter, on a person whom he had no hopes of obtaining, and with whom, as will presently appear, he never interchanged a word. I cannot help their incredulity. But if they will not believe me they may perhaps believe the newspapers, which, about the year 1810, related the following case in point.

'A short time since a curious circumstance happened. The Rector of St. Martin's parish was sent for to pray by a gentleman of the name of Wright, who lodged in St. James's Street, Pimlico. A few days afterwards Mr. Wright's solicitor called on the Rector, to inform him that Mr. Wright was dead, and had made a codicil to his will wherein he had left him 1000*l.*, and Mr. Abbott, the Speaker of the House of Commons, 2000*l.*, and all his personal property and estates, deer-park and fisheries, &c. to Lady Frances Bruce Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury. Upon the Rector's going to Lord Ailesbury's to inform her Ladyship, the house-steward said she was married to Sir Henry Wilson of Chelsea Park, but he would go to her Ladyship and inform

¹ Spenser.

her of the matter. Lady Frances said she did not know any such person as Mr. Wright, but desired the Steward to go to the Rector to get the whole particulars, and say she would wait on him the next day: she did so, and found to her great astonishment that the whole was true. She afterwards went to St. James's Street, and saw Mr. Wright in his coffin; and then she recollected him, as having been a great annoyance to her many years ago at the Opera House, where he had a box next to hers: he never spoke to her, but was continually watching her, look wherever she would, till at length she was under the necessity of requesting her friends to procure another box. The estates are from 20 to 30,000*l.* a year. Lady Frances intends putting all her family into mourning out of respect.'

Whether such a bequest ought to have been held good in law, and if so, whether it ought in conscience to have been accepted, are points upon which I should probably differ both from the Lord Chancellor, and the Lady Legatee.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SHOWING HOW THE YOUNG STUDENT FELL IN LOVE—AND
HOW HE MADE THE BEST USE OF HIS MISFORTUNE

*Il creder, donne vaghe, è cortesia,
Quando colui che scrive o che favella,
Possa essere sospetto di bugia,
Per dir qualcosa troppo rara e bella.
Dunque chi ascolta questa istoria mea
E non la crede frottola o novella
Ma cosa vera—come ella è di fatto,
Fa che di liu mi chiami soddisfatto.*

*E pure che mi diate piena fede,
De la dubbiezza altrui poco mi cale.*

RICCIARDETTO

Dear Ladies, I can neither tell you the name of the Burge-meester's Daughter, nor of the Burgemeester himself. If I ever heard them they have escaped my recollection. The

Doctor used to say his love for her was in two respects like the small-pox; for he took it by inoculation, and having taken it, he was secured from ever having the disease in a more dangerous form.

The case was a very singular one. Had it not been so it is probable I should never have been made acquainted with it. Most men seem to consider their unsuccessful love, when it is over, as a folly which they neither like to speak of, nor to remember.

Daniel Dove never was introduced to the Burgemeester's Daughter, never was in company with her, and, as already has been intimated, never spoke to her. As for any hope of ever by any possibility obtaining a return of his affection, a devout Roman Catholic might upon much better grounds hope that Saint Ursula, or any of her Eleven Thousand Virgins would come from her place in Heaven to reward his devotion with a kiss. The gulph between Dives and Lazarus was not more insuperable than the distance between such an English Greeny at Leyden and a Burgemeester's Daughter.

Here, therefore, dear Ladies, you cannot look to read of

*Le speranze, gli affetti,
La data fe', le tenerezze, i primi
Scambievoli sospiri, i primi sguardi.*¹

Nor will it be possible for me to give you

*— l'idea di quel volto
Dove apprese il suo core
La prima volta a sospirar d'amore.*¹

This I cannot do; for I never saw her picture, nor heard her features described. And most likely if I had seen her herself, in her youth and beauty, the most accurate description that words could convey might be just as like Fair Rosamond, Helen, Rachael, or Eve. Suffice it to say that she was confessedly the beauty of that city, and of those parts.

But it was not for the fame of her beauty that Daniel fell

¹ Metasia.

in love with her: so little was there of this kind of romance in his nature, that report never raised in him the slightest desire of seeing her. Her beauty was no more than Hecuba's to him, till he saw it. But it so happened that having once seen it, he saw it frequently, at leisure, and always to the best advantage: 'and so,' said he, 'I received the disease by inoculation.'

Thus it was. There was at Leyden an English Presbyterian Kirk for the use of the English students, and any other persons who might choose to frequent it. Daniel felt the want there of that Liturgy in the use of which he had been trained up: and finding nothing which could attract him to that place of worship except the use of his own language,—which, moreover, was not used by the preacher in any way to his edification,—he listened willingly to the advice of the good man with whom he boarded, and this was, that, as soon as he had acquired a slight knowledge of the Dutch tongue, he should, as a means of improving himself in it, accompany the family to their parish church. Now this happened to be the very church which the Burgemeester and his family attended; and if the allotment of pews in that church had been laid out by Cupid himself, with the fore-purpose of catching Daniel as in a pitfall, his position there in relation to the Burgemeester's Daughter could not have been more exactly fixed.

'God forgive me!' said he; 'for every Sunday while she was worshipping her Maker, I used to worship her.'

But the folly went no farther than this; it led him into no act of absurdity, for he kept it to himself; and he even turned it to some advantage, or rather it shaped for itself a useful direction, in this way: having frequent and unobserved opportunity of observing her lovely face, the countenance became fixed so perfectly in his mind, that even after the lapse of forty years, he was sure, he said, that if he had possessed a painter's art, he could have produced her likeness. And having her beauty thus impressed upon his imagination, any other appeared to him only as a foil to it, during that part of his life when he was so circumstanced that it would have been an act of imprudence for him to run in love.

I smile to think how many of my readers, when they are reading this chapter aloud in a domestic circle, will *bring up* at the expression of *running in love*;—like a stage-coachman, who, driving at the smooth and steady pace of nine miles an hour on a macadamized road, comes upon some accidental obstruction only just in time to check the horses.

Amorosa who flies into love; and Amatura who flutters as if she were about to do the same; and Amoretta who dances into it, (poor creatures, God help them all three !) and Amanda,—Heaven bless her !—who will be led to it gently and leisurely along the path of discretion, they all make a sudden stop at the words.

CHAPTER XXXV

OF THE VARIOUS WAYS OF GETTING IN LOVE. A CHAPTER CONTAINING SOME USEFUL OBSERVATIONS, AND SOME BEAUTIFUL POETRY

Let cavillers know, that as the Lord John answered the Queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave discreet man is fittest to discourse of love-matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and, by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.

BURTON

Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean to say another, or bolt out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men, who merely for want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterwards passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established

themselves in the profession, if not in the belief, of some pernicious doctrine or opinion, to their own great injury and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth.

There may be an opposite fault; for indeed upon the agathokakological globe there are opposite qualities always to be found in parallel degrees, north and south of the equator.

A man may dwell upon words till he becomes at length a mere precisian in speech. He may think of their meaning till he loses sight of all meaning, and they appear as dark and mysterious to him as chaos and outer night. 'Death ! Grave !' exclaims Goethe's suicide, 'I understand not the words !' and so he who looks for its quintessence might exclaim of every word in the dictionary.

They who cannot swim should be contented with wading in the shallows: they who can may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear. But let no one dive in the mud.

I said that Daniel fell in love with the Burgemeester's Daughter, and I made use of the usual expression because there it was the most appropriate: for the thing was accidental. He himself could not have been more surprised if, missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Bredestraat of Leyden, where there is no canal, he had fallen into the water;—nor would he have been more completely over head and ears at once.

A man falls in love, just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident,—perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly, and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to—I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment,—than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides.

But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven they are, he is likely to do so: but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say, where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend, though the remembrance of the Burgemeester's daughter was too vivid in his imagination for him ever to run in love, or at that time deliberately to walk into it, as he afterwards did,—under such circumstances, I say, he took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall relate it not in this place.

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry,—take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English Poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the Laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

Ah ! I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed,—yet something we did ail;

And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness;
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Take also the passage that presently follows this; it alludes to a game which has long been obsolete,—but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next.

And when in sport with other company
 Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad,
 How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
 Which way it went? And when at Barley-break
 It came unto my turn to rescue her,
 With what an earnest, swift and nimble pace
 Would her affection make her feet to run,
 And further run than to my hand! her race
 Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
 And when we were to break again, how late
 And loth her trembling hand would part with mine;
 And with how slow a pace would she set forth
 To meet the encountering party who contends
 To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends!¹

CHAPTER XXXVI

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND MARRIAGE, AND MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE

*Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please,
 Thou canst not fail to catch such fish as these.*

QUARLES

Whether chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is as difficult a question,

¹ Hymen's 'Triumph.'

as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game at backgammon. Both enter into the constitution of the game; and choice will always have some little to do with love, though so many other operating motives may be combined with it, that it sometimes bears a very insignificant part: but from marriage it is too frequently precluded on the one side, unwilling consent, and submission to painful circumstances supplying its place; and there is one sect of Christians (the Moravians), who, where they hold to the rigour of their institute, preclude it on both sides. They marry by lot; and if divorces ever take place among them, the scandal has not been divulged to the profaner world.

Choice, however, is exercised among all other Christians; or where not exercised, it is presumed by a fiction of law or of divinity, call it which you will. The husband even insists upon it in China where the pig is bought in a poke; for when pignie arrives and the purchaser opens the close sedan chair in which she has been conveyed to his house, if he does not like her looks at first sight, he shuts her up again and sends her back.

But when a bachelor who has no particular attachment, makes up his mind to take unto himself a wife, for those reasons to which Uncle Toby referred the Widow Wadman as being to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, how then to choose is a matter of much more difficulty, than one who has never considered it could suppose. It would not be paradoxical to assert that in the sort of choice which such a person makes, chance has a much greater part than either affection or judgment. To set about seeking a wife is like seeking one's fortune, and the probability of finding a good one in such a quest is less, though poor enough, Heaven knows, in both cases.

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most compleat !

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Wearied, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.¹

So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and
most imaginative of all poetesses.

According to the new revelation of the Saint Simonians,
every individual human being has had a fitting mate created,
the one and only woman for every individual man, and the
one and only man for every individual woman; and unless
the persons so made, fitted and intended for each other,
meet and are joined together in matrimonial bonds, there
can be no perfect marriage for either, that harmonious
union for which they were designed being frustrated for
both. Read the words of the Chief of the New Hierarchy
himself, Father Bazard : *Il n'y a sur la terre pour chaque
homme qu'une seule femme, et pour chaque femme qu'un seul
homme, qui soient destinés à former dans le mariage l'union
harmonique du couple.—Grâce aux lumieres de cette revelation,
les individus les plus avancés peuvent aussi dès aujourd'hui
sentir et former le lien qui doit les unir dans le mariage.*

But if Sinner Simon and his disciples,—(most assuredly
they ought to be unsainted!)—were right in this doctrine,
happy marriages would be far more uncommon than they
are; the man might with better likelihood of finding it look
for a needle in a bottle of hay, than seek for his other half in
this wide world; and the woman's chance would be so im-
measurably less, that no intelligible form of figures could
express her fraction of it.

The man who gets in love because he has determined to
marry, instead of marrying because he is in love, goes about
to private parties and to public places in search of a wife;
and there he is attracted by a woman's appearance, and the
figure which she makes in public, not by her amiable de-
portment, her domestic qualities and her good report.

¹ Zophiel.

Watering-places might with equal propriety be called fishing-places, because they are frequented by female anglers, who are in quest of such prey, the elder for their daughters, the younger for themselves. But it is a dangerous sport, for the fair Piscatrix is not more likely to catch a bonito, or a dorado, than she is to be caught by a shark.

Thomas Day, not old Thomas Day of the old glee, nor the young Thomas Day either,—a father and son whose names are married to immortal music,—but the Thomas Day who wrote Sandford and Merton, and who had a heart which generally led him right, and a head which as generally led him wrong; that Thomas Day thought that the best way of obtaining a wife to his mind, was to breed one up for himself. So he selected two little orphan girls from a charity school, with the intention of marrying in due time the one whom he should like best. Of course such proper securities as could alone justify the managers of the charity in consenting to so uncommon a transaction, were required and given. The experiment succeeded in every thing—except its specific object; for he found at last that love was not a thing thus to be bespoken on either side; and his Lucretia and Sabrina, as he named them, grew up to be good wives for other men. I do not know whether the life of Thomas Day has yet found its appropriate place in the *Wonderful Magazine*, or in the collection entitled *Eccentric Biography*,—but the Reader may find it livelily related in Miss Seward's *Life of Darwin*.

The experiment of breeding a wife is not likely to be repeated. None but a most determined theorist would attempt it; and to carry it into effect would require considerable means of fortune, not to mention a more than ordinary share of patience: after which there must needs be a greater disparity of years than can be approved in theory upon any due consideration of human nature, and any reasonable estimate of the chances of human life.

CHAPTER XXXVII

SOCIETY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. SUCH A TOWN A MORE
FAVOURABLE HABITAT FOR SUCH A PERSON AS DR. DOVE THAN
LONDON WOULD HAVE BEEN

*Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where;
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own Palace, or the World's thy jail.*

DONNE

Such then as Daniel Dove was in the twenty-sixth year of his age we are now to consider him, settled at Doncaster, and with his way of life chosen, for better for worse, in all respects; except, as my female readers will remember, that he was neither married, nor engaged, nor likely to be so.

One of the things for which he used to thank God was that the world had not been all before him where to choose, either as to calling or place, but that both had been well chosen for him. To choose upon such just motives as can leave no rational cause for after repentance requires riper judgment than ought to be expected at the age when the choice is to be made; it is best for us therefore at a time of life when, though perhaps we might choose well, it is impossible that we could choose wisely, to acquiesce in the determination of others, who have knowledge and experience to direct them. Far happier are they who always know what they are to do, than they who have to determine what they will do.

*Bisogna far quel che si deve fare,
E non già tutto quello che si vuole.¹*

Thus he was accustomed to think upon this subject.

But was he well placed at Doncaster?

It matters not where those men are placed, who, as South says, 'have souls so dull and stupid as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction.' Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in the

¹ Pananti.

metropolis or in a village, will go on in the ordinary way, conforming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more to those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world of their own, with the whole powers of the head and of the heart too (if they have one) intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit:—if they have a heart I say, for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh. In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision, and sympathy, and external excitement seem almost indispensable. Just as large towns are the only places in which first-rate workmen in any handicraft business can find employment, so men of letters and of science generally appear to think that nowhere but in a metropolis can they find the opportunities which they desire of improvement or of display. These persons are wise in their generation, but they are not children of light.

Among such persons it may perhaps be thought that our friend should be classed; and it cannot be doubted that, in a more conspicuous field of action, he might have distinguished himself, and obtained a splendid fortune. But for distinction he never entertained the slightest desire, and with the goods of fortune which had fallen to his share he was perfectly contented. But was he favourably situated for his intellectual advancement?—which, if such an inquiry had come before him concerning any other person, is what he would have considered to be the question-issimus. I answer without the slightest hesitation, that he was.

In London he might have mounted a Physician's wig, have ridden in his carriage, have attained the honours of the College, and added F.R.S. to his professional initials. He might, if Fortune opening her eyes had chosen to favour desert, have become Sir Daniel Dove, Bart., Physician to his Majesty. But he would then have been a very different person from the Dr. Dove of Doncaster, whose memory will

be transmitted to posterity in these volumes, and he would have been much less worthy of being remembered. The course of such a life would have left him no leisure for himself; and metropolitan society, in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength.

It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere, except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes, where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it, or, in other words, with how little wisdom it is used.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere, and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found, right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues,—for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly-favoured nation, notwithstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.

The society then of Doncaster, in the middle of the last century, was like that of any other country town which was neither the seat of manufactures, nor of a Bishop's see; in either of which more information of a peculiar kind would have been found,—more active minds, or more cultivated ones. There was enough of those eccentricities for which the English above all other people are remarkable, those aberrations of intellect which just fail to constitute legal insanity, and which, according to their degree, excite amusement, or compassion. Nor was the town without its full

share of talents; these there was little to foster and encourage, but happily there was nothing to pervert and stimulate them to a premature and mischievous activity.

In one respect it more resembled an episcopal than a trading city. The four kings and their respective suits of red and black were not upon more frequent service in the precincts of a cathedral, than in the good town of Doncaster. A stranger who had been invited to spend the evening with a family there, to which he had been introduced, was asked by the master of the house to take a card as a matter of course; upon his replying that he did not play at cards, the company looked at him with astonishment, and his host exclaimed—‘What, Sir ! not play at cards ? the Lord help you !’

I will not say the Lord helped Daniel Dove, because there would be an air of irreverence in the expression, the case being one in which he, or any one, might help himself. He knew enough of all the games which were then in vogue to have played at them, if he had so thought good; and he would have been as willing, sometimes, in certain moods of mind, to have taken his seat at a card-table, in houses where card-playing did not form part of the regular business of life, as to have listened to a tune on the old-fashioned spinnet, or the then new-fashioned harpsichord. But that which as an occasional pastime he might have thought harmless and even wholesome, seemed to him something worse than folly when it was made a kill-time,—the serious occupation for which people were brought together,—the only one at which some of them ever appeared to give themselves the trouble of thinking. And seeing its effects upon the temper, and how nearly this habit was connected with a spirit of gambling, he thought that cards had not without reason been called the Devil’s Books.

I shall not therefore introduce the reader to a Doncaster card-party, by way of showing him the society of the place. The Mrs. Shuffles, Mrs. Cuts, and Miss Dealems, the Mr. Tittles and Mrs. Tattles, the Humdrums and the Prate-apaces, the Fribbles and the Feebles, the Perts and the Prims, the Littlewits and the Longtongues, the Heavyheads and the Broadbelows, are to be found every where.

'It is quite right,' says one of the Guessers at Truth, 'that there should be a heavy duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numbing the play of the features; not only to still the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing the qualities of Fortunatus's, is always empty, however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head, is the best part of them; and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII

TRANSITION IN OUR NARRATIVE PREPARATORY TO A CHANGE IN THE DOCTOR'S LIFE. A SAD STORY SUPPRESSED. THE AUTHOR PROTESTS AGAINST PLAYING WITH THE FEELINGS OF HIS READERS. ALL ARE NOT MERRY THAT SEEM MIRTHFUL. THE SCAFFOLD A STAGE. DON RODRIGO CALDERON. THISTLEWOOD. THE WORLD A MASQUERADE, BUT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS IN HIS OWN CHARACTER

*This breaks no rule of order.
If order were infringed then should I flee
From my chief purpose and my mark should miss.
Order is Nature's beauty, and the way
To Order is by rules that Art hath found.*

GWILLIM

The question 'Who was the Doctor?' has now, methinks, been answered, though not fully, yet sufficiently for the present stage of our memorials, while he is still a bachelor, a single man, an imperfect individual, half only of the whole being which by the laws of nature, and of Christian polity, it was designed that man should become.

The next question therefore that presents itself for consideration relates to that other, and as he sometimes called it better half, which upon the union of the two moieties made him a whole man.—Who was Mrs. Dove?

The reader has been informed how my friend in his early manhood, when about-to-be-a-Doctor, fell in love. Upon that part of his history I have related all that he communicated, which was all that could by me be known, and probably all there was to know. From that time he never fell in love again; nor did he ever run into it; but as was formerly intimated, he once caught the affection. The history of this attachment I heard from others; he had suffered too deeply ever to speak of it himself; and having maturely considered the matter I have determined not to relate the circumstances. Suffice it to say that he might at the same time have caught from the same person an insidious and mortal disease, if his constitution had been as susceptible of the one contagion, as his heart was of the other. The tale is too painful to be told. There are authors enough in the world who delight in drawing tears; there will always be young readers enough who are not unwilling to shed them; and perhaps it may be wholesome for the young and happy upon whose tears there is no other call.

Not that the author is to be admired, or even excused, who draws too largely upon our lachrymal glands. The pathetic is a string which may be touched by an unskilful hand, and which has often been played upon by an unfeeling one.

For my own part, I wish neither to make my readers laugh nor weep. It is enough for me, if I may sometimes bring a gleam of sunshine upon thy brow, Pensoso; and a watery one over thy sight, Buonallegro; a smile upon Penseroso's lips, a dimple in Amanda's cheek, and some quiet tears, Sophronia, into those mild eyes, which have shed so many scalding ones ! When my subject leads me to distressful scenes, it will, as Southey says, not be

— my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.¹

The maxim that an author who desires to make us weep must be affected himself by what he writes, is too trite to be

¹ 'Tale of Paraguay.'

repeated in its original language. Both authors and actors, however, can produce this effect without eliciting a spark of feeling from their own hearts; and what perhaps may be deemed more remarkable, they can with the same success excite merriment in others, without partaking of it in the slightest degree themselves. No man ever made his contemporaries laugh more heartily than Scarron, whose bodily sufferings were such that he wished for himself

— à toute heure
Ou la mort, ou santé meilleure :

And who describes himself in his epistle to Sarazin, as

*Un Pauvret
Très-maigret;
Au col tors,
Dont le corps
Tout tortu,
Tout bossu,
Suranné,
Décharné,
Est réduit,
Jour et nuit
À souffrir
Sans guerir
Des tourmens
Véhémens.*

It may be said perhaps that Scarron's disposition was eminently cheerful, and that by indulging in buffoonery he produced in himself a pleasurable excitement, not unlike that which others seek from strong liquors, or from opium; and therefore that his example tends to invalidate the assertion in support of which it was adduced. This is a plausible objection; and I am far from undervaluing the philosophy of Pantagruelism, and from denying that its effects may, and are likely to be as salutary as any that were ever produced by the proud doctrines of the Porch. But I question Scarron's right to the appellation of a Pantagruelist; his humour had neither the height nor the depth of that philosophy.

There is a well-known anecdote of a physician, who being

called in to an unknown patient, found him suffering under the deepest depression of mind, without any discoverable disease, or other assignable cause. The physician advised him to seek for cheerful objects, and recommended him especially to go to the theatre and see a famous actor then in the meridian of his powers, whose comic talents were unrivalled. Alas ! the comedian who kept crowded theatres in a roar was this poor hypochondriac himself !

The state of mind in which such men play their part, whether as authors or actors, was confessed in a letter written from Yarmouth Gaol to the Doctor's friend Miller, by a then well-known performer in this line, George Alexander Stevens. He wrote to describe his distress in prison, and to request that Miller would endeavour to make a small collection for him, some night at a concert; and he told his sad tale sportively. But breaking off that strain he said; 'You may think I can have no sense, that while I am thus wretched I should offer at ridicule ! But, Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution.'

It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful. Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold. In cases of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence, this is not surprising; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz when he was at the point of death desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis ; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, 'The Lord will say to me presently, my friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up ! (*muy arropado*) and I shall reply, Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'

The author who relates this anecdote remarks that *o morrer com graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto mǎo*: the observation is good but untranslatable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour 'strong in death;' perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed. Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation; as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!

The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the Father Confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement beyond all doubt was purely habitual, as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

A personage in one of Webster's Plays says,

I knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart scarce half an hour before,
And if he did, it only was to speak.

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well-known fact which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals

he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact, which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known,) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell, was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins !

All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players,—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen any where except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. There is a wide difference indeed in the performers, as there is at a masquerade between those who assume a character, and those who wear dominoes; some play off the agreeable, or the disagreeable for the sake of attracting notice; others retire as it were into themselves; but you can judge as little of the one as of the other. It is even possible to be acquainted with a man long and familiarly, and as we may suppose intimately, and yet not to know him thoroughly or well. There may be parts of his character with which we have never come in contact,—recesses which have never been opened to us,—springs upon which we have never touched. Many there are who can keep their vices secret; would that all bad men had sense and shame enough to do so, or were compelled to it by the fear of public opinion ! Shame of a very different nature,—a moral shamefacedness,—which, if not itself an instinctive virtue, is near akin to one, makes those who are endowed with the best and highest feelings, conceal them from all common eyes; and for our performance of religious duties,—our manifestations of piety,—we have been warned that what of this kind is done to be seen of men, will not be rewarded openly before men and angels at the last.

If I knew my venerable friend better than I ever knew any other man, it was because he was in many respects unlike other men, and in few points more unlike them than in this,

that he always appeared what he was,—neither better nor worse. With a discursive intellect and a fantastic imagination, he retained his simplicity of heart. He had kept that heart unspotted from the world; his father's blessing was upon him, and he prized it beyond all that the world could have bestowed. Crowe says of us,

Our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have naught to do ; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift !

It was not so with him; his better mind was not as a garment to be put on and off at pleasure; it was like its plumage to a bird, its beauty and its fragrance to a flower, except that it was not liable to be ruffled, nor to fade, nor to exhale and pass away. His mind was like a peacock always in full attire; it was only at times indeed, (to pursue the similitude,) that he expanded and displayed it; but its richness and variety never could be concealed from those who had eyes to see them.

— His sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind.
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart;
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimentary art.¹

What he was in boyhood has been seen, and something also of his manlier years; but as yet little of the ripe fruits of his intellectual autumn have been set before the readers. No such banquet was promised them as that with which they are to be regaled. 'The booksellers,' says Somner the antiquary, in an unpublished letter to Dugdale, 'affect a great deal of title as advantageous for the sale; but judicious men dislike it, as savouring of too much ostentation, and suspecting the wine is not good where so much bush is hung out.' Somebody, I forget who, wrote a book upon the titles of books, regarding the title as a most important part of

¹ Phineas Fletcher.

the composition. The bookseller's fashion of which Somner speaks has long been obsolete; mine is a brief title promising little, but intending much. It specifies only the Doctor; but his gravities and his levities, his opinions of men and things, his speculations moral and political, physical and spiritual, his philosophy and his religion, each blending with each, and all with all, these are comprised in the &c. of my title-page,—these and his Pantagruelism to boot. When I meditate upon these I may exclaim with the poet:—

Mnemosyne hath kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertained a feast within my brain.¹

These I shall produce for the entertainment of the idle reader, and for the recreation of the busy one; for the amusement of the young, and the contentment of the old; for the pleasure of the wise, and the approbation of the good; and these when produced will be the monument of Daniel Dove. Of such a man it may indeed be said that he

Is his own marble; and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than Death's Cathedral palaces
Where royal ashes keep their court!²

Some of my contemporaries may remember a story once current at Cambridge, of a luckless undergraduate, who being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dullness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew!

And yet bulky books are composed, or compiled by men who know as little as this poor empty individual. Tracts, and treatises, and tomes, may be, and are, written by persons, to whom the smallest square sheet of delicate note paper, rose-coloured, or green, or blue, with its embossed border,

¹ Robert Greene.

² Middleton.

manufactured expressly for ladies' fingers and crow-quills, would afford ample room, and verge enough, for expounding the sum total of their knowledge upon the subject whereon they undertake to enlighten the public.

Were it possible for me to pour out all that I have taken in from him, of whose accumulated stores I, alas ! am now the sole living depository, I know not to what extent the precious reminiscences might run.

*Per sua gratia singulare
Par ch' io habbi nel capo una sequenza,
Una fontana, un fiume, un lago, un mare,
Id est un pantanaccio d'eloquenza.*¹

Sidronius Hosschius has supplied me with a simile for this stream of recollections.

*Aestuat et cursu nunquam cessante laborat
Eridanus, fessis irrequietus aquis;
Spumeus it, fervensque, undamque supervenit unda;
Haec illam, sed et hanc non minus ista premit.
Volvitur, et volvit pariter, motuque perenni
Truditur à fluctu posteriore prior.*

As I shall proceed

*Excipiet curam nova cura, laborque laborem,
Nec minus exhausto quod superabit erit.*

But for stores which in this way have been received, the best compacted memory is like a sieve; more of necessity slips through than stops upon the way; and well is it, if that which is of most value be what remains behind. I have pledged myself, therefore, to no more than I can perform; and this the reader shall have within reasonable limits, and in due time, provided the performance be not prevented by any of the evils incident to human life.

At present, my business is to answer the question 'Who was Mrs. Dove ?'

¹ Matteo Francesi.

CHAPTER XXXIX

RASH MARRIAGES. AN EARLY WIDOWHOOD. AFFLICTION
RENDERED A BLESSING TO THE SUFFERER; AND TWO ORPHANS
LEFT, THOUGH NOT DESTITUTE, YET FRIENDLESS.

*Love built a stately house; where Fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame;
Whereas they were supported by the same.
But Wisdom quickly swept them all away.*

HERBERT

Mrs. Dove was the only child of a clergyman who held a small vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar-school in the country, and having through their influence gained a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him—sparingly enough indeed—at the University, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of Nature's finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm;—but woman when young, and lovely, and poor, is as a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury, had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good-natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two Lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet,

sung with them and laughed with them,—till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bed-side. The disease proved fatal; it communicated to Bacon and his wife; the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Deborah were then laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month the widow Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters, and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum, which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him is, perhaps, doubtful,—for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter, like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house, and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of 6000*l.* enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let

her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody, informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but, that notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon,—her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a-year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well-spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation, and comfort, and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and in endeavouring to fulfil her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was contented to live, and even prayed for life; while, if it had respected herself only, Death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans who were thus orphaned indeed.

CHAPTER XL

A LADY DESCRIBED WHOSE SINGLE LIFE WAS NO BLESSEDNESS
EITHER TO HERSELF OR OTHERS. A VERACIOUS EPITAPH AND
AN APPROPRIATE MONUMENT

*Beauty ! my Lord,—’tis the worst part of woman !
A weak poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time;
A superficies which each breath of care
Blasts off; and every humorous stream of grief
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eyes,
Washeth away, as rain doth winter’s snow.*

GOFF

Miss Trewbody behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister’s death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret that she might do her duty to her sister’s child by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother’s cottage to the Turkey carpet of her aunt’s parlour. She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependence, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holidays, summer and winter, at the grammar-school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer’s death: for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill the most favourable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman or Melicent his sister, to invite him for Midsummer or Christmas. At length in the seventh year a letter announced that his school-education had been completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at —

College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time: in the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth who bade so fair to do honour to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honourable connections*. The head of the family promised his part, with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking that 'thank God, there would soon be an end of these demands upon him.' Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, 'please God it should never be said that she refused to do her duty.'

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy,—an annual ten pounds each: but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The Squire's half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay,—not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it: and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequence of which was that he had left a child dependent upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret meantime was dieted upon the food of bitterness, without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books; Nelson's Festivals and Fasts was one, the other was 'the Queen's Cabinet unlocked;' and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds,

May-dew and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge-box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me ! when she laid it down: but looking in the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved that name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health; nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependents.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger than grey pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

CHAPTER XLI

A SCENE WHICH WILL PUT SOME OF THOSE READERS WHO
HAVE BEEN MOST IMPATIENT WITH THE AUTHOR, IN THE
BEST HUMOUR WITH HIM

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegance than is the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.

ROBERT WILMOT

When Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college-friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rang at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind toward this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood, from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm: and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprised at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow, passed instantly away, and was

succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snowdrop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard-bank, and the blue bells and the cowslip of the fields, wherein they were allowed to run wild, and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls: and in his day-dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappointment, that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened, and a creature came in,—less radiant, indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

'Margaret,' said Miss Trewbody, 'do you remember your cousin Leonard?'

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand.

‘Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted !—ten years !
—But I have not forgotten the parting,—nor the blessed
days of our childhood.’

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sate trembling and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low earnest voice, ‘dear dear Margaret !’ She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, ‘dear Leonard !’ and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

CHAPTER XLII

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE

*Happy the bonds that hold ye;
Sure they be sweeter far than liberty.
There is no blessedness but in such bondage;
Happy that happy chain; such links are heavenly.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

I will not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some

of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone: Hope will picture it to others,—and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood; a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at College, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her Aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which is was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own,—a second birth,—dimly, but yet in some degree, resembling that which is effected by Divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope,—an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her

heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing—which said system improves handwritings by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and spelt worse; but letter writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life,—perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilization has given us. There was then no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own;

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound.¹

Happy, indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as that same sweet poet says, is he

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace,
Then in himself such store of worth doth find
That he deserves to find so good a place.¹

¹ Drummond.

This was Leonard's case; and when he kissed the paper, which her hand had pressed, it was with a consciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affection, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart. To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. Whenever they arrived, a head-ache became the cause or pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber, that she might weep and dream over the precious lines:—

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush;
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
O love!—when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.¹

INTERCHAPTER V

OBSOLETE ANTICIPATIONS; BEING A LEAF OUT OF AN OLD
ALMANACK, WHICH, LIKE OTHER OLD ALMANACKS, THOUGH
OUT OF DATE IS NOT OUT OF USE

*If
You play before me, I shall often look on you,
I give you that warning beforehand.
Take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you;
It is my humour.*

MIDDLETON

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, 'by reading one book;' 'meaning,' says Bishop Taylor, 'that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not.' Lord Holland's poet, the prolific Lope de Vega, tells us to the same purport:

¹ Allan Cunningham.

*Que es estudiante notable
El que lo es de un libro solo.
Que quando no estavan llenos
De tantos libros ajenos,
Como van dexando atras,
Sabian los hombres mas
Porque estudiavan en menos.*

The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. Like your sharp-shooter, he knows his piece perfectly, and is sure of his shot. I would, therefore, modestly insinuate to the reader what infinite advantages would be possessed by that fortunate person who shall be the *homo hujus libri*.

According to the Lawyers the King's eldest son is for certain purposes of full age as soon as he is born,—great being the mysteries of Law ! I will not assume that in like manner *hic liber* is at once to acquire maturity of fame; for fame, like the oak, is not the product of a single generation; and a new book in its reputation is but as an acorn, the full growth of which can be known only by posterity. The Doctor will not make so great a sensation upon its first appearance as Mr. Southey's Wat Tyler, or the first two Cantos of Don Juan; still less will it be talked of so universally as the murder of Mr. Weare. Talked of, however, it will be widely, largely, loudly and *lengthily* talked of: lauded and vituperated, vilified and extolled, heartily abused, and no less heartily admired.

Thus much is quite certain, that before it has been published a week, eight persons will be named as having written it; and these eight positive lies will be affirmed each as positive truths on positive knowledge.

Within the month, Mr. Woodbee will write to one Marquis, one Earl, two Bishops, and two Reviewers-Major, assuring them that he is *not* the Author. Mr. Sligo will cautiously avoid making any such declaration, and will take occasion significantly to remark upon the exceeding impropriety of saying to any person that a work which has been published anonymously is supposed to be his. He will observe also, that it is altogether unwarrantable to ask any one, under such circumstances, whether the report be true. Mr.

Blueman's opinion of the book will be asked by four-and-twenty female correspondents, all of the order of the stocking.

Professor Wilson will give it his hearty praise. Sir Walter Scott will deny that he has any hand in it. Mr. Coleridge will smile if he is asked the question. If it be proposed to Sir Humphry Davy he will smile too, and perhaps blush also. The Laureate will observe a careless silence: Mr. Wordsworth a dignified one. And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.

The Opium-Eater, while he peruses it, will doubt whether there is a book in his hand, or whether he be not in a dream of intellectual delight.

'My little more than nothing,' Jeffrey the second—(for of the small Jeffreys, Jeffrey Hudson must always be the first)—will look less when he pops upon his own name in its pages. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan is Jeffrey the third: he must have been placed second in right of seniority, had it not been for the profound respect with which I regard the University of Glasgow. The Rector of Glasgow takes precedence of the Mayor of Garrett.

And what will the Reviewers do? I speak not of those who come to their office, (for such there are, though few,) like Judges to the bench, stored with all competent knowledge and in an equitable mind; prejudging nothing, however much they may foreknow; and who give their sentence without regard to persons, upon the merits of the case; but the aspirants and wranglers at the bar, the dribblers and the spit-fires, (there are of both sorts;)—the puppies who bite for the pleasure, which they feel in exercising their teeth, and the dogs whose gratification consists in their knowledge of the pain and injury that they inflict;—the creepers of literature, who suck their food, like the ivy, from what they strangle and kill; they who have a party to serve, or an opponent to run down; what opinion will they pronounce in their utter ignorance of the author? They cannot play without a bias in their bowls!—Ay, there's the rub!

Ha ha, ha ha! this World doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn,
For many an honest Indian Ass

Goes for a Unicorn.
 Farra diddle dyno,
 This is idle fyno !
 Tygh hygh, tygh hygh ! O sweet delight !
 He tickles this age that can
 Call Tullia's ape a marmasite,
 And Leda's goose a swan.¹

Then the discussion that this book will excite among blue stockings, and blue beards ! The stir ! the buzz ! the bustle ! The talk at tea tables in the country, and *conversazione* in town,—in Mr. Murray's room, at Mr. Longman's dinners, in Mr. Hatchard's shop,—at the Royal Institution, —at the Alfred, at the Admiralty, at Holland House ! Have you seen it ?—Do you understand it ? Are you not disgusted with it ?—Are you not provoked at it ?—Are you not delighted with it ? Whose is it ? Whose can it be ?

Is it Walter Scott's ?—There is no Scotch in the book; and that hand is never to be mistaken in its masterly strokes. Is it Lord Byron's ?—Lord Byron's ! Why the Author fears God, honours the King, and loves his country and his kind. Is it by Little Moore ?—If it were, we should have sentimental lewdness, Irish patriotism, which is something very like British treason, and a plentiful spicing of personal insults to the Prince Regent. Is it the Laureate ?—He lies buried under his own historical quartos ! There is neither his mannerism, nor his moralism, nor his methodism. Is it Wordsworth ?—What,—an Elephant cutting capers on the slack wire ! Is it Coleridge ?—The method indeed of the book might lead to such a suspicion,—but then it is intelligible throughout. Mr. A——— ? — there is Latin in it. Mr. B——— ? — there is Greek in it. Mr. C——— ? — it is written in good English. Mr. Hazlitt ? It contains no panegyric upon Bonaparte; no imitations of Charles Lamb; no plagiarisms from Mr. Coleridge's conversation; no abuse of that gentleman, Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth,—and no repetitions of himself. Certainly, therefore, it is *not* Mr. Hazlitt's.

Is it Charles Lamb ?

Baa ! Baa ! good Sheep, have you any wool ?
 Yes marry, that I have, three bags full.

¹ British Bibliographer.

Good Sheep I write here, in emendation of the nursery song; because nobody ought to call this Lamb a *black* one.

Comes it from the Admiralty? There indeed wit enough might be found and acuteness enough, and enough of sagacity, and enough of knowledge both of books and men; but when

The Raven croaked as she sate at her meal
And the Old Woman knew what he said,¹—

the Old Woman knew also by the tone who said it.

Does it contain the knowledge, learning, wit, sprightliness, and good sense, which that distinguished patron of letters my Lord Puttiface Papinhead has so successfully concealed from the public and from all his most intimate acquaintance during his whole life?

Is it Theodore Hook with the learned assistance of his brother the Archdeacon?—A good guess that of the Hook: have an eye to it!

‘I guess it is our Washington Irving,’ says the New Englander. The Virginian replies, ‘I reckon it may be;’ and they agree that none of the Old Country Authors are worthy to be compared with him.

Is it Smith?

Which of the Smiths? for they are a numerous people. To say nothing of Black Smiths, White Smiths, Gold Smiths, and Silver Smiths, there is Sydney, who is Joke-Smith to the *Edinburgh Review*; and William, who is Motion Smith to the Dissenters Orthodox and Heterodox, in Parliament, having been elected to represent them,—to wit, the aforesaid Dissenters—by the citizens of Norwich. And there is *Cher Bobus* who works for nobody; and there is Horace and his brother James, who work in Colburn’s forge at the sign of the Camel. You probably meant these brothers; they are clever fellows, with wit and humour as fluent as their ink; and to their praise be it spoken with no gall in it. But their wares are of a very different quality.

Is it the Author of *Thinks I to myself*?—‘Think you so,’ says I to myself I. Or the Author of the *Miseries of Human Life*? George Colman? Wrangham,—unfrocked and in

¹ Southey

his lighter moods ? Yorick of Dublin ? Dr. Clarke ? Dr. Busby ? The Author of My Pocket Book ? D'Israeli ? Or that phenomenon of eloquence, the celebrated Irish Barrister, Counsellor Phillips ? Or may it not be the joint composition of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan ? he compounding the speculative, scientific, and erudite ingredients ; she intermingling the lighter parts, and infusing her own grace, airiness, vivacity, and spirit through the whole. A well-aimed guess : for they would throw out opinions differing from their own, as ships in time of war hoist false colours ; and thus they would enjoy the baffled curiosity of those wide circles of literature and fashion in which they move with such enviable distinction both at home and abroad.

Is it Mr. Maturin ? Is it Hans Busk ?—

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, my winsome marrow !

Is it he who wrote of a World without Souls, and made the Velvet Cushion relate its adventures ?

Is it Rogers ?—The wit and the feeling of the book may fairly lead to such an ascription, if there be sarcasm enough to support it. So may the Pleasures of Memory which the Author has evidently enjoyed during the composition.

Is it Mr. Utinam ? He would have written it,—if he could.—Is it Hookham Frere ? He could have written it,—if he would.—Has Mathias taken up a new Pursuit in Literature ? Or has William Bankes been trying the experiment whether he can impart as much amusement and instruction by writing, as in conversation ?

Or is it some new genius 'breaking out at once like the Irish Rebellion a hundred thousand strong ?' Not one of the Planets, nor fixed stars of our Literary System, but a Comet as brilliant as it is eccentric in its course.

Away the dogs go, whining here, snuffing there, nosing in this place, pricking their ears in that, and now full-mouthed upon a false scent,—and now again all at fault.

Oh the delight of walking invisible among mankind !

'Whoever he be,' says Father O'Faggot, 'he is an

audacious heretic.' 'A schoolmaster, by his learning,' says Dr. Fullbottom Wigsby. The Bishop would take him for a Divine, if there were not sometimes a degree of levity in the book, which, though always innocent, is not altogether consistent with the gown. Sir Fingerfee Dolittle discovers evident marks of the medical profession. 'He has manifestly been a traveller,' says the General, 'and lived in the World.' The man of letters says it would not surprise him if it were the work of a learned Jew. Mr. Dullman sees nothing in the book to excite the smallest curiosity; he really does not understand it, and doubts whether the Author himself knew what he would be at. Mr. McDry declares, with a harsh Scotch accent, 'It's just parfit nonsense.'

INTERCHAPTER VI

MORE ON THE FOREGOING SUBJECT. ELUCIDATION FROM HENRY MORE AND DOCTOR WATTS. AN INCIDENTAL OPINION UPON HORACE WALPOLE. THE STREAM OF THOUGHT 'FLOWETH AT ITS OWN SWEET WILL.' PICTURES AND BOOKS. A SAYING OF MR. PITT'S CONCERNING WILBERFORCE. THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT HE SOMETIMES SHOOTS WITH A LONG BOW

Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che en vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transito.

IL CORTEGIANO

Henry More, in the Preface General to the collection of his philosophical writings, says to the reader, 'if thy curiosity be forward to inquire what I have done in these new editions of my books, I am ready to inform thee that I have taken the same liberty in this Intellectual Garden of my own planting, that men usually take in their natural ones; which is, to set or pluck up, to transplant and inoculate, where and what they please. And therefore if I have rased out some things, (which yet are but very few) and transposed others,

and interserted others, I hope I shall seem injurious to no man in ordering and cultivating this Philosophical Plantation of mine according to mine own humour and liking.'

Except as to the rasing out, what our great Platonist has thus said for himself, may here be said for me. 'Many things,' as the happy old lutanist, Thomas Mace, says, 'are good, yea, very good; but yet upon after-consideration we have met with the comparative, which is better; yea, and after that, with the superlative, (best of all,) by adding to, or altering a little, the same good things.'

During the years that this Opus has been in hand (and in head and heart also) nothing was expunged as if it had become obsolete because the persons therein alluded to had departed like shadows, or the subjects there touched on had grown out of date; but much was introduced from time to time where it fitted best. Allusions occur in relation to facts which are many years younger than the body of the chapter in which they have been grafted, thus rendering it impossible for any critic, however acute, to determine the date of any one chapter by its contents.

What Watts has said of his own Treatise upon the Improvement of the Mind may therefore, with strict fidelity, be applied to this book, which I trust, O gentle Reader, thou wilt regard as specially conducive to the improvement of thine. 'The work was composed at different times, and by slow degrees. Now and then indeed it spread itself into branches and leaves, like a plant in April, and advanced seven or eight pages in a week; and sometimes it lay by without growth, like a vegetable in the winter, and did not increase half so much in the revolution of a year. As thoughts occurred to me in reading or meditation, or in my notices of the various appearances of things among mankind, they were thrown under appropriate heads, and were, by degrees, reduced to such a method as the subject would admit. The language and dress of these sentiments is such as the present temper of mind dictated, whether it were grave or pleasant, severe or smiling. And a book which has been twenty years in writing may be indulged in some variety of style and manner, though I hope there will not be found any great difference of sentiment.' With little transposition

Watts's words have been made to suit my purpose; and when he afterwards speaks of 'so many lines altered, so many things interlined, and so many paragraphs and pages here and there inserted,' the circumstances which he mentions as having deceived him in computing the extent of his work, set forth the embarrassment which the commentators will find in settling the chronology of mine.

The difficulty would not be obviated were I, like Horace Walpole,—(though Heaven knows for no such motives as influenced that posthumous libeller,)—to leave a box containing the holograph manuscript of this Opus in safe custody, with an injunction that the seals should not be broken till the year of our Lord 2000. Nothing more than what has been here stated would appear in that inestimable manuscript. Whether I shall leave it as an heir-loom in my family, or have it deposited either in the public library of my Alma Mater, or that of my own College, or bequeath it as a last mark of affection to the town of Doncaster, concerns not the present reader. Nor does it concern him to know whether the till-then-undiscoverable name of the author will be disclosed at the opening of the seals. An adequate motive for placing the manuscript in safe custody is, that a standard would thus be secured for posterity whereby the always accumulating errors of the press might be corrected. For modern printers make more and greater blunders than the copyists of old.

In any of those works which posterity will not be 'willing to let perish,' how greatly would the interest be enhanced, if the whole history of its rise and progress were known, and amid what circumstances, and with what views, and in what state of mind, certain parts were composed. Sir Walter, than whom no man ever took more accurate measure of the public taste, knew this well; and posterity will always be grateful to him for having employed his declining years in communicating so much of the history of those works which obtained a wider and more rapid celebrity than any that ever preceded them, and perhaps than any that ever may follow them.

An author of the last generation, (I cannot call to mind who,) treated such an opinion with contempt, saying in his

preface that 'there his work was, and that as the Public were concerned with it only as it appeared before them, he should say nothing that would recal the blandishments of its childhood:' whether the book was one of which the maturity might just as well be forgotten as the nonage, I do not remember. But he must be little versed in bibliology who has not learnt that such reminiscences are not more agreeable to an author himself, than they are to his readers, (if he obtain any,) in after times; for every trifle that relates to the history of a favourite author, and of his works, then becomes precious.

Far be it for me to despise the relic-mongers of literature, or to condemn them, except when they bring to light things which ought to have been buried with the dead; like the Dumfries craniologists, who, when the grave of Burns was opened to receive the corpse of his wife, took that opportunity of *abstracting* the poet's skull that they might make a cast from it! Had these men forgotten the malediction which Shakespeare utters from his monument? And had they never read what Wordsworth says to such men in his Poet's epitaph—

Art thou one all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away!

O for an hour of Burns' for these men's sake! Were there a Witch of Endor in Scotland it would be an act of comparative piety in her to bring up his spirit; to stigmatize them in verses that would burn for ever would be a gratification for which he might think it worth while to be thus brought again upon earth.

But to the harmless relic-mongers we owe much; much to the Thomas Hearnese and John Nichols, the Isaac Reeds and the Malones, the Haslewoods and Sir Egertons. Individually, I owe them much, and willingly take this opportunity of

acknowledging the obligation. And let no one suppose that Sir Egerton is disparaged by being thus classed among the pioneers of literature. It is no disparagement for any man of letters, however great his endowments, and however extensive his erudition, to take part in those patient and humble labours by which honour is rendered to his predecessors, and information preserved for those who come after him.

But in every original work which lives and deserves to live, there must have been some charms which no editorial diligence can preserve, no critical sagacity recover. The pictures of the old masters suffer much when removed from the places for which they, and in which many of them were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other Plunder-Master-General in Napoleon's armies, and have passed from thence,—honestly as regards the purchaser,—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place, and in the same light. Still it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it,—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot transplant them. The picture in its new situation is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things.

Literary works of imagination, fancy, or feeling, are liable to no injury of this kind; but in common with pictures they suffer a partial deterioration in even a short lapse of time. In such works as in pictures, there are often passages which once possessed a peculiar interest, personal and local, subordinate to the general interest. The painter introduced into an historical piece the portrait of his mistress, his wife, his child, his dog, his friend, or his faithful servant. The picture is not, as a work of art, the worse where these persons were not known, or when they are forgotten: but there was once a time when it excited on this account in very many beholders, a peculiar delight which it can never more impart.

So it is with certain books: and though there is perhaps

little to regret in any thing that becomes obsolete, an author may be allowed to sigh over what he feels and knows to be evanescent.

Mr. Pitt used to say of Wilberforce that he was not so single minded in his speeches as might have been expected from the sincerity of his character, and as he would have been if he had been less dependent upon popular support. Those who knew him, and how he was connected, he said, could perceive that some things in his best speeches were intended to *tell* in such and such quarters,—upon Benjamin Slick in one place, Isaac Drab in another, and Nehemiah Wilyman in a third.—Well would it be if no man ever looked askant with worse motives !

Observe, Reader, that I call him simply Wilberforce, because any common prefix would seem to disparage that name, especially if used by one who regarded him with admiration; and with respect, which is better than admiration, because it can be felt for those only whose virtues entitle them to it; and with kindness, which is better than both, because it is called forth by those kindly qualities that are worth more than any talents, and without which a man, though he may be both great and good, never can be amiable. No one was ever blest with a larger portion of those gifts and graces which make up the measure of an amiable and happy man.

It will not be thought then that I have repeated with any disrespectful intention what was said of Wilberforce by Mr. Pitt. The observation was brought to mind while I was thinking how many passages in these volumes were composed with a double intention, one for the public and for posterity, the other private and personal, written with special pleasure on my part, *speciali gratiâ*, for the sake of certain individuals. Some of these, which are calculated for the meridian of Doncaster, the commentators may possibly, if they make due research, discover; but there are others which no ingenuity can detect. Their quintessence exhales when the private, which was in these cases the primary, intention has been fulfilled. Yet the consciousness of the emotions which those passages will excite, the recollections they will awaken, the surprise and the smile with which

they will be received,—yea and the melancholy gratification,—even to tears,—which they will impart, has been one and not the least of the many pleasures which I have experienced while employed upon this work.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
-νος ὥκέα βέλη
Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν.¹

But while thus declaring that these volumes contain much covert intention of this kind, I utterly disclaim all covert malevolence. My roving shafts are more harmless even than bird bolts, and can hurt none on whom they fall. The arrows with which I take aim carry tokens of remembrance and love, and may be likened to those by which intelligence has been conveyed into besieged places. Of such it is that I have been speaking. Others, indeed, I have in the quiver which are pointed and barbed.

ἐμοὶ μὲν ὦν Μοῖρα καρτερῶ-
-τατον Βέλος ἀλκᾷ τρέφει.¹

When one of these is let fly, (with sure aim and never without just cause,) it has its address written on the shaft at full length, like that which Aster directed from the walls of Methone to Philip's right eye.

*Or' c'est assez s'estre esgaré de son grand chemin: j'y retourne et le bats, et le trace comme devant.*²

¹ Pindar.

² Brantome.

CHAPTER XLIII

AN EARLY BEREAVEMENT. TRUE LOVE ITS OWN COMFORTER.
A LONELY FATHER AND AN ONLY CHILD

*Read ye that run the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.*

COWPER

Leonard was not more than eight-and-twenty when he obtained a living, a few miles from Doncaster. He took his bride with him to the vicarage. The house was as humble as the benefice, which was worth less than £50 a-year; but it was soon made the neatest cottage in the country round, and upon a happier dwelling the sun never shone. A few acres of good glebe were attached to it; and the garden was large enough to afford healthful and pleasurable employment to its owners. The course of true love never ran more smoothly; but its course was short.

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!¹

Little more than five years from the time of their marriage had elapsed, before a headstone in the adjacent churchyard told where the remains of Margaret Bacon had been deposited in the 30th year of her age.

When the stupor and the agony of that bereavement had passed away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolized her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He

¹ Shakespeare.

had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to their child; and so doing to await his own summons, which must one day come, which every day was brought nearer, and which any day might bring.

— 'Tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.¹

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrewes that 'good husbandry is good divinity;' 'the truth whereof,' says Fuller, 'no wise man will deny.' Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him,—for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind,—he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose,—for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear,—those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever gratefully retained a most affectionate and reverential remembrance. She was a healthy, happy creature in body and in mind; at first

— one of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories;²

¹ Massinger.

² Dryden.

afterwards, as she grew up, a favourite with the village school-mistress, and with the whole parish; docile, good-natured, lively and yet considerate, always gay as a lark and busy as a bee. One of the pensive pleasures in which Leonard indulged was to gaze on her unperceived, and trace the likeness to her mother.

Oh Christ !
How that which was the life's life of our being,
Can pass away, and we recall it thus !¹

That resemblance which was strong in childhood lessened as the child grew up; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and when hope came to her, it was that 'hope deferred' which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart, instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that as the early translation of the one seemed to have been thus prefigured, the other might be destined to live for the happiness of others till a good old age, while length of years in their course should ripen her for heaven.

¹ Isaac Comnenus.

CHAPTER XLIV

OBSERVATIONS WHICH SHOW THAT WHATEVER PRIDE MEN MAY
TAKE IN THE APPELLATIONS THEY ACQUIRE IN THEIR PROGRESS
THROUGH THE WORLD, THEIR DEAREST NAME DIES BEFORE
THEM

— *Thus they who reach
Grey hairs, die piecemeal.*

SOUTHEY

The name of Leonard must now be dropped as we proceed. Some of the South-American tribes, among whom the Jesuits laboured with such exemplary zeal, and who take their personal appellations, (as most names were originally derived,) from beasts, birds, plants, and other visible objects, abolish upon the death of every individual the name by which he was called, and invent another for the thing from which it was taken, so that their language, owing to this curiously inconvenient custom, is in a state of continual change. An abolition almost as complete with regard to the person had taken place in the present instance. The name, Leonard, was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death, no human voice ever addressed him by it again. He never heard himself so called, except in dreams. It existed only in the dead letter; he signed it mechanically in the course of business, but it had ceased to be a living name.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or a title. They are pleased to be Doctor'd and Professor'd; to be Captain'd, Major'd, Colonel'd, General'd, or Admiral'd;—to be Sir John'd, my-Lorded, or your-Graced. 'You and I,' says Cranmer in his Answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation

—‘you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated Bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called Bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we being called to the name of Lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!’—But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of Fortune hears himself first addressed by a new and honourable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less, (if that heart be sound at the core,) than when, after long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his christian name,—that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations, and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is passed; and as they drop off, it dies as to its oral uses with them.

It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives of erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and of affection! They are weakened and dissolved by fatal circumstances and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.

‘Our men of rank,’ said my friend one day when he was speaking upon this subject, ‘are not the only persons who go by different appellations in different parts of their lives. We all moult our names in the natural course of life. I was Dan in my father’s house, and should still be so with my uncle William and Mr. Guy, if they were still living. Upon my removal to Doncaster, my master and mistress called me Daniel, and my acquaintance Dove. In Holland I was Mynheer Duif. Now I am the Doctor, and not among my

patients only; friends, acquaintance, and strangers, address me by this appellation; even my wife calls me by no other name; and I shall never be any thing but the Doctor again,—till I am registered at my burial by the same names as at my christening.’

CHAPTER XLV

A QUESTION WHETHER LOVE SHOULD BE FAITHFUL TO THE DEAD. DOUBTS ADVANCED AND CASES STATED

*O even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
Oft with the inward all-beholding eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice !*

LORD STERLINE

In the once popular romance of Astrea the question *si Amour peut mourir par la mort de la chose aimée ?* is debated in reference to the faithful shepherd, Tyrcis, who, having lost his mistress Cleon, (Cleon serving for a name feminine in French, as Stella has done in English,) and continuing constant to her memory, is persecuted by the pertinacious advances of Laonice. The sage shepherd, Sylvandre, before whom the point is argued, and to whom it is referred for judgment, delivers, to the great disappointment of the lady, the following sentence: *Qu’une Amour perissable n’est pas vray Amour; car il doit suivre le sujet qui luy a donné naissance. C’est pourquoy ceux qui ont aimé le corps seulement, doivent enclorre toutes les amours du corps dans le mesme tombeau ou il s’enserre: mais ceux qui outre cela ont aimé l’esprit, doivent avec leur Amour voler apres cet esprit aimé jusques au plus haut ciel, sans que les distances les puissent separer.*

The character of a constant mourner is sometimes introduced in romances of the earlier and nobler class; but it is rare in those works of fiction, and indeed it is not common in what has happily been called the romance of real life. Let me, however, restrict this assertion within its proper

bounds. What is meant to be here asserted (and it is pertinent to this part of our story) is, that it is not common for any one who has been left a widow or widower, early in life, to remain so always out of pure affection to the memory of the dead, unmingled with any other consideration or cause. Such constancy can be found only where there is the union of a strong imagination and a strong heart,—which, perhaps, is a rare union; and if to these a strong mind be united, the effect would probably be different.

It is only in a strong imagination that the deceased object of affection can retain so firm a hold as never to be dispossessed from it by a living one; and when the imagination is thus possessed, unless the heart be strong, the heart itself, or the intellect, is likely to give way. A deep sense of religion would avert the latter alternative; but I will not say that it is any preservative against the former.

A most affecting instance of this kind is related by Dr. Uwins in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage-coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend, who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed—‘he is dead!’ But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. ‘From that fatal moment,’ says the Author, ‘has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, “he is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!”’

There is a more remarkable case in which love, after it had long been apparently extinct, produced a like effect upon being accidentally revived. It is recorded in a Glasgow newspaper. An old man residing in the neighbourhood of that city found a miniature of his wife, taken in her youth. She had been dead many years, and he was a person of strictly sedate and religious habits; but the sight of this picture overcame him. From the time of its discovery till his death, which took place some months afterwards, he neglected all his ordinary duties and employments,

and became in a manner imbecile, spending whole days without uttering a word, or manifesting the slightest interest in passing occurrences. The only one with whom he would hold any communication was a little grandchild, who strikingly resembled the portrait; to her he was perfectly docile; and a day or two before his death he gave her his purse, and strictly enjoined her to lay the picture beside him in his coffin,—a request which was accordingly fulfilled.

Mr. Newton, of Olney, says, that once in the West Indies, upon not receiving letters from his wife in England, he concluded that surely she was dead, and this apprehension affected him so much, that he was nearly sinking under it. 'I felt,' says he, 'some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness which is commonly called a broken heart; and indeed, I wonder that this case is not more common than it appears to be. How often do the potsherds of the earth presume to contend with their Maker! and what a wonder of mercy is it that they are not all broken!'

This is a stern opinion; and he who delivered it held stern tenets, though in his own disposition compassionate and tender. He was one who could project his feelings, and relieve himself in the effort. No husband ever loved his wife more passionately, nor with a more imaginative affection; the long and wasting disease by which she was consumed, affected him proportionably to this deep attachment; but immediately upon her death he roused himself, after the example of David, threw off his grief, and preached her funeral sermon. He ought to have known that this kind of strength and in this degree is given to very few of us,—that a heart may break, even though it be thoroughly resigned to the will of God, and acquiesces in it, and has a lively faith in God's mercies;—yea, that this very resignation, this entire acquiescence, this sure and certain hope, may even accelerate its breaking; and a soul thus chastened, thus purified, thus ripened for immortality, may unconsciously work out the deliverance which it ardently, but piously withal, desires.

What were the Doctor's thoughts upon this subject, and others connected with it, will appear in the proper place.

It is touched upon here in relation to Leonard. His love for Margaret might be said to have begun with her life, and it lasted as long as his own. No thought of a second marriage even entered his mind; though in the case of another person, his calm views of human nature and of the course of life would have led him to advise it.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE DOCTOR IS INTRODUCED, BY THE SMALL-POX, TO HIS
FUTURE WIFE

*Long-waiting love doth entrance find
Into the slow-believing mind.*

SYDNEY GODOLPHIN

When Deborah was about nineteen, the small-pox broke out in Doncaster, and soon spread over the surrounding country, occasioning everywhere a great mortality. At that time inoculation had very rarely been practised in the provinces; and the prejudice against it was so strong, that Mr. Bacon, though convinced in his own mind that the practice was not only lawful, but advisable, refrained from having his daughter inoculated till the disease appeared in his own parish. He had been induced to defer it during her childhood, partly because he was unwilling to offend the prejudices of his parishioners, which he hoped to overcome by persuasion and reasoning when time and opportunity might favour; still more, because he thought it unjustifiable to introduce such a disease into his own house, with imminent risk of communicating it to others, which were otherwise in no danger, in which the same preparations would not be made, and where, consequently, the danger would be greater. But when the malady had shown itself in the parish, then he felt that his duty as a parent required him to take the best apparent means for the preservation of his child; and that as a pastor also it became him now in his own family to set an example to his parishioners.

Deborah, who had the most perfect reliance upon her father's judgment, and lived in entire accordance with his will in all things, readily consented; and seemed to regard the beneficial consequences of the experiment to others with hope, rather than to look with apprehension to it for herself. Mr. Bacon therefore went to Doncaster and called upon Dr. Dove. 'I do not,' said he, 'ask whether you would advise me to have my daughter inoculated; where so great a risk is to be incurred, in the case of an only child, you might hesitate to advise it. But if you see nothing in her present state of health, or in her constitutional tendencies, which would render it more than ordinarily dangerous, it is her own wish and mine, after due consideration on my part, that she should be committed to your care, —putting our trust in Providence.'

Hitherto there had been no acquaintance between Mr. Bacon and the Doctor, farther than that they knew each other by sight and by good report. This circumstance led to a growing intimacy. During the course of his attendance the Doctor fell in friendship with the father, and the father with him.

'Did he fall in love with his patient?'

'No, ladies.'

You have already heard that he once fell in love, and how it happened. And you have also been informed that he caught love once, though I have not told you how, because it would have led me into too melancholy a tale. In this case he neither fell in love, nor caught it, nor ran into it, nor walked into it; nor was he overtaken in it, as a boon companion is in liquor, or a runaway in his flight. Yet there was love between the parties at last, and it was love for love to the heart's content of both. How this came to pass will be related at the proper time and in the proper place.

For here let me set before the judicious Reader certain pertinent remarks by the pious and well-known author of a popular treatise upon the Right Use of Reason,—a treatise which has been much read to little purpose. That author observes, that 'those writers and speakers, whose chief business is to amuse or delight, to allure, terrify, or persuade mankind, do not confine themselves to any natural order

but in a cryptical or hidden method, adapt every thing to their designed ends. Sometimes they omit those things which might injure their design, or grow tedious to their hearers, though they seem to have a necessary relation to the point in hand; sometimes they add those things which have no great reference to the subject, but are suited to allure or refresh the mind and the ear. They dilate sometimes, and flourish long upon little incidents, and they skip over, and but lightly touch the drier part of the theme.—They omit things essential which are not beautiful; they insert little needless circumstances and beautiful digressions; they invert times and actions, in order to place every thing in the most affecting light;—they place the first things last, and the last things first with wondrous art; and yet so manage it as to conceal their artifice, and lead the senses and passions of their hearers into a pleasing and powerful captivity.’

CHAPTER XLVII

THE DOCTOR’S CONTEMPORARIES AT LEYDEN. EARLY FRIENDSHIP. COWPER’S MELANCHOLY OBSERVATION THAT GOOD DISPOSITIONS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE CORRUPTED THAN EVIL ONES TO BE CORRECTED. YOUTHFUL CONNECTIONS LOOSENED IN THE COMMON COURSE OF THINGS. A FINE FRAGMENT BY
WALTER LANDOR

*Lass mich den Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren umstands.
Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an !
Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,
Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth !
Kleinerscheinet es nun, doch ach ! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen,
Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.*

GOETHE

The circumstances of my friend’s boyhood and early youth, though singularly favourable to his peculiar cast of mind, in many or indeed most respects, were in this point disadvantageous, that they afforded him little or no opportunity of forming those early friendships which, when they are well

formed, contribute so largely to our future happiness. Perhaps the greatest advantage of public education, as compared with private, is, that it presents more such opportunities than are ever met with in any subsequent stage of human life. And yet even then in friendship, as afterwards in love, we are for the most part less directed by choice than by what is called chance.

Daniel Dove never associated with so many persons of his own age at any other time as during his studies at Leyden. But he was a foreigner there, and this is almost as great an obstacle to friendship as to matrimony; and there were few English students among whom to choose. Dr. Brocklesby took his degree, and left the University the year before he entered it; Brocklesby was a person in whose society he might have delighted; but he was a cruel experimentalist, and the dispathy which this must have excited in our friend, whose love of science, ardent as it was, never overcame the sense of humanity, would have counteracted the attraction of any intellectual powers, however brilliant. Akenside, with whom in many respects he would have felt himself in unison, and by whose society he might have profited, graduated also there just before his time.

He had a contemporary more remarkable than either in his countryman John Wilkes, who was pursuing his studies there, not without some diligence, under the superintendence of a private tutor; and who obtained much notice for those lively and agreeable talents which were afterwards so flagrantly abused. But the strict and conscientious frugality which Dove observed, rendered it unfit for him to associate with one who had a liberal allowance, and expended it lavishly; and there was also a stronger impediment to any intimacy between them; for no talents however companionable, no qualities however engaging, could have induced him to associate with a man whose irreligion was of the worst kind, and who delighted in licentious conversation.

There was one of his countrymen indeed there (so far as a Scotchman may be called so) with whom he formed an acquaintance that might have ripened into intimacy, if their lots had fallen near to each other in after life. This was

Thomas Dickson, a native of Dumfries; they attended the same lectures, and consorted on terms of friendly familiarity. But when their University course is completed, men separate, like stage-coach travellers, at the end of a journey, or fellow-passengers in a ship when they reach their port. While Dove 'pursued the noiseless tenour of his way' at Doncaster, Dickson tried his fortune in the metropolis, where he became Physician to the London Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died in the year 1784, and is said in his epitaph to have been 'a man of singular probity, loyalty, and humanity; kind to his relations, beloved by all who knew him, learned and skilful in his profession. Unfeared by the poor, he lived to do good, and died a Christian believer.' For awhile some intercourse between him and the Doctor had been kept up by letters; but the intervals in their correspondence became longer and longer as each grew more engaged in business; and new connections gradually effaced an impression which had not been made early, nor had ever been very deep. The friendship that, with no intercourse to nourish it, keeps itself alive for years, must have strong roots in a good soil.

Cowper regarded these early connections in an unfavourable and melancholy mood. 'For my own part,' says he, 'I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates out of about three hundred, in ten years' time not one was left me. The truth is that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another, that looks very like a friendship; and while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and to assist each other, promises well and bids fair to be lasting. But they are no sooner separated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connections and new employments in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this, the *man* frequently differs so much from the *boy*,—his principles, manners, temper, and conduct, undergo so great an alteration,—that we no longer recognize in him our old play-fellow, but find him

utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections.' These sentiments he has also expressed in verse:—

— School-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a different cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he that seem'd our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

Disposition, however, is the one thing which undergoes no other change than that of growth in after life. The physical constitution, when any morbid principle is innate in it, rarely alters; the moral constitution—(except by a miracle of God's mercy)—never.

— 'Ανθρώποις δ' ἀεὶ
'Ο μὲν πονηρὸς, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός.¹

'Believe, if you will,' say the Persians, 'that a mountain has removed from one place to another; but if you are told that a man has changed his nature, believe it not!'

The best of us have but too much cause for making it part of our daily prayer that we fall into no sin! But there is an original pravity which deserves to be so called in the darkest import of the term,—an inborn and incurable disease of the moral being, manifested as soon as it has strength to show itself; and wherever this is perceived in earliest youth, it may too surely be predicted what is to be expected when all control of discipline is removed. Of those that bring with them such a disposition into the world, it cannot be said that they fall into sin, because it is too

¹ Euripides.

manifest that they seek and pursue it as the bent of their nature. No wonder that wild theories have been devised to account for what is so mysterious, so awful, and yet so incontestable ! Zephaniah Holwell, who will always be remembered for his sufferings in the Black Hole, wrote a strange book in which he endeavoured to prove that men were fallen angels, that is, that human bodies are the forms in which fallen angels are condemned to suffer for the sins which they have committed in their former state. Akin to this is the Jewish fancy, held by Josephus, as well as his less liberalized countrymen, that the souls of wicked men deceased got into the bodies of the living and possessed them; and by this agency they accounted for all diseases. Holwell's theory is no doubt as old as any part of the Oriental systems of philosophy and figments; it is one of the many vain attempts to account for that fallen nature of which every man who is sincere enough to look into his own heart, finds there what may too truly be called an indwelling witness. Something like the Jewish notion was held by John Wesley and Adam Clarke; and there are certain cases in which it is difficult not to admit it, especially when the question of the demoniacs is considered. Nor is there any thing that shocks us in supposing this to be possible for the body, and the mind also, as depending upon the bodily organs.—But that the moral being, the soul itself, the life of life, the immortal part, should appear, as so often it undoubtedly does, to be thus possessed, this indeed is of all mysterious things the darkest.

For a disposition thus evil in its nature it almost seems as if there could be no hope. On the other hand, there is no security in a good one, if the support of good principles (that is to say, of religion—of Christian faith—) be wanting. It may be soured by misfortunes, it may be corrupted by wealth, it may be blighted by neediness, it may lose 'all its original brightness.'

School friendships arise out of sympathy of disposition at an age when the natural disposition is under little control and less disguise; and there are reasons enough, of a less melancholy kind than Cowper contemplated, why so few of these blossoms set, and of those which afford a promise

of fruit, why so small a proportion should bring it to maturity. 'The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie;¹ and even when not thus dissolved, the mutual attachment which in boyhood is continually strengthened by similarity of circumstance and pursuits, dies a natural death in most cases when that similarity ceases. If one goes north in the intellectual bearings of his course in life, and the other south, they will at last be far as the poles asunder. If their pursuits are altogether different, and their opinions repugnant, in the first case they cease to think of each other with any warm interest; in the second, if they think of each other at all, it is with an uncomfortable feeling, and a painful sense of change.

The way in which too many ordinary minds are worsened by the mere course of time is finely delineated by Landor, in some verses which he designed as an imitation, not of a particular passage in a favourite Greek author, but of his manner and style of thought.

Friendship, in each successive stage of life,
As we approach him, varies to the view;
In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
Of Love without his arrows and his wings.
Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan
Thou findest him; or hearest him resign,
To some dog-pastor, by the quiet fire,
With much good-will and jocular adieu,
His age-worn mule, or broken-hearted steed.
Fly not, as thou wert wont, to his embrace;
Lest, after one long yawning gaze, he swear
Thou art the best good fellow in the world,
But he had quite forgotten thee, by Jove!
Or laughter wag his newly bearded chin
At recollection of his childish hours.
But wouldst thou see, young man, his latest form,
When e'en this laughter, e'en this memory fails,
Look at yon fig-tree statue! golden once,
As all would deem it, rottenness falls out
At every little hole the worms have made;
And if thou triest to lift it up again
It breaks upon thee! Leave it! touch it not!
Its very lightness would encumber thee.
Come—thou hast seen it: 'tis enough; be gone!

¹ Shakespeare.

The admirable writer who composed these verses in some melancholy mood, is said to be himself one of the most constant and affectionate of friends. It may indeed safely be affirmed, that generous minds, when they have once known each other, never can be alienated as long as both retain the characteristics which brought them into union. No distance of place, or lapse of time, can lessen the friendship of those who are thoroughly persuaded of each other's worth. There are even some broken attachments in friendship as well as in love which nothing can destroy, and it sometimes happens that we are not conscious of their strength till after the disruption.

There are a few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me; and who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far asunder, we know that we are travelling the same road toward our resting place in heaven. 'There is such a pleasure as this,' says Cowper, 'which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation.'

CHAPTER XLVIII

AN INCIDENT WHICH BRINGS THE AUTHOR INTO A FORTUITOUS RESEMBLANCE WITH THE PATRIARCH OF THE PREDICANT FRIARS. DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FACT AND THE FABLE; AND AN APPLICATION WHICH, UNLIKE THOSE THAT ARE USUALLY APPENDED TO ESOP'S FABLES, THE READER IS LIKELY NEITHER TO SKIP NOR TO FORGET

Dire aqui una maldad grande del Demonio.

PEDRO DE CIECA DE LEON

While I was writing that last chapter, a flea appeared upon the page before me, as there did once to St. Dominic.

But the circumstances in my case and in St. Dominic's were different.

For, in the first place I, as has already been said, was writing; but St. Dominic was reading.

Secondly, the flea which came upon my paper was a real flea, a flea of flea-flesh and blood, partly flea-blood and partly mine, which the said flea had flea-feloniously appropriated to himself by his own process of flea-botomy. That which appeared upon St. Dominic's book was the Devil in disguise.

The intention with which the Devil abridged himself into so diminutive a form, was that he might distract the Saint's attention from his theological studies, by skipping upon the page, and perhaps provoke him to unsaintlike impatience by eluding his fingers.

But St. Dominic was not so to be deceived; he knew who the false flea was!

To punish him therefore for this diabolical intrusion, he laid upon him a holy spell whereby Flea Beelzebub was made to serve as a marker through the whole book. When Dominic, whether in the middle of a sentence or at the end, lifted his eyes from the page in meditation, Flea Beelzebub moved to the word at which the Saint had paused,—he moved not by his own diabolical will, but in obedience to an impulse which he had no power to resist; and there he remained, having as little power to remove, till the Saint's eye

having returned to the book, and travelled farther, stopped at another passage. And thus St. Dominic used him through the volume, putting him moreover whenever he closed the book to the *peine forte et dure*.

When Dominic had finished the volume, he dismissed his marker. Had it been a heretic, instead of the Devil, the canonized founder of the Friars Predicant, and Patron Saint of the Inquisition, would not have let him off so easily.

Indeed I cannot but think that his lenity in this case was ill-placed. He should have dealt with that flea as I did with mine.

‘How, Mr. Author, was that ?’

‘I dealt with it, Sir, as Agesilaus unceremoniously did with one victim upon the altar of Chalcioecious Pallas, at the same time that with all due ceremony he was sacrificing another. An ox was the premeditated and customary victim; the extemporaneous and extraordinary one was a six-footed “small deer.” Plutarch thought the fact worthy of being recorded; and we may infer from it that the Spartans did not always comb their long hair so carefully as the Three Hundred did at Thermopylae, when on the morning of that ever-glorious fight, they made themselves ready to die there in obedience to the institutions of their country. What the King of Lacedaemon did with his crawler, I did with my skipper;—I cracked it, Sir.’

‘And for what imaginable reason can you have thought fit to publish such an incident to the world ?’

‘For what reason, Sir ?—why, that Hop-o’-my-thumb the critic may know what he has to expect, if I lay hold of him !’

CHAPTER XLIX

A CHAPTER CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH ANTIQUARIES, FRENCH LADIES, FRENCH LAWYERS, FRENCH JUDGES, FRENCH LITERATURE, AND FRENCHNESS IN GENERAL

Quid de pulicibus ? vitæ salientia puncta.

COWLEY

Now, Reader, having sent away the small Critic with a flea in his ear, I will tell you something concerning one of the curiosities of literature.

The most famous flea, for a real flea, that has yet been heard of,—for not even the King of the Fleas, who, as Dr. Clarke and his fellow-traveller found to their cost, keeps his court at Tiberias, approaches it in celebrity,—nor the flea of that song, which Mephistopheles sung in the cellar at Leipzig,—that flea for whom the King ordered breeches and hose from his own tailor; who was made prime minister; and who, when he governed the realm, distinguished himself, like Earl Grey, by providing for all his relations:—the most illustrious, I say, of all fleas,—*pulicem facile princeps*—was that flea which I know not whether to call Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, or Pasquier's flea, or the flea of Poitiers.

In the year 1579, when the *Grands Jours*, or Great Asizes, were held at Poitiers under President de Harlay, Pasquier, who was one of the most celebrated advocates, most accomplished scholars, and most learned men in France, attended in the exercise of his profession. Calling there one day upon Madame des Roches and her daughter, Mademoiselle Catherine, whom he describes as *l'une des plus belles et sages de nostre France*, while he was conversing with the young lady he espied a flea, *parquée au beau milieu de son sein*.

Upon this Pasquier made such a speech as a Frenchman might be expected to make upon so felicitous an occasion, admiring the taste of the flea, envying its happiness, and marvelling at its boldness *de s'estre mise en si beau jour ; parce que jaloux de son heur, peu s'en falloit*, he says, *que je ne misse la main sur elle, en deliberation de luy faire un mauvais tour ;*

et bien luy prenoit qu'elle estoit en lieu de franchise ! This led to a contention mignarde between the young lady and the learned lawyer, who was then more than fifty years of age; finalement, ayant esté l'autheur de la noise, says Pasquier, je luy dis que puisque ceste Puce avoit receu tant d'heur de se repaistre de son sang, et d'estre reciproquement honorée de nos propos, elle meritoit encores d'estre enchâssée dedans nos papiers, et que tres-volontiers je m'y employerois, si cette Dame vouloit de sa part faire le semblable; chose qu'elle m'accorda liberalement. Each was in earnest, but each, according to the old Advocate, supposed the other to be in jest: both went to work upon this theme after the visit, and each finished a copy of verses about the same time, *tombants en quelques rencontres de mots les plus signalez pour le subject.* Pasquier thinking to surprise the lady, sent his poem to her as soon as he had transcribed it, on a Sunday morning,—the better the day the better being the deed; and the lady apprehending that they might have fallen upon some of the same thoughts, lest she should be suspected of borrowing what she knew to be her own, sent back the first draught of her verses by his messenger, not having had time to write them fairly out. *Heureuse, certes, rencontre et jouyssance de deux esprits, qui passe d'un long entrejet, toutes ces opinions follastres et vulgaires d'amour. Que si en cecy tu me permets d'y apporter quelque chose de mon jugement je te diray, qu'en l'un tu trouveras les discours d'une sage fille, en l'autre les discours d'un homme qui n'est pas trop fol; ayants l'un et l'autre par une bienveillance des nos sexes joué tels roolles que devions.*

The Demoiselle, after describing in her poem the feats of the flea, takes a hint from the resemblance in sound between *puce* and *pucelle*, and making an allegorical use of mythology, makes by that means a decorous allusion to the vulgar notion concerning the unclean circumstances by which fleas, as they say, are bred:

*Puce, si ma plume estoit digne,
Je descrirois vostre origine;
Et comment le plus grande des Dieux
Pour la terre quittant les cieux,
Vous fit naître, comme il me semble,
Orion et vous tout ensemble.*

She proceeds to say that Pan became enamoured of this sister of Orion; that Diana, to preserve her from his pursuit, metamorphosed her into a flea (*en puce*), and that in this transformation nothing remained of her

Sinon
La crainte, l'adresse, et le nom.

Pasquier in his poem gave himself a pretty free scope in his imaginary pursuits of the flea, and in all the allusions to which its name would on such an occasion invite an old Frenchman. If the story had ended here, it would have been characteristic enough of French manners: *Or voy, je te prie*, says Pasquier, *quel fruit nous a produit cette belle altercation, ou pour mieux dire, symbolization de deux ames. Ces deux petits feux poëtiques commencerent à courir par les mains de plusieurs, et se trouverent si agreables, que sur leur modelle, quelques personnages de marque voulurent estre de la partie; et s'employèrent sur mesme subject à qui mieux mieux, les uns en Latin, les autres en François, et quelques-uns en l'une et l'autre langue: ayant chacun si bien exploité en son endroit qu' à chacun doit demeurer la victoire.*

Among the distinguished persons who exercised their talents upon this worthy occasion, Brisson was one; that Brisson of whom Henri III said that no king but himself could boast of so learned a subject; who lent the assistance of his great name and talents towards setting up the most lawless of all tyrannies, that of an insurrectionary government; and who suffered death under that tyranny, as the reward such men always (and righteously as concerns themselves, however iniquitous the sentence) receive from the miscreants with whom they have leagued. He began his poem much as a scholar might be expected to do, by alluding to the well-known pieces which had been composed upon somewhat similar subjects.

*Felices meritò Mures Ranaeue loquaces
Queis caeci vatis contigit ore cani:
Vivet et extento lepidus Passerculus aevo
Cantatus numeris, culte Catulle, tuis.
Te quoque, parve Culex, nulla unquam muta silebit
Posteritas, docti suave Maronis opus.*

*Ausoniusque Pulex, dubius quem condidit auctor,
 Canescet saeculis innumerabilibus.
 Pictonici at Pulicis longè praeclarior est sors,
 Quem fovet in tepido casta puella sinu.
 Fortunate Pulex nimium, tua si bona noris,
 Alternis vatum nobilitate metris.*

In the remainder of his poem Brisson takes the kind of range which, if the subject did not actually invite, it seemed at least to permit. He produced also four Latin epigrams against such persons as might censure him for such a production, and these, as well as the poem itself, were translated into French by Pasquier. This was necessary for the public, not for Madame des Roches, and her daughter, who were versed both in Latin and Greek. Among the numerous persons whom the Assizes had brought to Poitiers, whether as judges, advocates, suitors, or idlers, every one who could write a Latin or a French verse tried his skill upon this small subject. *Tout le Parnasse latin et françois du royaume*, says Titon du Tillet, *voulut prendre part à cette rare decouverte, sur tout apres avoir reconnu que la fille, quoique tres-sage, entendoit raillerie.* There is one Italian sonnet in the collection, one Spanish, and, according to the Abbé Goujet, there are some Greek verses, but in the republication of Pasquier's works these do not appear: they were probably omitted, as not being likely ever again to meet with readers. Some of the writers were men whose names would have been altogether forgotten if they had not been thus preserved; and others might as well have been forgotten for the value of any thing which they have left; but some were deservedly distinguished in their generation, and had won for themselves an honourable remembrance, which will not pass away. The President Harlay himself encouraged Pasquier by an eulogistic epigram, and no less a person than Joseph Scaliger figures in Catullian verse among the flea-poets.

The name of the Demoiselle des Roches afforded occasion for such allusions to the rocks of Parnassus as the dealers in commonplace poetry could not fail to profit by.

*Nil rerum variat perennis ordo.
 Et constant sibi Phoebus et sorores;*

*Nec Pulex modo tot simul Poetas,
Sed Parnassia fecit ipsa rupes,—
Rupes, aut Heliconia Hippocrene.*

These verses were written by Pithou, to whose satirical talents his own age was greatly indebted for the part which he took in the *Satyre Menippée*; and to whose collections and serious researches his country will always remain so. Many others harped upon the same string; and Claude Binet, in one of his poems, compared the Lady to Rochelle, because all suitors had found her impregnable.

Nicolas Rapin, by way of varying the subject, wrote a poem in vituperation of the aforesaid flea, and called it *La Contrepuce*. He would rather, he said, write in praise of a less mentionable insect; which, however, he did mention; and, moreover, broadly explained, and in the coarsest terms, the Lady's allusion to Orion.

The flea having thus become the business, as well as the talk of Poitiers, some epigrams were sported upon the occasion.

*Causidicos habuit vigilantes Curia; namque
Illis perpetuus tinnit in aure Pulex.*

The name of Nicolas Rapinus is affixed to this; that of Raphael Gallodonius to the following.

*Ad consultissimos Supremi Senatus Gallici Patronos, in
Rupeae Pulicem ludentes.*

*Abdita causarum si vis responsa referre,
Hos tam perspicuos consule Causidicos:
Qui juris callent apices, vestigia morsu
Metiri pulicem carmine certa sciunt.
Ecquid eos latuisse putas dum seria tractant,
Qui dum nugantur, tam bene parva canunt ?*

The President of the Parliament of Paris, Pierre de Soul-four, compared the flea to the Trojan horse, and introduced this gigantic compliment with a stroke of satire.

*Quid Magni peperêre Dies ? res mira canenda est,
Vera tamen; Pulicem progenuere brevem.
Quicquid id est, tamen est magnum; Magnisque Diebus.
Non sine divino numine progenitum.*

*Ille utero potuit plures gestare poetas,
 Quam tulit audaces techna Pelasga duces.
 Tros equus herôes tantos non fudit ab alvo,
 Dulcisonos vates quot tulit iste Pulex.*

Pasquier was proud of what he had done in starting the flea, and of the numerous and distinguished persons who had been pleased to follow his example in poetizing upon it; *pour memorial de laquelle*, he says, *j'ai voulu dresser ce trophée, qui est la publication de leurs vers*. So he collected all these verses in a small quarto volume, and published them in 1582, with this title—*LA PUCE ; ou Jeux Poétiques François et Latins: composez sur la Puce aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l'an 1579: dont Pasquier fut le premier motif*. He dedicated the volume to the President Harlay, in the following sonnet:

*Pendant que du Harlay de Themis la lumière,
 Pour bannir de Poictou l'espouventable mal,
 Exerçant la justice à tous de poids égal,
 Restablissoit l'Astrée en sa chaire première;
 Quelques nobles esprits, pour se donner carrière,
 Voulurent exalter un petit animal,
 Et luy coler aux flancs les aisles du cheval
 Qui prend jusque au ciel sa course coutumière.
 Harlay, mon Achille, relasche tes esprits;
 Sousguigne d'un bon œil tant soit peu ces escrits,
 Il attendent de toy, ou la mort, ou la vie:
 Si tu pers à les lire un seul point de ton temps,
 Ils vivront immortels dans le temple des ans,
 Malgré l'oubly, la mort, le mesdire et l'envie.*

The original volume would have passed away with the generation to which it belonged, or if preserved, it would, like many others more worthy of preservation, have been found only in the cabinets of those who value books for their rarity rather than their intrinsic worth: this would have been its fate if it had not been comprised in the collective edition of Pasquier's works, which, as relating to his own times, to the antiquities of his country, and to French literature, are of the greatest importance. It was properly included there, not merely because it is characteristic of the nation, and of the age, but because it belongs to the history of the individual.

Here in England the Circuit always serves to sharpen the wits of those who are waiting, some of them hungrily, and but too many hopelessly, for practice; and as nowhere there is more talent running to seed than at the bar, epigrams circulate there as freely as opinions,—and much more harmlessly. But that the elders of the profession, and the judges, should take part in such levities as the *Jeux Poétiques* of Poitiers, would at all times have been as much out of character in England, as it would be still in character among our lighter-heeled, lighter-hearted, and lighter-headed neighbours. The same facility in composing Latin verse would not now be found at the French bar; but if a flea was started there, a full cry might as easily be raised after it, as it was at the *Grands Jours* held under the President Harlay; and they who joined in the cry would take exactly the same tone. You would find in their poetry just as much of what Pasquier calls *mignardise*, and just as little exertion of intellect in any other direction.

It is not language alone, all but all-powerful in this respect as language is, which makes the difference in whatever belongs to poetry, between the French and the English. We know how Donne has treated this very subject; and we know how Cleveland, and Randolph and Cowley would have treated it, licentiously indeed, but with such a profusion of fantastic thought, that a prodigality of talent would seem even greater than the abuse. In later times, if such a theme had presented itself, Darwin would have put the flea in a solar microscope, and painted the monster with surprising accuracy in the most elaborate rhymes: he would then have told of fleas which had been taken and tamed, and bound in chains, or yoked to carriages; and this he would have done in couplets so nicely turned, and so highly polished, that the poetical artist might seem to vie with the flea-tamer and carriage-builder in patience and in minute skill. Cowper would have passed with playful but melancholy grace

From gay to grave, from lively to severe,

and might have produced a second Task. And in our own

days, Rogers would case the flea, like his own gnat, in imperishable amber. Leigh Hunt would luxuriate in a fairy poem, fanciful as Drayton's *Nymphidia*, or in the best style of Herrick. Charles Lamb would crack a joke upon the subject; but then he would lead his readers to think while he was amusing them, make them feel if they were capable of feeling, and perhaps leave them in tears. Southey would give us a strain of scornful satire and meditative playfulness in blank verse of the Elizabethan standard. Wordsworth,—no, Wordsworth would disdain the flea: but some imitator of Wordsworth would enshrine the flea in a Sonnet the thought and diction of which would be as proportionate to the subject matter, as the Great Pyramid is to the nameless one of the Pharaohs for whose tomb it was constructed. Oxford and Cambridge would produce Latin verses, good in their manner as the best of Pasquier's collection, and better in every thing else; they would give us Greek verses also, as many and as good. Landor would prove himself as recondite a Latinist as Scaliger, and a better poet; but his hendecasyllables would not be so easily construed. Cruikshank would illustrate the whole collection with immortal designs, such as no other country, and no other man could produce. The flea would be introduced upon the stage in the next new Pantomime; Mr. Irving would discover it in the Apocalypse; and some preacher of Rowland Hill's school would improve it (as the phrase is) in a sermon, and exhort his congregation to *flee* from sin.

I say nothing of Mr. Moore, and the half dozen Lords who would *mignardise* the subject like so many Frenchmen. But how would Bernard Barton treat it? Perhaps Friend Barton will let us see in one of the next year's *Annuals*.

I must not leave the reader with an unfavourable opinion of the lady whose flea obtained such singular celebrity, and who *quoique très sage entendoit raillerie*. Titon du Tillet intended nothing equivocal by that expression; and the tone which the Flea-poets took was in no degree derogatory to her, for the manners of the age permitted it. Les Dames des Roches, both mother and daughter, were remarkable and exemplary women; and there was a time when Poitiers derived as much glory from these blue ladies as from the Black

Prince. The mother, after living most happily with her husband eight-and-twenty years, suffered greatly in her widowhood from vexatious lawsuits, difficult circumstances, and broken health; but she had great resources in herself, and in the dutiful attachment of Catherine, who was her only child, and whom she herself had nursed and educated; the society of that daughter enabled her to bear her afflictions, not only with patience but with cheerfulness. No solicitations could induce Catherine to marry; she refused offers which might in all other respects have been deemed eligible, because she would not be separated from her mother, from whom she said death itself could not divide her. And this was literally verified, for in 1587 they both died of the plague on the same day.

Both were women of great talents and great attainments. Their joint works in prose and verse were published in their lifetime, and have been several times reprinted, but not since the year 1604. The poetry is said to be of little value; but the philosophical dialogues are praised as being neither deficient in genius nor in solidity, and as compositions which may still be perused with pleasure and advantage. This is the opinion of a benevolent and competent critic, the Abbé Goujet. I have never seen the book.

Before I skip back to the point from which my own flea and the Poitiers' flea have led me, I must tell a story of an English lady who under a similar circumstance was not so fortunate as Pasquier's accomplished friend. This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish: so that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable, if he were put in motion. Accordingly Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of

the table behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions;—a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of *neck* had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, and to her greater amusement of the party—*a vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en!*

CHAPTER L

REMARKS OF AN IMPATIENT READER ANTICIPATED AND ANSWERED

᾽Ω πολλὰ λέξας ἄρτι κἀνόνητ' ἔπη,
Οὐ μνημονεύεις οὐκέτ' οὐδέν;

SOPHOCLES

Novel readers are sometimes so impatient to know how the story is to end, that they look at the last chapter, and so—

escape, should I say—or forfeit that state of agitating suspense in which it was the author or authoress's endeavour to keep them till they should arrive by a regular perusal at the well-concealed catastrophe. It may be apprehended that persons of this temper, having in their composition much more of Eve's curiosity than of Job's patience, will regard with some displeasure a work like the present, of which the conclusion is not before them: and some, perhaps, may even be so unreasonable as to complain that they go through chapter after chapter without making any progress in the story. 'What care the Public,' says one of these readers, (for every reader is a self-constituted representative of that great invisible body)—'what do the Public care for Astrology and Almanacks, and the influence of the Tides upon diseases, and Mademoiselle des Roches's flea, and the Koran, and the Chronology of this fellow's chapters, and Potteric Carr, and the Corporation of Doncaster, and the Theory of Signatures, and the Philosophy of the Alchemist, and the Devil knows what besides! What have these things to do with the subject of the book, and who would ever have looked for them in a Novel?'

'A Novel do you call it, Mr. Reader?'

'Yes, Mr. Author, what else should I call it? It has been reviewed as a Novel and advertised as a Novel.'

'I confess that in this very day's newspaper it is advertised in company with four new Novels; the first in the list being "Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak," a Legend of Devon, by Mrs. Bray; the second, "Dacre," edited by the Countess of Morley; Mr. James's "Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall," is the third; fourthly, comes the dear name of "The Doctor;" and last in the list, "The Court of Sigismund Augustus, or Poland in the Seventeenth Century."'

I present my compliments to each and all of the authoresses and authors with whom I find myself thus associated. At the same time I beg leave to apologize for this apparent intrusion into their company, and to assure them that the honour which I have thus received has been thrust upon me. Dr. Stegman had four patients whose disease was that they saw themselves double: 'they perceived,' says Mr. Turner, 'another self, exterior to

themselves !' I am not one of Dr. Stegman's patients; but I see myself double in a certain sense, and in that sense have another and distinct self,—the one incog, the other out of cog. Out of cog I should be as willing to meet the novelist of the Polish Court, as any other unknown brother or sister of the quill. Out of cog I should be glad to shake hands with Mr. James, converse with him about Charlemagne, and urge him to proceed with his French biography. Out of cog I should have much pleasure in making my bow to Lady Morley or her editor. Out of cog I should like to be introduced to Mrs. Bray in her own lovely land of Devon, and see the sweet innocent face of her humble friend Mary Colling. But without a proper introduction I should never think of presenting myself to any of these persons; and having incog the same sense of propriety as out of cog, I assure them that the manner in which my one self has been associated with them is not the act and deed of my other self, but that of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Longman, my very worthy and approved good publishers.

'Why, Mr. Author, you do not mean to say that the book is not printed as a novel, does not appear as one, and is not intended to pass for one. Have you the face to deny it ?'

'Lecteur, mon ami, la demande est bien faite sans doute, et bien apparente; mais la response vous contentera, ou j'ai le sens malgallefretu !'

'*Lecteur, mon ami !* an Incog has no face. But this I say in the face, or in all the faces, of that Public which has more heads than a Hindoo Divinity, that the character and contents of the book were fairly, fully, carefully and considerably denoted—that is to say, notified or made known, in the title-page. Turn to it, I entreat you, Sir ! The first thing which you cannot but notice, is, that it is in motley. Ought you not to have inferred, concerning the author, that in his brain

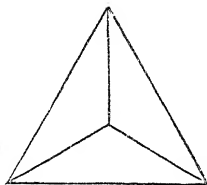
— he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.¹

¹ Shakespeare.

And if you could fail to perceive the conspicuous and capacious

&c,

which in its omnisignificance may promise any thing, and yet pledges the writer to nothing; and if you could also overlook the mysterious monograph



your attention was invited to all this by a sentence of Butler's on the opposite page, so apposite that it seems as if he had written it with a second-sight of the application thus to be made of it: "There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." This was the remark of one whose wisdom can never be obsolete; and whose wit, though much of it has become so, it will always be worth while for an Englishman to study and to understand.

'Mr. D'Israeli has said that "the false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader, and that titles are generally too prodigal of their promises;" but yet there is an error on the other hand to be avoided, for if they say too little they may fail of attracting notice. I bore in mind what Baillet says upon this subject, to which he has devoted a long chapter: *le titre d'un Livre doit être son abrégé, et il en doit renfermer tout l'esprit, autant qu'il est possible. Il doit être le centre de toutes les paroles et de toutes les pensées du Livre; de telle sorte qu'on n'y en puisse pas même trouver une qui n'y dit de la correspondance et du rapport.* From this rule there has been no departure. Every thing that is said of Peter Hopkins relates to the Doctor prospectively,

because he was the Doctor's master: every thing that may be said of, or from myself, relates to the Doctor retrospectively, or reflectively, because he, though in a different sense, was mine: and every thing that is said about any thing else relates to him collaterally, being either derivative or tributary, either divergent from the main subject, or convergent to its main end.

'But albeit I claim the privilege of motley, and in right thereof

— I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;——¹

yet I have in no instance abused that charter, nor visited any one too roughly. Nor will I ever do against all the world what John Kinsaid^r did, in unseemly defiance—nor against the wind either; though it has been no maxim of mine, nor ever shall be, to turn with the tide, or go with the crowd, unless they are going my road, and there is no other way that I can take to escape the annoyance of their company.'

'And is this any reason, Mr. Author, why you should get on as slowly with the story of your book, as the House of Commons with the business of the nation, in the present reformed Parliament, with Lord Althorpe for its leader?'

'Give me credit, Sir, for a temper as imperturbably good as that which Lord Althorpe presents, like a sevenfold shield of lamb's wool to cover him against all attacks, and I will not complain of the disparagement implied in your comparison.'

'Your confounded good temper, Mr. Author, seems to pride itself upon trying experiments on the patience of your readers. Here I am in the middle of the third volume, and if any one asked me what the book is about, it would be impossible for me to answer the question. I have never been able to guess at the end of one chapter what was likely to be the subject of the next.'

'Let me reply to that observation, Sir, by an anecdote. A collector of scarce books was one day showing me his small but curious hoard; "Have you ever seen a copy of this

¹ Shakespeare.

book?" he asked, with every rare volume that he put into my hands: and when my reply was that I had not, he always rejoined with a look and tone of triumphant delight, "I should have been exceedingly sorry if you had!"

'Let me tell you another anecdote, not less to the purpose. A thorough-bred fox-hunter found himself so much out of health, a little before the season for his sport began, that he took what was then thought a long journey to consult a physician, and get some advice which he hoped would put him into a condition for taking the field. Upon his return his friends asked him what the Doctor had said. "Why," said the Squire, "he told me that I've got a dyspepsy: I don't know what that is: but it's some damn'd thing or other I suppose!"—My good Sir, however much at a loss you may be to guess what is coming in the next chapter, you can have no apprehension that it may turn out anything like what he, with too much reason, supposed a dyspepsy to be.

'*Lecteur, mon ami*, I have given you the advantage of a motto from Sophocles, and were it as apposite to me, as it seems applicable when coming from you, I might content myself with replying to it in a couplet of the honest old wine-bibbing Water-poet:—

That man may well be called an idle mome
That mocks the Cock because he wears a comb.

But no one who knows a hawk from a hernshaw, or a sheep's head from a carrot, or the Lord Chancellor Brougham, in his wig and robes, from a Guy Vaux on the fifth of November, can be so mistaken in judgment as to say that I make use of many words in making nothing understood; nor as to think me,

ἄνθρωπον ἀγριοποιόν, αὐθαδέστομον,
ἔχοντ' ἀχάλινον, ἀκρατές, ἀπύλωτον στόμα,
ἀπεριλάλητον, κομποφακελοῤῥήμονα.¹

'Any subject is inexhaustible if it be fully treated of; that is, if it be treated doctrinally and practically, analytically and synthetically, historically and morally, critically, popularly

¹ Aristophanes.

and eloquently, philosophically, exegetically and aesthetically, logically, neologically, etymologically, archaiologically, Daniologically and Doveologically, which is to say, summing up all in one, Doctorologically.

'Now, my good Reader, whether I handle my subject in any of these ways, or in any other legitimate way, this is certain, that I never handle it as a cow does a musket; and that I have never wandered from it, not even when you have drawn me into a Tattle-de-Moy.'

'*Auctor incomparabilis*, what is a Tattle-de-Moy?'

'*Lecteur, mon ami*, you shall now know what to expect in the next chapter, for I will tell you there what a Tattle-de-Moy is.'

CHAPTER LI

THE AUTHOR DISCOVERS CERTAIN MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCIES
TO THESE HIS LUCUBRATIONS

*And music mild I learn'd that tells
Tune, time, and measure of the song.*

HIGGINS

A Tattle-de-Moy, reader, was 'a new-fashioned thing' in the year of our Lord 1676, 'much like a Seraband, only it had in it more of conceit and of humour: and it might supply the place of a seraband at the end of a suit of lessons at any time.' That simple-hearted, and therefore happy old man, Thomas Mace, invented it himself, because he would be a little modish, he said; and he called it a Tattle-de-Moy, 'because it tattles, and seems to speak those very words or syllables. Its humour,' said he, 'is toyish, jocund, harmless and pleasant; and as if it were one playing with, or tossing, a ball up and down; yet it seems to have a very solemn countenance, and like unto one of a sober and innocent condition, or disposition; not antic, apish, or wild.'

If indeed the gift of prophecy were imparted, or imputed to musicians, as it has sometimes been to poets, Thomas

Mace might be thought to have unwittingly foreshown certain characteristics of the unique opus which is now before the reader : so nearly has he described them, when instructing his pupils how to give right and proper names to all lessons they might meet with.

'There are, first, Preludes; then, secondly, Fancies and Voluntaries; thirdly, Pavines; fourthly, Allmaines; fifthly, Airs; sixthly, Galliards; seventhly, Corantoes; eighthly, Serabands; ninthly, Tattle-de-Moys; tenthly, Chichonas; eleventhly, Toys or Jiggs; twelfthly, Common Tunes; and lastly, Grounds, with Divisions upon them.

'The Prelude is commonly a piece of confused, wild, shapeless kind of intricate play (as most use it), in which no perfect form, shape, or uniformity, can be perceived; but a random business, pottering and grooping, up and down, from one stop, or key, to another; and generally so performed, to make trial, whether the instrument be well in tune or not; by which doing, after they have completed their tuning, they will (if they be masters) fall into some kind of voluntary or fancical play more intelligible; which (if he be a master able) is a way whereby he may more fully and plainly show his excellency and ability, than by any other kind of undertaking; and has an unlimited and unbounded liberty, in which he may make use of the forms and shapes of all the rest.'

Here the quasi-prophetic lutanist may seem to have described the ante-initial chapters of this opus, and those other pieces which precede the beginning thereof, and resemble

A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which the voice shall wander.¹

For though a censorious reader will pick out such expressions only as may be applied with a malign meaning; yet in what he may consider confused and shapeless, and call pottering and grooping, the competent observer will recognize the hand of a master, trying his instrument and tuning it; and then passing into a voluntary whereby he approves his skill, and foreshows the spirit of his performance.

¹ Keats.

The Pavines, Master Mace tells us, are lessons of two, three, or four strains, very grave and solemn; full of art and profundity, but seldom used in 'these our light days,' as in many respects he might well call the days of King Charles the Second. Here he characterizes our graver Chapters, which are in strains so deep, so soothing, and so solemn withal, that if such a Pavine had been played in the hall of the palace at Aix, when King Charlemagne asked the Archbishop to dance, the invitation could not have been deemed indecorous.

Allmaines are very airy and lively, and generally in common or plain time. Airs differ from them only in being usually shorter, and of a more rapid and nimble performance.—With many of these have the readers of the Doctor been amused.

Galliards, being grave and sober, are performed in a slow and large triple time. Some of the chapters relating to the history of Doncaster come under this description: especially that concerning its Corporation, which may be called a Galliard *par excellence*.

The Corantoes are of a shorter cut, and of a quicker triple time, full of sprightfulness and vigour, lively, brisk, and cheerful: the Serabands of the shortest triple time, and more toyish and light than the Corantoes. There are of both kinds in these volumes, and skilfully are they alternated with the Pavines:

— Now the musician
Hovers with nimble stick o'er squeaking crowd
Tickling the dried guts of a mewling cat;¹

and anon a strain is heard—

Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.²

And there are Chichonas also, which consist of a few conceited notes in a grave kind of humour; these are the Chapters which the Honourable Fastidious Feeblewit condemns

¹ Marston.

² Milton.

as being in bad taste, and which Lord Makemotion Gander-man pronounces poor stuff; but at which Yorickson smiles, Macswift's countenance brightens, and Fitzrabelais laughs outright.

No prophecies can be expected to go upon all fours; and nothing in this opus corresponds to Master Mace's Toys, or Jiggs, which are 'light, squibbish things, only fit for fantastical and easy light-headed people;' nor to his common Tunes.

Last in his enumeration is the Ground: this, he says, is 'a set number of slow notes, very grave and stately; which, after it is expressed once or twice very plainly, then he that hath good brains and a good hand, undertakes to play several divisions upon it, time after time, till he has shewed his bravery, both of invention and execution.' My worthy friend Dr. Dense can need no hint to make him perceive how happily this applies to the ground of the present work, and the manner of treating it. And if Mr. Dulman disputes the application, it can only be because he is determined not to see it. All his family are remarkable for obstinacy.

CHAPTER LII

MR. BACON'S PARSONAGE. CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION. TIME AND CHANGE. WILKIE AND THE MONK IN THE ESCURIAL

*The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.*

SHAKESPEARE

In a Scotch village the Manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best; almost, indeed, what in old times the Mansion used to be in an English one. In

Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness: and when the reunion which blessed them both rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep every thing in the same state as when Margaret was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character, or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterize, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence,—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father,—to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, 'Thy will be done!'—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away, as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which, perhaps, none but the afflicted heart is capable,—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the

sacrifice which it requires. This sacrifice Leonard had made, and he felt that it was accepted.

Severe, therefore, as his loss had been, and lasting as its effects were, it produced in him nothing like a settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the Gods:

Οὐ οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

It was because he was 'a mere philosopher,' that he failed to perceive a truth which the religious heathen acknowledged, and which is so trivial, and of such practical value, that it may now be seen inscribed upon village tombstones. The Christian knows that 'blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit.' And the heart of the Christian mourner, in its deepest distress, hath the witness of the Spirit to that consolatory assurance.

In this faith Leonard regarded his bereavement. His loss, he knew, had been Margaret's gain. What if she had been summoned in the flower of her years, and from a state of connubial happiness which there had been nothing to disturb or to alloy? How soon might that flower have been blighted,—how surely must it have faded! how easily might that happiness have been interrupted by some of those evils which flesh is heir to! And as the separation was to take place, how mercifully had it been appointed that he, who was the stronger vessel, should be the survivor! Even for their child this was best, greatly as she needed, and would need, a mother's care. His paternal solicitude would supply that care, as far as it was possible to supply it; but had he been removed, mother and child must have been left to the mercy of Providence, without any earthly protector, or any means of support.

For her to die was gain; in him, therefore, it were sinful as well as selfish to repine, and of such selfishness and sin his heart acquitted him. If a wish could have recalled her to life, no such wish would ever have by him been uttered, nor ever have by him been felt; certain he was that he loved

her too well to bring her again into this world of instability and trial. Upon earth there can be no safe happiness.

*Ah ! male FORTUNAE devota est ara MANENTI !
Fallit, et haec nullas accipit ara preces.*¹

All things here are subject to Time and Mutability:

*Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistrâ.*²

We must be in eternity before we can be secure against change. 'The world,' says Cowper, 'upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.'

It was to the perfect Order he should find in that state upon which he was about to enter, that the judicious Hooker looked forward at his death with placid and profound contentment. Because he had been employed in contending against a spirit of insubordination and schism which soon proved fatal to his country; and because his life had been passed under the perpetual discomfort of domestic discord, the happiness of Heaven seemed, in his estimation, to consist primarily in Order, as, indeed, in all human societies this is the first thing needful. The discipline which Mr. Bacon had undergone was very different in kind: what he delighted to think, was, that the souls of those whom death and redemption have made perfect, are in a world where there is no change, nor parting, where nothing fades, nothing passes away and is no more seen, but the good and the beautiful are permanent.

*Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone;
Ma, chi non ve la pone ?*³

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another,—

¹ Wallius.

² Casimir.

³ Petrarch.

all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged ! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows !

I wish I could record the name of the Monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.

‘The shows of things are better than themselves,’

says the author of the Tragedy of Nero, whose name also I could wish had been forthcoming; and the classical reader will remember the lines of Sophocles:—

Ὅρῳ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
Εἶδωλ', ὅσοι περ ζῶμεν, ἢ κοίφην σκιάν.¹

These are reflections which should make us think

Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight,
O that great Sabaoth God grant me that Sabaoth's sight.²

¹ Sophocles.

² Spenser.

CHAPTER LIII

A COUNTRY PARISH. SOME WHOLESOME EXTRACTS, SOME TRUE ANECDOTES, AND SOME USEFUL HINTS, WHICH WILL NOT BE TAKEN BY THOSE WHO NEED THEM MOST

Non è inconveniente, che delle cose delectabili alcune ne sieno utili, così come dell' utili molte ne sono delectabili, et in tutte due alcune si truovano honeste.

LEONE MEDICO (HEBREO)

Mr. Bacon's parsonage was as humble a dwelling in all respects as the cottage in which his friend Daniel was born. A best kitchen was its best room, and in its furniture an Observant Friar would have seen nothing that he could have condemned as superfluous. His college and later school books, with a few volumes which had been presented to him by the more grateful of his pupils, composed his scanty library: they were either books of needful reference, or such as upon every fresh perusal might afford new delight. But he had obtained the use of the Church Library at Doncaster, by a payment of twenty shillings, according to the terms of the foundation. Folios from that collection might be kept three months, smaller volumes, one or two, according to their size; and as there were many works in it of solid contents as well as sterling value, he was in no such want of intellectual food, as too many of his brethren are, even at this time. How much good might have been done, and how much evil might probably have been prevented, if Dr. Bray's design for the formation of parochial libraries had been every where carried into effect!

The parish contained between five and six hundred souls. There was no one of higher rank among them than entitled him, according to the custom of those days, to be styled gentleman upon his tombstone. They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, ale-houses to brutalize, nor newspapers to mislead them. At first coming among them he had won their goodwill by his affability and benign conduct, and he had afterwards gained their respect and affection in an equal degree.

There were two services at his church, but only one

sermon, which never fell short of fifteen minutes in length and seldom extended to half an hour. It was generally abridged from some good old divine. His own compositions were few, and only upon points on which he wished carefully to examine and digest his own thoughts, or which were peculiarly suited to some or other of his hearers. His whole stock might be deemed scanty in these days; but there was not one in it which would not well bear repetition, and the more observant of his congregation liked that they should be repeated.

Young ministers are earnestly advised long to refrain from preaching their own productions, in an excellent little book addressed by a Father to his Son, preparatory to his receiving holy orders. Its title is a 'Monitor for Young Ministers,' and every parent who has a son so circumstanced would do well to put it into his hands. 'It is not possible,' says this judicious writer, 'that a young minister can at first be competent to preach his sermons with effect, even if his abilities should qualify him to write well. His very youth and youthful manner, both in his style of writing and in his delivery, will preclude him from being effective. Unquestionably it is very rare indeed for a man of his age to have his mental abilities sufficiently chastened, or his method sufficiently settled, to be equal to the composition of a sermon fit for public use, even if it should receive the advantage of chaste and good delivery. On every account, therefore, it is wise and prudent to be slow and backward in venturing to produce his own efforts, or in thinking that they are fit for the public ear. There is an abundant field of the works of others open to him, from the wisest and the best of men, the weight of whose little fingers, in argument or instruction, will be greater than his own loins, even at his highest maturity. There is clearly no *want* of new compositions, excepting on some new or occasional emergencies: for there is not an open subject in the Christian religion, which has not been discussed by men of the greatest learning and piety, who have left behind them numerous works for our assistance and edification. Many of these are so neglected, that they are become almost new ground for our generation. To these he may freely resort,—till experience and a rational

and chastened confidence shall warrant him in believing himself qualified to work upon his own resources.'

'He that learns of young men,' says Rabbi Jose Bar Jehudah, 'is like a man that eats unripe grapes, or that drinks wine out of the wine-press; but he that learneth of the ancient, is like a man that eateth ripe grapes, and drinketh wine that is old.'¹

It was not in pursuance of any judicious advice like this that Mr. Bacon followed the course here pointed out, but from his own good sense and natural humility. His only ambition was to be useful; if a desire may be called ambitious which originated in the sincere sense of duty. To think of distinguishing himself in any other way, would for him, he well knew, have been worse than an idle dream. The time expended in composing a sermon as a perfunctory official business, would have been worse than wasted for himself, and the time employed in delivering it, no better than wasted upon his congregation. He was especially careful never to weary them, and, therefore, never to preach any thing which was not likely to engage their attention, and make at least some present impression. His own sermons effected this, because they were always composed with some immediate view, or under the influence of some deep and strong feeling; and in his adopted ones, the different manner of the different authors produced an awakening effect. Good sense is as often to be found among the illiterate, as among those who have enjoyed the opportunities of education. Many of his hearers who knew but one meaning of the word stile, and had never heard it used in any other, perceived a difference in the manner of Bishops Hall, and Sanderson and Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, and South and Scott, without troubling themselves about the cause, or being in the slightest degree aware of it.

Mr. Bacon neither undervalued his parishioners, nor over-valued the good which could be wrought among them by direct instruction of this kind. While he used perspicuous language, he knew that they who listened to it would be able to follow the argument; and as he drew always from the wells of English undefiled, he was safe on that point. But

¹ Lightfoot.

that all even of the adults would listen, and that all even of those who did, would do anything more than hear, he was too well acquainted with human nature to expect.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. 'Wud I hae the presumption?' was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

'Well, Master Jackson,' said his Minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; 'well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at Church!' 'Ay, Sir,' replied Jackson, 'it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to Church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing.'

'Let my candle go out in a stink, when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it.'¹ The author to whose little book² I am beholden for this true anecdote, after saying 'Such was the religion of this worthy man,' justly adds, 'and such must be the religion of most men of his station. Doubtless, it is a wise dispensation that it is so. For so it has been from the beginning of the world, and there is no visible reason to suppose that it can ever be otherwise.'

'In spite,' says this judicious writer, 'of all the zealous wishes and efforts of the most pious and laborious teachers, the religion of the bulk of the people must and will ever be little more than mere habit, and confidence in others. This must of necessity be the case with all men, who, from defect of nature or education, or from other worldly causes, have not the power or the disposition to think; and it cannot be disputed that the far greater number of mankind are of this class. These facts give peculiar force to those lessons which

¹ Fuller.

² Few Words on many Subjects.

teach the importance and efficacy of good example from those who are blessed with higher qualifications; and they strongly demonstrate the necessity that the zeal of those who wish to impress the people with the deep and awful mysteries of religion should be tempered by wisdom and discretion, no less than by patience, forbearance, and a great latitude of indulgence for uncontrollable circumstances. They also call upon us most powerfully to do all we can to provide such teachers, and imbue them with such principles as shall not endanger the good cause by over earnest efforts to effect more than, in the nature of things, can be done; or disturb the existing good by attempting more than will be borne, or by producing hypocritical pretences of more than can be really felt.'

CHAPTER LIV

SHOWING HOW THE VICAR DEALT WITH THE JUVENILE PART OF HIS FLOCK; AND HOW HE WAS OF OPINION THAT THE MORE PLEASANT THE WAY IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE TRAINED UP TO GO CAN BE MADE FOR THEM, THE LESS LIKELY THEY WILL BE TO DEPART FROM IT

*Sweet were the sauce would please each kind of taste,
The life, likewise, were pure that never swerved;
For spiteful tongues, in cankered stomachs placed,
Deem worst of things which best, perchance, deserved.
But what for that? This medicine may suffice,
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The first thing which Mr. Bacon had done after taking possession of his vicarage, and obtaining such information about his parishioners as the more considerate of them could impart, was to inquire into the state of the children in every household. He knew that to win the mother's goodwill was the surest way to win that of the family, and to win the children was a good step toward gaining that of the mother. In those days reading and writing were thought as little

necessary for the lower class, as the art of spelling for the class above them, or indeed for any except the learned. Their ignorance in this respect was sometimes found to be inconvenient, but by none, perhaps, except here and there by a conscientious and thoughtful clergyman, was it felt to be an evil,—an impediment in the way of that moral and religious instruction, without which men are in danger of becoming as the beasts that perish. Yet the common wish of advancing their children in the world made most parents in this station desire to obtain the advantage of what they called book-learning for any son who was supposed to manifest a disposition likely to profit by it. To make him a scholar was to raise him a step above themselves.

*Qui ha les lettres, ha l'adresse
Au double d'un qui n'en ha point.*¹

Partly for this reason, and still more that industrious mothers might be relieved from the care of looking after their children, there were few villages in which, as in Mr. Bacon's parish, some poor woman in the decline of life and of fortune did not obtain day-scholars enough to eke out her scanty means of subsistence.

The village Schoolmistress, such as Shenstone describes in his admirable poem, and such as Kirke White drew from the life, is no longer a living character. The new system of education has taken from this class of women the staff of their declining age, as the spinning jennies have silenced the domestic music of the spinning wheel. Both changes have come on unavoidably in the progress of human affairs. It is well when any change brings with it nothing worse than some temporary and incidental evil; but if the moral machinery can counteract the great and growing evils of the manufacturing system, it will be the greatest moral miracle that has ever been wrought.

Sunday schools, which make Sunday a day of toil to the teachers, and the most irksome day of the week to the children, had not at that time been devised as a palliative for the profligacy of large towns, and the worsened and worsening condition of the poor. Mr. Bacon endeavoured to make the

¹ Baif.

parents perform their religious duty toward their children, either by teaching them what they could themselves teach, or by sending them where their own want of knowledge might be supplied. Whether the children went to school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the Creed, and the Commandments, at home. These he thought were better learned at the mother's knees than from any other teacher; and he knew also how wholesome for the mother it was that the child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine. In a purely agricultural parish, there were at that time no parents in a state of such brutal ignorance as to be unable to teach these, though they might never have been taught to read. When the father or mother could read, he expected that they should also teach their children the catechism; in other cases this was left to his humble co-adjutrix the school-mistress.

During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechizing the children, after the second lesson in the evening service. His method was to ask a few questions in succession, and only from those who he knew were able to answer them; and after each answer he entered into a brief exposition suited to their capacity. His manner was so benevolent, and he had made himself so familiar in his visits, which were at once pastoral and friendly, that no child felt alarmed at being singled out; they regarded it as a mark of distinction, and the parents were proud of seeing them thus distinguished. This practice was discontinued in winter; because he knew that to keep a congregation in the cold is not the way either to quicken or cherish devotional feeling. Once a week during Lent he examined all the children, on a week day; the last examination was in Easter week, after which each was sent home happy with a homely cake, the gift of a wealthy parishioner, who by this means contributed not a little to the good effect of the pastor's diligence.

The foundation was thus laid by teaching the rising generation their duty towards God and towards their neighbour, and so far training them in the way that they should go. In the course of a few years every household, from the

highest to the lowest,—(the degrees were neither great nor many,)—had learned to look upon him as their friend. There was only one in the parish whose members were upon a parity with him in manners, none in literary culture; but in goodwill, and in human sympathy, he was upon a level with them all. Never interfering in the concerns of any family, unless his interference was solicited, he was consulted upon all occasions of trouble or importance. Incipient disputes, which would otherwise have afforded grist for the lawyer's mill, were adjusted by his mediation; and anxious parents, when they had cause to apprehend that their children were going wrong, knew no better course than to communicate their fears to him, and request that he would administer some timely admonition. Whenever he was thus called on, or had of himself perceived that reproof or warning was required, it was given in private, or only in presence of the parents, and always with a gentleness which none but an obdurate disposition could resist. His influence over the younger part of his flock was the greater because he was no enemy to any innocent sports, but, on the contrary, was pleased to see them dance round the may-pole, encouraged them to dress their doors with oaken boughs on the day of King Charles's happy restoration, and to wear an oaken garland in the hat, or an oak-apple on its sprig in the button hole; went to see their bonfire on the fifth of November, and entertained the morris-dancers when they called upon him in their Christmas rounds.

Mr. Bacon was in his parish what a moralizing old poet wished himself to be, in these pleasing stanzas:—

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make His enemies His friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God:
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in His grace and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease;

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.¹

CHAPTER LV

SOME ACCOUNT OF A RETIRED TOBACCONIST AND HIS FAMILY

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

HORACE

In all Mr. Bacon's views he was fortunate enough to have the hearty concurrence of the wealthiest person in the parish. This was a good man, Allison by name, who having realized a respectable fortune in the metropolis as a tobacconist, and put out his sons in life according to their respective inclinations, had retired from business at the age of threescore, and established himself with an unmarried daughter, and a maiden sister some ten years younger than himself, in his native village, that he might there, when his hour should come, be gathered to his fathers.

'The providence of God,' says South, 'has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession,

¹ 'N. B.,' supposed to be Nicholas Breton.

but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil: custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot, with any enjoyment of himself, live out of it.' The great preacher contrasts this with the wearisomeness of an idle life, and the misery of a continual round of what the world calls pleasure. 'But now,' says he, 'if God has interwoven such a contentment with the works of our ordinary calling, how much superior and more refined must that be that arises from the survey of a pious and well-governed life?'

This passage bears upon Mr. Allison's case, partly in the consolatory fact which it states, and wholly in the application which South has made of it. At the age of fourteen he had been apprenticed to an Uncle in Bishopsgate Street-within; and twenty years after, on that Uncle's death, had succeeded to his old and well-established business. But though he had lived there prosperously and happily six and twenty years longer, he had contracted no such love for it as to overcome the recollections of his childhood. Grateful as the smell of snuff and tobacco had become to him, he still remembered that cowslips and violets were sweeter; and that the breath of a May morning was more exhilarating than the air of his own shop, impregnated as it was with the odour of the best Virginia. So having buried his wife, who was a Londoner, and made over the business to his eldest son, he returned to his native place, with the intention of dying there; but he was in sound health of body and mind, and his green old age seemed to promise,—as far as any thing can promise,—length of days.

Of his two other sons, one had chosen to be a clergyman, and approved his choice both by his parts and diligence, for he had gone off from Merchant-Taylors' School to St. John's, Oxford, and was then a fellow of that college. The other was a Mate in the Merchants' service, and would soon have the command of a ship in it. The desire of seeing the world led him to this way of life; and that desire had been unintentionally implanted by his father, who, in making himself acquainted with every thing relating to the herb out of

which his own fortune was raised, had become fond of reading voyages and travels. His conversation induced the lad to read these books, and the books confirmed the inclination which had already been excited; and as the boy was of an adventurous temper, he thought it best to let him follow the pursuit on which his mind was bent.

The change to a Yorkshire village was not too great for Mr. Allison, even after residing nearly half a century in Bishopsgate Street-within. The change in his own household indeed rendered it expedient for him to begin, in this sense, a new life. He had lost his mate; the young birds were full-fledged and had taken flight; and it was time that he should look out a retreat for himself and the single nestling that remained under his wing, now that his son and successor had brought home a wife. The marriage had been altogether with his approbation; but it altered his position in the house, and in a still greater degree his sister's; moreover, the nest would soon be wanted for another brood. Circumstances thus compelled him to put in effect what had been the dream of his youth, and the still remote intention of his middle age.

Miss Allison, like her brother, regarded this removal as a great and serious change, preparatory to the only greater one in this world that now remained for both; but like him she regarded it rather seriously than sadly, or sadly only in the old sober meaning of the word; and there was a soft, sweet, evening sunshine in their prospect, which both partook, because both had retained a deep affection for the scenes of their childhood. To Betsey, her niece, nothing could be more delightful than the expectation of such a removal. She, who was then only entering her teens, had nothing to regret in leaving London; and the place to which she was going was the very spot which, of all others in this wide world, from the time in which she was conscious of forming a wish, she had wished most to see. Her brother, the sailor, was not more taken with the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, or Dampier's Voyages, than she was with her aunt's details of the farm and the dairy at Thaxted Grange, the May-games and the Christmas gambols, the days that were gone, and the elders who were departed. To

one born and bred in the heart of London, who had scarcely ever seen a flock of sheep, except when they were driven through the streets, to or from Smithfield, no fairy tale could present more for the imagination than a description of green fields and rural life. The charm of truth heightened it, and the stronger charm of natural piety; for the personages of the tale were her near kin, whose names she had learned to love, and whose living memory she revered, but whose countenances she never could behold till she should be welcomed by them in the everlasting mansions of the righteous.

None of the party were disappointed when they had established themselves at the Grange. Mr. Allison found full occupation at first in improving the house, and afterwards in his fields and garden. Mr. Bacon was just such a clergyman as he would have chosen for his parish priest, if it had been in his power to choose, only he would have had him provided with a better benefice. The single thing on which there was a want of agreement between them was, that the Vicar neither smoked nor took snuff; he was not the worse company on this account, for he had no dislike to the fragrance of a pipe; but his neighbour lost the pleasure which he would have had in supplying him with the best pig-tail, and with Strasburg or Rappee. Miss Allison fell into the habits of her new station the more easily, because they were those which she had witnessed in her early youth; she distilled waters, dried herbs, and prepared preserves,—which were at the service of all who needed them in sickness. Betsey attached herself at first sight to Deborah, who was about five years elder, and soon became to her as a sister. The Aunt rejoiced in finding so suitable a friend and companion for her niece; and as this connection was a pleasure and an advantage to the Allison, so was it of the greatest benefit to Deborah.

— What of her ensues
I list not prophecy, but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. Of this allow
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, the Author then doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may.¹

¹ Shakespeare.

CHAPTER LVI

MORE CONCERNING THE AFORESAID TOBACCONIST

I doubt nothing at all but that you shall like the man every day better than other; for verily I think he lacketh not of those qualities which should become any honest man to have, over and besides the gift of nature wherewith God hath above the common rate endued him.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER

Mr. Allison was as quiet a subject as Peter Hopkins, but he was not like him a political quietist from indifference, for he had a warm sense of loyalty, and a well-rooted attachment to the constitution of his country in church and state. His ancestors had suffered in the Great Rebellion, and much the greater part of their never large estates had been alienated to raise the fines imposed upon them as delinquents. The uncle, whom he succeeded in Bishopsgate Street, had, in his early apprenticeship, assisted at burning the Rump, and in maturer years had joined as heartily in the rejoicings, when the Seven Bishops were released from the Tower: he subscribed to Walker's 'Account of the Sufferings of the Clergy,' and had heard sermons preached by the famous Dr. Scott, (which were afterwards incorporated in his great work upon the Christian Life,) in the church of St. Peter-le-Poor (oddly so called, seeing that there are few districts within the City of London so rich, insomuch that the last historian of the metropolis believed the parish to have scarcely a poor family in it),—and in All-hallows, Lombard Street, where, during the reign of the Godly, the puritanical vestry passed a resolution that if any persons should come to the church 'on the day called Christ's birth-day,' they should be compelled to leave it.

In these principles Mr. Allison had grown up; and without any profession of extra-religion, or ever wearing a sanctified face, he had in the evening of his life attained 'the end of the commandment, which is charity, proceeding from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned.' London in his days was a better school for young men in trade than it ever was before, or has been since. The civic

power had quietly and imperceptibly put an end to that club-law which once made the apprentices a turbulent and formidable body, at any moment armed as well as ready for a riot; and masters exercised a sort of parental control over the youth entrusted to them, which in later times it may be feared has not been so conscientiously exerted, because it is not likely to be so patiently endured. Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition, which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age. At all times men have been to be found, who engaged in hazardous speculations, gamester-like, according to their opportunities, or who, mistaking the means for the end, devoted themselves with miserable fidelity to the service of Mammon. But 'Live and let live,' had not yet become a maxim of obsolete morality. We had our monarchy, our hierarchy, and our aristocracy,—God be praised for the benefits which have been derived from all three, and God in His mercy continue them to us! but we had no plutarchy, no millionaires, no great capitalists to break down the honest and industrious trader with the weight of their overbearing and overwhelming wealth. They who had enriched themselves in the course of regular and honourable commerce withdrew from business, and left the field to others. Feudal tyranny had passed away, and moneyed tyranny had not yet arisen in its stead—a tyranny baser in its origin, not more merciful in its operations, and with less in its appendages to redeem it.

Trade in Mr. Allison's days was a school of thrift and probity, as much as of profit and loss; such his shop had been when he succeeded to it upon his uncle's decease, and such it continued to be when he transmitted it to his son. Old Mr. Strahan the printer (the founder of his typarchical dynasty) said to Dr. Johnson, that 'there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money;' and he added, that 'the more one thinks of this the juster it will appear.' Johnson agreed with him; and though it was a money-maker's observation, and though the more it is considered now, the more fallacious it will be found, the general system of trade might have justified it at

that time. The entrance of an Exciseman never occasioned any alarm or apprehension at No. 113 Bishopsgate Street-within, nor any uncomfortable feeling, unless the officer happened to be one, who, by giving unnecessary trouble, and by gratuitous incivility in the exercise of authority, made an equitable law odious in its execution. They never there mixed weeds with their tobacco, nor adulterated it in any worse way; and their snuff was never rendered more pungent by stirring into it a certain proportion of pounded glass. The duties were honestly paid, with a clear perception that the impost fell lightly upon all whom it affected, and affected those only who chose to indulge themselves in a pleasure which was still cheap, and which, without any injurious privation, they might forgo. Nay, when our good man expatiated upon the uses of tobacco, which Mr. Bacon demurred at, and the Doctor sometimes playfully disputed, he ventured an opinion that among the final causes for which so excellent an herb had been created, the facilities afforded by it toward raising the revenue in a well-governed country like our own might be one.

There was a strong family likeness between him and his sister, both in countenance and disposition. Elizabeth Allison was a person for whom the best and wisest man might have thanked Providence, if she had been allotted to him for help-mate. But though she had, in Shakespeare's language, 'withered on the virgin thorn,' hers had not been a life of single blessedness: she had been a blessing first to her parents; then to her brother and her brother's family, where she relieved an amiable, but sickly sister-in-law, from those domestic offices which require activity and forethought; lastly, after the dispersion of his sons, the transfer of the business to the eldest, and the breaking-up of his old establishment, to the widower and his daughter, the only child who cleaved to him,—not like Ruth to Naomi, by a meritorious act of duty, for in her case it was in the ordinary course of things, without either sacrifice or choice; but the effect in endearing her to him was the same.

In advanced stages of society and nowhere more than in England at this time, the tendency of all things is to weaken the relations between parent and child, and frequently to

destroy them, reducing human nature in this respect nearer to the level of animal life. Perhaps the greater number of male children who are 'born into the world' in our part of it, are *put out* at as early an age, proportionately as the young bird is driven from its nest, or the young beast turned off by its dam as being capable of feeding and protecting itself; and in many instances they are as totally lost to the parent, though not in like manner forgotten. Mr. Allison never saw all his children together after his removal from London. The only time when his three sons met at the Grange was when they came there to attend their father's funeral; nor would they then have been assembled, if the Captain's ship had not happened to have recently arrived in port.

This is a state of things more favourable to the wealth than to the happiness of nations. It was a natural and pious custom in patriarchal times that the dead should be gathered unto their people. 'Bury me,' said Jacob, when he gave his dying charge to his sons—'bury me with my fathers, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.' Had such a passage occurred in Homer, or in Dante, all critics would have concurred in admiring the truth and beauty of the sentiment. He had buried his beloved Rachel by the way where she died; but although he remembered this at his death, the orders which he gave were that his own remains should be laid in the sepulchre of his fathers. The same feeling prevails among many, or most of those savage tribes who are not utterly degraded. With them the tree is not left to lie where it falls. The body of one who dies on an expedition is interred on the spot, if distance or other circumstances render it inconvenient to transport the corpse; but, however long the journey, it is considered as a sacred duty that the bones should at some time or other be brought home. In Scotland, where the common rites of sepulture are performed with less decency than in any other Christian country, the care with which family burial-grounds in the remoter parts

are preserved, may be referred as much to natural feeling as to hereditary pride.

But as indigenous flowers are eradicated by the spade and plough, so this feeling is destroyed in the stirring and bustling intercourse of commercial life. No room is left for it: as little of it at this time remains in wide America as in thickly-peopled England. That to which soldiers and sailors are reconciled by the spirit of their profession and the chances of war and of the seas, the love of adventure and the desire of advancement cause others to regard with the same indifference; and these motives are so prevalent, that the dispersion of families and the consequent disruption of natural ties, if not occasioned by necessity, would now in most instances be the effect of choice. Even those to whom it is an inevitable evil, and who feel it deeply as such, look upon it as something in the appointed course of things, as much as infirmity and age and death.

It is well for us that in early life we never think of the vicissitudes which lie before us; or look to them only with pleasurable anticipations as they approach.

Youth

Knows nought of changes: Age hath traced them oft,
Expects and can interpret them.¹

The thought of them, when it comes across us in middle life, brings with it only a transient sadness, like the shadow of a passing cloud. We turn our eyes from them while they are in prospect, but when they are in retrospect many a longing lingering look is cast behind. So long as Mr. Allison was in business he looked to Thaxted Grange as the place where he hoped one day to enjoy the blessings of retirement—that *otium cum dignitate*, which in a certain sense the prudent citizen is more likely to attain than the successful statesman. It was the pleasure of recollection that gave this hope its zest and its strength. But after the object which during so many years he had held in view had been obtained, his day-dreams, if he had allowed them to take their course, would have recurred more frequently to Bishopsgate Street than they had ever wandered from

¹ Isaac Comnenus.

thence to the scenes of his boyhood. They recurred thither oftener than he wished, although few men have been more masters of themselves; and then the remembrance of his wife, whom he had lost by a lingering disease in middle age; and of the children, those who had died during their childhood, and those who in reality were almost as much lost to him in the ways of the world, made him always turn for comfort to the prospect of that better state of existence in which they should once more all be gathered together, and where there would be neither change nor parting. His thoughts often fell into this train, when on summer evenings he was taking a solitary pipe in his arbour, with the church in sight, and the churchyard wherein at no distant time he was to be laid in his last abode. Such musings induced a sense of sober piety—of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which might vainly have been sought at prayer-meetings, or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings.

The happiness which he had found in retirement was of a different kind from what he had contemplated: for the shades of evening were gathering when he reached the place of his long-wished-for rest, and the picture of it which had imprinted itself on his imagination was a morning view. But he had been prepared for this by that slow change of which we are not aware during its progress till we see it reflected in others, and are thus made conscious of it in ourselves; and he found a satisfaction in the station which he occupied there, too worthy in its nature to be called pride, and which had not entered into his anticipations. It is said to have been a saying of George the Third, that the happiest condition in which an Englishman could be placed, was just below that wherein it would have been necessary for him to act as Justice of the Peace, and above that which would have rendered him liable to parochial duties. This was just Mr. Allison's position: there was nothing which brought him into rivalry or competition with the surrounding Squirearchy, and the yeomen and peasantry respected him for his own character, as well as for his name's sake. He gave

employment to more persons than when he was engaged in trade, and his indirect influence over them was greater; that of his sister was still more. The elders of the village remembered her in her youth, and loved her for what she then had been as well as for what she now was; the young looked up to her as the Lady Bountiful, to whom no one that needed advice or assistance ever applied in vain. She it was who provided those much approved plum cakes, not the less savoury for being both homely and wholesome, the thought of which induced the children to look on to their Lent examination with hope, and prepare for it with alacrity. Those offices in a parish which are the province of the Clergyman's wife, when he has made choice of one who knows her duty and has both will and ability to discharge it, Miss Allison performed; and she rendered Mr. Bacon the farther, and to him individually the greater, service of imparting to his daughter those instructions which she had no mother to impart. Deborah could not have had a better teacher; but as the present chapter has extended to a sufficient length,

*Diremo il resto in quel che vien dipoi,
Per non venire a noja a me e voi.¹*

CHAPTER LVII

A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING NO. 113 BISHOPSGATE STREET-WITHIN; AND OF THE FAMILY AT THAXTED GRANGE

*Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.*

KATHARINE PHILIPS

The house wherein Mr. Allison realised by fair dealing and frugality the modest fortune which enabled him to repurchase the homestead of his fathers, is still a Tobacconist's,

¹ Orlando Innamorato.

and has continued to be so from 'the palmy days' of that trade, when King James vainly endeavoured by the expression of his royal dislike to discountenance the newly-imported practice of smoking; and Joshua Sylvester thundered from Mount Helicon a Volley of Holy Shot, thinking that thereby 'Tobacco' should be 'battered, and the Pipes shattered, about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise overlove so loathsome vanity.' For he said,

If there be any Herb in any place
Most opposite to God's good Herb of Grace,
'Tis doubtless this; and this doth plainly prove it,
That for the most, most graceless men do love it.

Yet it was not long before the dead and unsavoury odour of that weed, to which a Parisian was made to say that 'sea-coal smoke seemed a very Portugal perfume,' prevailed as much in the raiment of the more coarsely-clad part of the community, as the scent of lavender among those who were clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and it had grown so much in fashion, that it was said children 'began to play with broken pipes, instead of corals, to make way for their teeth.'

Louis XIV endeavoured just as ineffectually to discourage the use of snuff-taking. His *valets de chambre* were obliged to renounce it when they were appointed to their office; and the Duke of Harcourt was supposed to have died of apoplexy in consequence of having, to please his Majesty, left off at once a habit which he had carried to excess.

I know not through what intermediate hands the business at No. 113 has passed, since the name of Allison was withdrawn from the firm; nor whether Mr. Evans, by whom it is now carried on there, is in any way related by descent with that family. Matters of no greater importance to most men have been made the subject of much antiquarian investigation; and they who busy themselves in such investigations must not be said to be ill-employed, for they find

harmless amusement in the pursuit, and sometimes put up a chance truth of which others, soon or late, discover the application. The house has at this time a more antiquated appearance than any other in that part of the street, though it was modernized some forty or fifty years after Mr. Bacon's friend left it. The first floor then projected several feet farther over the street than at present, and the second several feet farther over the first; and the windows, which still extend the whole breadth of the front, were then composed of small casement panes. But in the progress of those improvements which are now carrying on in the city with as much spirit as at the western end of the metropolis, and which have almost reached Mr. Evans's door, it cannot be long before the house will be either wholly removed, or so altered as no longer to be recognized.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago;—their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no foot-paths; spouts projected the rain-water in streams against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop, from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of these broad signs, in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front-fall of this kind in Fleet Street maimed several persons, and killed 'two young ladies, a cobbler, and the King's Jeweller.'

The sign at No. 113 was an Indian Chief, smoking the calumet. Mr. Allison had found it there; and when it became necessary that a new one should be substituted, he retained the same figure,—though, if he had been to choose, he would have greatly preferred the head of Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, according to the common belief, he supposed tobacco had been introduced into this country. The

Water-Poet imputed it to the Devil himself, and published

A Proclamation,
Or Approbation,
From the King of Execration
To every Nation,
For Tobacco's propagation.

Mr. Allison used to shake his head at such libellous aspersions. Raleigh was a great favourite with him, and held, indeed, in especial respect, though not as the Patron of his old trade, as St. Crispin is of the Gentle Craft, yet as the founder of his fortune. He thought it proper, therefore, that he should possess Sir Walter's History of the World, though he had never found inclination, or summoned up resolution, to undertake its perusal.

Common sense has been defined by Sir Egerton Brydges, 'to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this,' he adds, 'be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation.' Except that there was no coarseness in his nature, this would apply to Mr. Allison. He had been bred up with the notion that it behoved him to attend to his business, and that reading formed no part of it. Nevertheless he had acquired some liking for books by looking casually now and then over the leaves of those unfortunate volumes with which the shop was continually supplied for its daily consumption.

— Many a load of criticism,
Elaborate products of the midnight toil
Of Belgian brains,¹

went there; and many a tome of old law, old physic, and old divinity; old history as well; books of which many were at all times rubbish; some, which though little better, would now sell for more shillings by the page than they then cost pence by the pound; and others, the real value of which is

¹ Akenside.

perhaps as little known now, as it was then. Such of these as in latter years caught his attention, he now and then rescued from the remorseless use to which they had been condemned. They made a curious assortment with his wife's books of devotion or amusement, wherewith she had sometimes beguiled, and sometimes soothed the weary hours of long and frequent illness. Among the former were Scott's 'Christian Life,' Bishop Bayly's 'Practice of Piety,' Bishop Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' Drelincourt on Death, with De Foe's lying story of Mrs. Veal's ghost as a puff preliminary, and the 'Night Thoughts.' Among the latter were Cassandra, the Guardian and Spectator, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Richardson's Novels and Pomfret's Poems.

Mrs. Allison had been able to do little for her daughter of that little, which, if her state of health and spirits had permitted, she might have done; this, therefore, as well as the more active duties of the household, devolved upon Elizabeth, who was of a better constitution in mind as well as body. Elizabeth, before she went to reside with her brother, had acquired all the accomplishments which a domestic education in the country could in those days impart. Her book of receipts, culinary and medical, might have vied with the 'Queen's Cabinet Unlocked.' The spelling indeed was such as ladies used in the reign of Queen Anne, and in the old time before her, when every one spelt as she thought fit; but it was written in a well-proportioned Italian hand, with fine down-strokes and broad up-ones, equally distinct and beautiful. Her speech was good Yorkshire, that is to say, good provincial English, not the worse for being provincial, and a little softened by five-and-twenty years' residence in London. Some sisters, who in those days kept a boarding-school of the first repute, in one of the midland counties, used to say, when they spoke of an old pupil, '*her went to school to we.*' Miss Allison's language was not of this kind,—it savoured of rusticity, not of ignorance; and where it was peculiar, as in the metropolis, it gave a raciness to the conversation of an agreeable woman.

She had been well instructed in ornamental work as well as ornamental penmanship. Unlike most fashions, this had

continued to be in fashion because it continued to be of use; though no doubt some of the varieties which Taylor, the Water-Poet, enumerates in his praise of the Needle, might have been then as little understood as now:—

Tent-work, Raised-work, Laid-work, Prest-work, Net-work,
Most curious Pearl, or rare Italian Cut-work,
Fine Fern-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-stitch and Chain-stitch,
Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch and Queen-stitch,
The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch and Maw-stitch,
The smarting Whip-stitch, Back-stitch and the Cross-stitch.

All these are good, and these we must allow;

And these are every where in practice now.

There was a book published in the Water-Poet's days, with the title of 'School House for the Needle;' it consisted of two volumes in oblong quarto, that form being suited to its plates 'of sundry sorts of patterns and examples;' and it contained a 'Dialogue in Verse between Diligence and Sloth.' If Betsey Allison had studied in this 'School House,' she could not have been a greater proficient with the needle than she became under her Aunt's teaching: nor would she have been more

— versed in the arts
Of pies, puddings, and tarts,¹

if she had gone through a course of practical lessons in one of the Pastry Schools which are common in Scotland, but were tried without success in London, about the middle of the last century. Deborah partook of these instructions at her father's desire. In all that related to the delicacies of a country table, she was glad to be instructed, because it enabled her to assist her friend; but it appeared strange to her that Mr. Bacon should wish her to learn ornamental work, for which she neither had, nor could foresee any use. But if the employment had been less agreeable than she found it in such company, she would never have disputed, nor questioned his will.

For so small a household, a more active or cheerful one could nowhere have been found than at the Grange. Ben

¹ T. Warton.

Jonson reckoned among the happinesses of Sir Robert Wroth, that of being 'with unbought provision blest.' This blessing Mr. Allison enjoyed in as great a degree as his position in life permitted; he neither killed his own meat nor grew his own corn; but he had his poultry yard, his garden and his orchard; he baked his own bread, brewed his own beer, and was supplied with milk, cream and butter from his own dairy. It is a fact not unworthy of notice, that the most intelligent farmers in the neighbourhood of London are persons who have taken to farming as a business, because of their strong inclination for rural employments; one of the very best in Middlesex, when the Survey of that County was published by the Board of Agriculture, had been a Tailor. Mr. Allison did not attempt to manage the land which he kept in his own hands; but he had a trusty bailiff, and soon acquired knowledge enough for superintending what was done. When he retired from trade he gave over all desire for gain, which indeed he had never desired for its own sake; he sought now only wholesome occupation, and those comforts which may be said to have a moral zest. They might be called luxuries, if that word could be used in a virtuous sense without something so to qualify it. It is a curious instance of the modification which words undergo in different countries, that luxury has always a sinful acceptation in the southern languages of Europe, and lust an innocent one in the northern; the harmless meaning of the latter word, we have retained in the verb *to list*.

Every one who looks back upon the scenes of his youth has one spot upon which the last light of the evening sunshine rests. The Grange was that spot in Deborah's retrospect.

CHAPTER LVIII

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SHOWING THAT A WISE MAN, WHEN
HE RISES IN THE MORNING, LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO
BEFORE NIGHT

— Now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

ROBERT GREENE

One summer evening the Doctor on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr. Bacon's wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, 'Come in Doctor,' said he, 'if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome.'

The Doctor replied, 'I hope nothing ails either Deborah or yourself?' 'No,' said Mr. Bacon, 'God be thanked! but something has occurred which concerns both.'

When the Doctor entered the room, he perceived that the wonted serenity of his friend's countenance was overcast by a shade of melancholy thought; 'Nothing,' said he, 'I hope has happened to distress you?'—'Only to disturb us,' was the reply. 'Most people would probably think that we ought to consider it a piece of good fortune. One who would be thought a good match for her, has proposed to marry Deborah.'

'Indeed!' said the Doctor; 'and who is he?' feeling, as he asked the question, an unusual warmth in his face.

'Joseph Hebblethwaite, of the Willows. He broke his mind to me this morning, saying that he thought it best to speak with me before he made any advances himself to the young woman: indeed he had had no opportunity of so doing, for he had seen little of her; but he had heard enough of her character to believe that she would make him a good wife; and this, he said, was all he looked for, for he was well to do in the world.'

‘And what answer did you make to this matter-of-fact way of proceeding?’

‘I told him that I commended the very proper course he had taken, and that I was obliged to him for the good opinion of my daughter which he was pleased to entertain: that marriage was an affair in which I should never attempt to direct her inclinations, being confident that she would never give me cause to oppose them; and that I would talk with her upon the proposal, and let him know the result. As soon as I mentioned it to Deborah, she coloured up to her eyes; and with an angry look, of which I did not think those eyes had been capable, she desired me to tell him that he had better lose no time in looking elsewhere, for his thinking of her was of no use. “Do you know any ill of him?” said I; “No,” she replied, “but I never heard any good, and that’s ill enough. And I do not like his looks.”’

‘Well said, Deborah!’ cried the Doctor: clapping his hands so as to produce a sonorous token of satisfaction.

‘“Surely, my child,” said I, “he is not an ill-looking person?” “Father,” she replied, “you know he looks as if he had not one idea in his head to keep company with another.”’

‘Well said, Deborah!’ repeated the Doctor.

‘Why Doctor, do you know any ill of him?’

‘None. But as Deborah says, I know no good; and if there had been any good to be known, it must have come within my knowledge. I cannot help knowing who the persons are to whom the peasantry in my rounds look with respect and goodwill, and whom they consider their friends as well as their betters. And in like manner, I know who they are from whom they never expect either courtesy or kindness.’

‘You are right, my friend; and Deborah is right. Her answer came from a wise heart; and I was not sorry that her determination was so promptly made, and so resolutely pronounced. But I wish, if it had pleased God, the offer had been one which she could have accepted with her own willing consent, and with my full approbation.’

‘Yet,’ said the Doctor, ‘I have often thought how sad a thing it would be for you ever to part with her.’

'Far more sad will it be for me to leave her unprotected, as it is but too likely that, in the ordinary course of nature, I one day shall; and as any day in that same ordinary course, I so possibly may ! Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudentially formed, fail often in their issue. I meant to train up Deborah in the way she should go, by fitting her for that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her, so that she might have made a good wife for some honest man in the humbler walks of life, and have been happy with him.'

'And how was it possible,' replied the Doctor, 'that you could have succeeded better ? Is she not qualified to be a good man's wife in any rank ? Her manner would not do discredit to a mansion; her management would make a farm prosperous, or a cottage comfortable; and for her principles and temper and cheerfulness, they would render any home a happy one.'

'You have not spoken too highly in her praise, Doctor. But as she has from her childhood been all in all to me, there is a danger that I may have become too much so to her; and that while her habits have properly been made comfortable to our poor means, and her poor prospects, she has been accustomed to a way of thinking, and a kind of conversation, which have given her a distaste for those whose talk is only of sheep and of oxen, and whose thoughts never get beyond the range of their every day employments. In her present circle, I do not think there is one man with whom she might otherwise have had a chance of settling in life, to whom she would not have the same intellectual objections as to Joseph Hebblethwaite: though I am glad that the moral objection was that which first instinctively occurred to her.

'I wish it were otherwise, both for her sake and my own; for hers, because the present separation would have more than enough to compensate it, and would in its consequences mitigate the evil of the final one, whenever that may be; for my own, because I should then have no cause whatever to render the prospect of dissolution otherwise than welcome, but be as willing to die as to sleep. It is not owing to any distrust in Providence, that I am not thus willing now,—God forbid ! But if I gave heed to my own feelings, I should

think that I am not long for this world; and surely it were wise to remove, if possible, the only cause that makes me fear to think so.'

'Are you sensible of any symptoms that can lead to such an apprehension ?' said the Doctor.

'Of nothing that can be called a symptom. I am to all appearance in good health, of sound body and mind; and you know how unlikely my habits are to occasion any disturbance in either. But I have indefinable impressions,—sensations they might almost be called,—which as I cannot but feel them, so I cannot but regard them.'

'Can you not describe these sensations ?'

'No better than by saying, that they hardly amount to sensations, and are indescribable.'

'Do not,' said the Doctor, 'I entreat you, give way to any feelings of this kind. They may lead to consequences, which, without shortening or endangering life, would render it anxious and burthensome, and destroy both your usefulness and your comfort.'

'I have this feeling, Doctor; and you shall prescribe for it, if you think it requires either regimen or physic. But at present you will do me more good by assisting me to procure for Deborah such a situation as she must necessarily look for on the event of my death. What I have laid by, even if it should be most advantageously disposed of, would afford her only a bare subsistence; it is a resource in case of sickness, but while in health, it would never be her wish to eat the bread of idleness. You may have opportunities of learning whether any lady within the circle of your practice wants a young person in whom she might confide, either as an attendant upon herself, or to assist in the management of her children, or her household. You may be sure this is not the first time that I have thought upon the subject; but the circumstance which has this day occurred, and the feeling of which I have spoken, have pressed it upon my consideration. And the inquiry may better be made and the step taken while it is a matter of foresight, than when it has become one of necessity.'

'Let me feel your pulse !'

'You will detect no other disorder there,' said Mr. Bacon,

holding out his arm as he spake, 'than what has been caused by this conversation, and the declaration of a purpose, which though for some time perpended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself.'

'You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?'

'In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death.'

'And you have made up your mind to part with her?'

'Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me.'

'Well then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject.—You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite.—Have I your consent?'

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

'I dare say, Deborah,' said her father, composing himself, 'you have been telling Betsey Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused.'

'Yes,' replied Deborah; 'and what do you think she said? That little as she liked him, rather than that I should be thrown away upon such a man, she could almost make up her mind to marry him herself.'

'And I,' said the Doctor, 'rather than such a man should have you would marry you myself.'

'Was not I right in refusing him, Doctor?'

'So right, that you never pleased me so well before; and never can please me better,—unless you will accept of me in his stead.'

She gave a little start, and looked at him half incredulously, and half angrily withal; as if what he had said was too light in its manner to be serious, and yet too serious in its import to be spoken in jest. But when he took her by the hand, and said, 'Will you, dear Deborah?' with a pressure, and in a tone that left no doubt of his earnest meaning, she cried, 'Father, what am I to say? speak for me!'—'Take her, my friend!' said Mr. Bacon; 'My blessing be

upon you both. And if it be not presumptuous to use the words,—let me say for myself, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace !” ’

CHAPTER LIX

A WORD OF NOBS, AND AN ALLUSION TO CAESAR. SOME CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE DOCTOR'S SECOND LOVE, WHEREBY THOSE OF HIS THIRD AND LAST ARE ACCOUNTED FOR

*Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
Y va se derecho hasta el corazon;
Alli en ser llegado se torna aficion,
Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos:
Causa alegrías, tristezas, antojos;
Haze llorar, y haze reir,
Haze cantar, y haze planir,
Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.*

QUESTION DE AMOR

‘Nobs,’ said the Doctor, as he mounted and rode away from Mr. Bacon’s garden gate, ‘when I alighted and fastened thee to that wicket, I thought as little of what was to befall me then, and what I was about to do, as thou knowest of it now.’

Man has an inward voice as well as an ‘inward eye,’¹ a voice distinct from that of conscience. It is the companion, if not ‘the bliss of solitude;’¹ and though he sometimes employs it to deceive himself, it gives him good counsel perhaps quite as often, calls him to account, reproves him for having left unsaid what he ought to have said, or for having said what he ought not to have said, reprehends or approves, admonishes or encourages. On this occasion it was a joyful and gratulatory voice, with which the Doctor spake mentally, first to Nobs and afterwards to himself, as he rode back to Doncaster.

By this unuttered address the reader would perceive, if he should haply have forgotten what was intimated in some of the ante-initial chapters, and in the first post-initial one,

¹ Wordsworth,

that the Doctor had a horse, named Nobs; and the question Who was Nobs, would not be necessary, if this were all that was to be said concerning him. There is much to be said; the tongue that could worthily express his merits had need be like the pen of a ready writer; though I will not say of him as Berni or Boiardo has said of

— *quel valeroso e bel destriero,*

Argalia's horse, Rubicano, that

*Un che volesse dir lodando il vero,
Bisogno aria di parlar piu ch'umano.*

At present, however, I shall only say this in his praise, he was altogether unlike the horse of whom it was said he had only two faults, that of being hard to catch, and that of being good for nothing when he was caught. For whether in stable or in field, Nobs would come like a dog to his master's call. There was not a better horse for the Doctor's purpose in all England; no, nor in all Christendom; no, nor in all Houyhnhnmdom, if that country had been searched to find one.

Caesarem vehis, said Caesar to the Egyptian boatman. But what was that which the Egyptian boat carried, compared to what Nobs bore upon that saddle to which constant use had given its polish bright and brown?

*Virtutem solidi pectoris hospitam
Idem portat equus, qui dominum.*¹

Nobs therefore carried—all that is in these volumes; yea, and as all future generations were, according to Madame Bourignon, actually as well as potentially, contained in Adam,—all editions and translations of them, however numerous.

But on that evening he carried something of more importance; for on the life and weal of his rider there depended from that hour, as far as its dependence was upon anything earthly, the happiness of one of the best men in the world,

¹ Casimir.

and of a daughter who was not unworthy of such a father. If the Doctor had been thrown from his horse and killed, an hour or two earlier, the same day, it would have been a dreadful shock both to Deborah and Mr. Bacon; and they would always have regretted the loss of one whose company they enjoyed, whose character they respected, and for whom they entertained a feeling of more than ordinary regard. But had such a casualty occurred now, it would have been the severest affliction that could have befallen them.

Yet till that hour Deborah had never thought of Dove as a husband, nor Dove of Deborah as a wife—that is, neither had ever looked at the possibility of their being one day united to each other in that relation. Deborah liked him, and he liked her; and beyond this sincere liking neither of them for a moment dreamed that the inclination would ever proceed. They had not fallen in love with each other; nor had they run in love, nor walked into it, nor been led into it, nor entrapped into it; nor had they caught it.

How then came they to be in love at last? The question may be answered by an incident which Mr. John Davis relates in his *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America*. The traveller was making his way 'faint and wearily' on foot to a place called by the strange name of Frying Pan,—for the Americans have given all sorts of names, except fitting ones, to the places which they have settled, or discovered, and their Australian kinsmen seem to be following the same absurd and inconvenient course. It will occasion, hereafter, as much confusion as the sameness of Mahommedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mahommedan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, 'how far, my boy, is it to Frying Pan?' The boy replied, 'you be in the Pan now.'

So it was with the Doctor and with Deborah;—they found themselves in love, as much to their surprise as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the Pan, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects,—invincible necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been.¹

Into such questions, however, I enter not. '*Nolo altum sapere*,' they be matters above my capacity: the Cobbler's check shall never light on my head, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.'² Opportunity, which makes thieves³, makes lovers also, and is the greatest of all match-makers. And when opportunity came, the Doctor,

*Por ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente,*⁴

acted promptly. Accustomed as he was to weigh things of moment in the balance, and hold it with as even and as nice a hand, as if he were compounding a prescription on which the life of a patient might depend, he was no shillishallier, nor ever wasted a precious minute in pro-and-conning, when it was necessary at once to decide and act.

*Chi ha tempo, e tempo aspetta, il tempo perde.*⁵

His first love, as the reader will remember, came by inoculation, and was taken at first sight. This third and last, he used to say, came by inoculation also; but it was a more remarkable case, for eleven years elapsed before there was an appearance of his having taken the infection. How it happened that an acquaintance of so many years, and which at its very commencement had led to confidence, and esteem, and familiarity, and friendship, should have led no farther, may easily be explained. Dove, when he first saw Deborah, was in love with another person.

He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a tendency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty-fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She, who for five of those seven years, fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had

¹ Dryden.

² Thomas Lodge.

⁴ Pulci.

³ *Tilfald gör Tjusfen*. Swedish Proverb.

⁵ Serafino da L'Aquila.

gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment: that had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a happiness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in any thing relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth, and tenderness, and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related,—if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it :—for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr. Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well
The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.¹

His feelings upon such a point had been expressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose poems, more perhaps than those of any other English author, deserve to be carefully winnowed, the grain, which is of the best quality, being now lost amid the heap of chaff.

Lord keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To her now dead, preserve me just
In all that should performed be.

¹ Robert Landon.

For tho' our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end
The being of a faithful friend.¹

The knowledge that the Doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed; and the sister-like feeling into which this had grown underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He meantime saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the suitableness of such a marriage in other respects had ever entered into his imagination), would have seemed to him like a breach of friendship. Yet, if Mr. Bacon had died before he opened his mind to the Doctor upon occasion of Joseph Hebblethwaite's proposal, it is probable that one of the first means of consolation which would have occurred to him, would have been to offer the desolate daughter a home, together with his hand; so well was he acquainted with her domestic merits, so highly did he esteem her character, and so truly did he admire the gifts with which Nature had endowed her,—

— her sweet humour
That was as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.²

¹ Wither.

² Beaumont and Fletcher.

CHAPTER LX

THE AUTHOR APOSTROPHIZES SOME OF HIS FAIR READERS;
LOOKS FARTHER THAN THEY ARE LIKELY TO DO, AND GIVES
THEM A JUST THOUGH MELANCHOLY EXHORTATION TO BE
CHEERFUL WHILE THEY MAY

*Hark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring !
All creatures have their joy, and Man hath his:
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present is.*

HERBERT

Bertha, Arabella, Sarah, Mary, Caroline, Dorothea, Elizabeth, Kate, Susan,—how many answer to these names, each thinking that peradventure she may be the individual especially addressed—

Alcun' è che risponde a chi nol chiama ;¹

you are looking with impatience for Deborah's wedding-day, and are ready to inveigh against me for not immediately proceeding to that part of my story. Well has Sir William Davenant said,

Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run;

but it is true in one sense as applied to you, and in another as applied to myself. To you my progress appears slow, because you are eager to arrive at what, rightly considering it the most important point upon the whole journey of life, you may, perhaps, expect to prove the most interesting in this volume. Your thoughts have sped forward to that point and no farther. Mine travel beyond it, and this, were there no other motive, would retard me now. You are thinking of the bride and bridegroom, and the bridesmaid, and the breakfast at the vicarage, and the wedding dinner at the Grange, and the Doncaster bells which rung that day to the Doctor's ears the happiest peal that ever saluted them, from

¹ Petrarch.

St. George's tower. My thoughts are of a different complexion; for where now are the joys and the sorrows of that day, and where are all those by whom they were partaken! The elder Allisons have long since been gathered to their fathers. Betsey and her husband (whom at that day she had never seen) are inhabitants of a distant churchyard. Mr. Bacon's mortal part has mouldered in the same grave with Margaret's. The Doctor has been laid beside them; and thither his aged widow Deborah was long ago brought home, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

'The deaths of some, and the marriages of others,' says Cowper, 'make a new world of it every thirty years. Within that space of time the majority are displaced, and a new generation has succeeded. Here and there one is permitted to stay longer, that there may not be wanting a few grave Dons like myself to make the observation.'

Man is a self-survivor every year;
Man like a stream is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My youth, my noontide his, my yesterday;
The bold invader shares the present hour,
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.¹

Yet infinitely short as the term of human life is when compared with time to come, it is not so in relation to time past. An hundred and forty of our own generations carry us back to the Deluge, and nine more of antediluvian measure to the Creation,—which to us is the beginning of time; for 'time itself is but a novelty, a late and upstart thing in respect of the Ancient of Days.'² They who remember their grandfather and see their grandchildren, have seen persons belonging to five out of that number; and he who attains the age of threescore has seen two generations pass away. 'The created world,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it, and may be

¹ Young.

² Samuel Johnson the elder.

after it.' There is no time of life after we become capable of reflection, in which the world to come must not to any considerate mind appear of more importance to us than this;—no time in which we have not a greater stake there. When we reach the threshold of old age all objects of our early affections have gone before us, and in the common course of mortality a great proportion of the later. Not without reason did the wise compilers of our admirable Liturgy place next in order after the form of Matrimony the services for the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, and for the Burial of the Dead.

I would not impress such considerations too deeply upon the young and happy. Far be it from me to infuse bitters into the cup of hope!

*Dum fata sinunt
Vivite laeti : properat cursu
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota praecipitis vertitur anni.
Durae peragunt pensa sorores,
Nec sua retro fila revolvunt.*¹

What the Spaniards call *desengaño* (which our dictionaries render 'discovery of deceit, the act of undeceiving, or freeing from error,'—and for which, if our language has an equivalent word, it is not in my vocabulary,)—that state of mind in which we understand feelingly the vanity of human wishes, and the instability of earthly joys,—that sad wisdom comes to all in time; but if it came too soon, it would unfit us for this world's business and the common intercourse of life. When it comes in due season, it fits us for a higher intercourse and for a happier state of existence.

¹ Seneca.

CHAPTER LXI

A TRANSITIONAL CHAPTER, WHEREIN THE AUTHOR COMPARES HIS BOOK TO AN OMNIBUS AND A SHIP, QUOTES SHAKESPEARE, MARCO ANTONIO DE CAMOS, QUARLES, SPENSER, AND SOMEBODY ELSE, AND INTRODUCES HIS READERS TO SOME OF THE HEATHEN GODS, WITH WHOM PERHAPS THEY WERE NOT ACQUAINTED BEFORE

We are not to grudge such interstitial and transitional matter as may promote an easy connection of parts and an elastic separation of them, and keep the reader's mind upon springs as it were.

HENRY TAYLOR'S 'Statesman'

Dear impatient readers,—you whom I know and who do not know me,—and you who are equally impatient, but whom I cannot call equally dear, because you are totally strangers to me in my out-of-cog character,—you who would have had me hurry on

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought,¹—

you will not wonder, nor perhaps will you blame me now, that I do not hasten to the wedding-day. The day on which Deborah left her father's house was the saddest that she had ever known till then; nor was there one of the bridal party who did not feel that this was the first of those events, inevitable and mournful all, by which their little circle would be lessened, and his or her manner of life or of existence changed.

There is no checking the course of time. When the shadow on Hezekiah's dial went back, it was in the symbol only that the miracle was wrought: the minutes in every other horologe held their due course. But as Opifex of this opus, I, when it seems good unto me, may take the hour-glass from Time's hand and let it rest at a stand-still, till I think fit to turn it and set the sands again in motion. You who have got into this my omnibus, know that like other omnibuses, its speed is to be regulated, not according to your individual, and perhaps contrariant wishes, but by my discretion.

¹ Shakespeare.

Moreover, I am not bound to ply with this omnibus only upon a certain line. In that case there would be just cause of complaint, if you were taken out of your road.

*Mas estorva y desabre en el camino
Una pequeña legua de desvío
Que la jornada larga de continuo.*

Whoever has at any time lost his way upon a long journey can bear testimony to the truth of what the Reverend Padre Maestro Fray Marco Antonio de Camos says in those lines. (I will tell you hereafter, reader, (for it is worth telling,) why that namesake of the Triumvir, when he wrote the poem from whence the lines are quoted, had no thoughts of dedicating it, as he afterwards did, to D. Juan Pimentel y de Requesens.) But you are in no danger of being bewildered, or driven out of your way. It is not in a stage coach that you have taken your place with me, to be conveyed to a certain point, and within a certain time, under such an expectation on your part, and such an engagement on mine. We will drop the metaphor of the omnibus,—observing, however, by the bye, which is the same thing in common parlance as by the way, though critically there may seem to be a difference, for by the bye might seem to denote a collateral remark, and by the way a direct one; observing, however, as I said, that as Dexter called his work, or St. Jerome called it for him, *Omnimoda Historia*, so might this opus be not improperly denominated. You have embarked with me, not for a definite voyage, but for an excursion on the water; and not in a steamer, nor in a galley, nor in one of the post-office packets, nor in a man-of-war, nor in a merchant-vessel; but in

A ship that's mann'd
With labouring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reason's hand.
My Will's the seaman's card whereby she sails;
My just Affections are the greater sails,
The top sail is my fancy.¹

Sir Guyon was not safer in Phaedria's 'gondelay bedecked trim' than thou art on 'this wide inland sea,' in my ship

¹ Quarles : *mutatis mutandis*.

That knows her port and thither sails by aim :
Ne care, ne fear I how the wind do blow ;
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow,
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn.¹

My turn is served for the present, and yours also. The question who was Mrs. Dove ? propounded for future solution in Chapter ix., and for immediate consideration at the conclusion of the 38th Chapter, and at the beginning of the 39th, has been sufficiently answered. You have been made acquainted with her birth, parentage, and education; and you may rest assured that if the Doctor had set out upon a tour, like Coelebs, in search of a wife, he could never have found one who would in all respects have suited him better. What Shakespeare says of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch might seem to have been said with a second sight of this union:

Such as she is
Is this our Doctor, every way complete;
If not complete, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

You would wish me perhaps to describe her person. Sixty years had 'written their defeatures in her face' before I became acquainted with her; yet by what those years had left methinks I could conceive what she had been in her youth. Go to your looking-glasses, young ladies,—and you will not be so well able to imagine by what you see there how you will look when you shall have shaken hands with Threescore.

One of the Elizabethan minor-poets, speaking of an ideal beauty, says,

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond Imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell,
Her feature, or her fashion.

¹ Spenser.

But even as babes in dreams do smile,
And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while,
As when I fell a-sleeping.

Just as unable should I feel myself were I to attempt a description from what Mrs. Dove was when I knew her, of what Deborah Bacon might be supposed to have been,—just as unable as this dreaming rhymers should I be, and you would be no whit the wiser. What the disposition was which gave her face its permanent beauty you may know by what has already been said. But this I can truly say of her and of her husband, that if they had lived in the time of the Romans when Doncaster was called Danum, and had been of what was then the Roman religion; and had been married, as consequently they would have been, with the rites of classical Paganism, it would have been believed both by their neighbours and themselves that their nuptial offerings had been benignly received by the god Domicius and the goddesses Maturna and Gamelia; and no sacrifice to Viriplaca would ever have been thought necessary in that household.

CHAPTER LXII

HUNTING IN AN EASY CHAIR. THE DOCTOR'S BOOKS

*That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers ;
And sometimes for variety I confer
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and in my fancy
Deface their ill placed statues.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

A certain Ludovicus Bosch, instead of having his coat of arms, or his cypher engraved to put in his books, had a little

print of himself in his library. The room has a venerable collegiate character; there is a crucifix on the table, and a goodly proportion of folios on the shelves. Bosch, in a clerical dress, is seated in an easy chair, cogitabund, with a manuscript open before him, a long pen in his hand, and on his head a wig which, with all proper respect for the dignity and vocation of the wearer, I cannot but honestly denominate a caxon. The caxon quizzifies the figure, and thereby mars the effect of what would otherwise have been a pleasing as well as appropriate design. Underneath in the scrolled framing is this verse,

In tali nunquam lassat venatio sylvâ.

Dr. Charles Balguy, of Peterborough, had for the same purpose a design which, though equally appropriate, was not so well conceived. His escutcheon, with the words

Fucunda oblivia vitæ

above, and his name and place of abode below, is suspended against an architectural pile of books. It was printed in green. I found it in one of our own Doctor's out-of-the-way volumes, a thin foolscap quarto, printed at Turin, 1589, being a treatise *della natura de' cibi et del bere*, by Baldassare Pisanelli, a physician of Bologna.

Dr. Balguy's motto would not have suited our Doctor. For though books were among the comforts and enjoyments of his life from boyhood to old age, they never made him oblivious of its business. Like Ludovicus Bosch,—but remember, I beseech you, Ladies! his wig was not a caxon; and, moreover, that when he gave an early hour to his books, it was before the wig was put on, and that when he had a leisure evening for them, off went the wig, and a velvet or silken cap, according to the season, supplied its place;—like Bosch, I say, when he was seated in his library, —but in no such conventual or collegiate apartment, and with no such assemblage of folios, quartos, and all inferior sizes, substantially bound, in venerable condition, and 'in seemly order ranged;' nor with that atmospheric odour of

antiquity, and books, which is more grateful to the olfactories of a student than the fumes of any pastille; but in a little room, with a ragged regiment upon his shelves, and an odour of the shop from below, in which rhubarb predominated, though it was sometimes overpowered by valerian, dear to cats, or assafoetida which sprung up, say the Turks, in Paradise, upon the spot where the Devil first set his foot:—like Bosch, I say, once more and without farther parenthesis,—

(περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ 'ν μέσῳ λόγοι,¹)

like Bosch, the Doctor never was weary with pursuing the game that might be started in a library. And though there was no forest at hand, there were some small preserves in the neighbourhood, over which he was at liberty to range.

Perhaps the reader's memory may serve him, where mine is just now at fault, and he may do for himself, what some future editor will do for me, that is supply the name of a man of letters who, in his second childhood, devised a new mode of book-hunting: he used to remove one of the books in his library from its proper place, and when he had forgotten, as he soon did, where it had been put, he hunted the shelves till he found it. There will be some who see nothing more in this affecting anecdote than an exemplification of the vanity of human pursuits; but it is not refining too much, if we perceive in it a consolatory mark of a cheerful and philosophical mind, retaining its character even when far in decay. For no one who had not acquired a habit of happy philosophy would have extracted amusement from his infirmities, and made the failure of his memory serve to beguile some of those hours which could then no longer be profitably employed.

Circulating libraries, which serve for the most part to promote useless reading, were not known when Daniel Dove set up his rest at Doncaster. It was about that time that a dissenting minister, Samuel Fancourt by name, opened the first in London, of course upon a very contracted scale. Book clubs are of much later institution. There was no

¹ Euripides.

bookseller in Doncaster till several years afterwards: sometimes an itinerant dealer in such wares opened a stall there on a market day, as Johnson's father used to do at Birmingham; and one or two of the trade regularly kept the fair. A little of the live stock of the London publishers found its way thither at such times, and more of their dead stock, with a regular supply of certain works popular enough to be printed in a cheap form for this kind of sale. And when, at the breaking up of a household, such books as the deceased or removing owner happened to possess were sold off with the furniture, those which found no better purchaser on the spot usually came into the hands of one of these dealers, and made the tour of the neighbouring markets. It was from such stragglers that the Doctor's ragged regiment had been chiefly raised. Indeed he was so frequent a customer, that the stall-keepers generally offered to his notice any English book which they thought likely to take his fancy, and any one in a foreign language which had not the appearance of a school-book. And when in one book he found such references to another as made him desirous of possessing, or at least consulting it, he employed a person at York to make inquiry for it there.

CHAPTER LXIII

THOMAS GENT AND ALICE GUY, A TRUE TALE, SHOWING THAT
A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY WILL NOT ALWAYS HOLD OUT
LONGER THAN TROY TOWN, AND YET THE WOMAN MAY NOT
BE THE PARTY WHO IS MOST IN FAULT

*Io dico, non dimando
Quel che tu vuoi udir, perch' io l' ho visto
Ove s' appunta ogni ubi, e ogni quando.*

DANTE

The person whom the Doctor employed in collecting certain books for him, and whom Peter Hopkins had employed in the same way, was that Thomas Gent of whom it was inci-

dentially said in the 32nd Chapter that he published the old poem of Flodden Field, from a transcript made by Daniel's kind-hearted schoolmaster, Richard Guy, whose daughter he married. Since that chapter was written, an account of Gent's life, written by himself in 1746, when he was in his 53rd year, and in his own handwriting, was discovered by Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller, among a collection of books from Ireland, and published by him, with a portrait of the author, copied from a fine mezzotinto engraving by Valentine Green, which is well known to collectors. Gent was a very old man when that portrait was taken; and his fine loose-flowing silver hair gave great effect to a singularly animated and cheerful face. His autobiography is as characteristic as John Dunton's, and like it contains much information relating to the state of the press in his days, and the trade of literature. A few curious notices occur in it of the manners and transactions of those times. But the portion pertinent to the business of these volumes is that which in its consequences led him to become the Doctor's purveyor of old books in the ancient city of York.

Gent, though descended, he says, from the Gents of Staffordshire, was born in Dublin: his parents were good people in humble life, who trained him up in the way he should go, gave him the best education their means could afford, and apprenticed him to a printer, from whom, after three years' service, he ran away, because of the brutal usage which he received. He got on board ship with little more than a shilling in his pocket, and was landed at Park-gate to seek his fortune. But having made good use of the time which he had served with his tyrannical master, he obtained employment in London, and made himself useful to his employers. After having been four years there, he accepted an offer from Mr. White, who, as a reward for printing the Prince of Orange's Declaration when all the printers in London refused to undertake so dangerous a piece of work, was made King's printer for York and five other counties. Mr. White had plenty of business, there being few printers in England, except in London, at that time; 'None,' says Gent, 'I am sure, at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal, and Leeds.'

The offer was eighteen pounds a year, with board, washing, and lodging, and a guinea to bear his charges on the road. 'Twenty shillings of this I offered,' he says, 'to Crofts the carrier, a very surly young fellow as ever I conversed with, but he would have five or six shillings more; finding him so stiff with me, I resolved to venture on foot. He set out with his horses on Monday, and the next morning, being the 20th of April, 1714, I set forward, and had not, I think, walked three miles, when a gentleman's servant with a horse ready saddled and himself riding another, overtook me, and for a shilling, with a glass or so on the road, allowed me to ride with him as far as Caxton, which was the period of his journey.'

Having reached York about twelve o'clock on the Sunday following, and found the way to Mr. White's house, the door was opened by the head-maiden. 'She ushered me,' says Gent, 'into the chamber where Mrs. White lay something ill in bed; but the old gentleman was at his dinner, by the fireside, sitting in a noble arm-chair, with a good large pie before him, and made me partake heartily with him. I had a guinea in my shoe lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot; at which the old gentleman smiled, and pleasantly said, it was more than he had ever seen a journeyman save before. I could not but smile too, because my trunk, with my clothes and eight guineas, was sent, about a month before to Ireland, where I was resolved to go and see my friends had his place not offered to me as it did.'

Gent was as happy as he could wish here, and as he earned money bought clothes to serve him till he should rejoin his trunk in Dublin, which at the year's end he determined to do, refusing to renew his engagement till he had visited his parents. 'Yet,' says he, 'what made my departure somewhat uneasy, I scarce then well knew how, was through respect of Mrs. Alice Guy, the young woman who I said first opened the door to me, upper maiden to Mrs. White, who, I was persuaded to believe, had the like mutual fondness for me—she was the daughter of Mr. Richard Guy, schoolmaster at Ingleton, near Lancashire; had very good natural parts, quick understanding, was of a fine complexion, and very amiable in her features. Indeed I was not very

forward in love, or desire of matrimony, till I knew the world better, and consequently should be more able to provide such a handsome maintenance as I confess I had ambition enough to desire; but yet my heart could not absolutely slight so lovely a young creature as to pretend I had no esteem for her charms, which had captivated others, and particularly my master's grandson, Mr. Charles Bourne, who was more deserving than any. However I told her (because my ir-resolution should not anticipate her advancement,) that I should respect her as one of the dearest of friends; and receiving a little dog from her as a companion on the road, I had the honour to be accompanied as far as Bramham Moor by my rival.'

He was received by his parents like the Prodigal son, and had engaged himself as journeyman in Dublin, when his old master Powell employed officers to seize him for leaving his apprenticeship. It was in vain that his father and a friendly brother-in-law offered a fair sum for his release, while he concealed himself; more was demanded than would have been proper for them to give; there was no other remedy than to leave Ireland once more, and as about that time he had received a letter from his dearest at York, saying that he was expected there, thither, purely again to enjoy her company, he resolved to direct his course. His friends were much concerned at their parting, 'but my unlucky whelp,' says he, 'that a little before, while taking a glass with Mr. Hume (the printer with whom I had engaged), had torn my new hat in pieces, seemed nowise affected by my taking boat; so I let the rascal stay with my dear parents who were fond of him for my sake, as he was of them for his own; nor was he less pleasant by his tricks to the neighbourhood, who called him Yorkshire, from the country whence I brought him.'

There is a chasm in this part of the manuscript: it appears, however, that he remained some months at York, and then went to London, where he was as careful as possible in saving what he had earned, 'but yet,' says he, 'could not perceive a prospect of settlement whereby to maintain a spouse like her as I judged she deserved, and I could not bear the thoughts to bring her from a good settlement, without I could certainly make us both happy in a better.'

He went on, however, industriously and prosperously, had 'the great happiness' in the year 1717 of being made free-man of the company of Stationers, and in the same year commenced citizen of London, his share of the treat that day with other expenses coming to about five pounds. Now that he was beyond his reach, his old tyrant in Dublin was glad to accept of five pounds for his discharge; this money he remitted, and thus became absolutely free both in England and Ireland, for which he gave sincere thanks to the Almighty.

'And now,' says he, 'I thought myself happy, when the thoughts of my dearest often occurred to my mind: God knows it is but too common, and that with the best and most considerate persons, that some thing or other gives them disquietude or makes them seek after it.' A partnership at Norwich was offered him, and he accepted it; but a few hours afterwards there came a mournful letter from his parents, saying that they were very infirm, and extremely desirous to see him once more before they died. It is to Gent's honour that he immediately gave up his engagement at Norwich, though the stage coach had been ordered to receive him. The person whom he recommended in his stead was Mr. Robert Raikes, who when Gent wrote these memoirs was settled as a master in Gloucester; he became the father of a singularly prosperous family, and one of his sons, his successor in the printing office, is well known as the person who first established Sunday schools.

Yet though Gent acted under an impulse of natural duty on this occasion, he confesses that he was not without some cause for self-reproach: 'I wrote,' said he, 'a lamenting letter to my dear in York, bewailing that I could not find a proper place as yet to settle in, told her that I was leaving the kingdom, and reminded her by what had passed that she could not be ignorant where to direct if she thought proper so to do; that I was far from slighting her, and resigned her to none but the protection of Heaven. But sure never was poor creature afflicted with such melancholy as I was upon my journey, my soul did seem to utter within me, "wretch that I am, what am I doing, and whither going?"' My parents, it's true, as they were constantly most affectionate, so indeed

they are, especially in far advanced years, peculiar objects of my care and esteem; but am I not only leaving England, the Paradise of the world, to which as any loyal subject, I have now an indubitable right, but am I not also departing, for aught I know for ever, from the dearest creature upon earth ? from her that loved me when I knew not well how to respect myself; who was wont to give me sweet counsel in order for my future happiness, equally partook of those deep sorrows which our tender love had occasioned, was willing to undergo all hazards with me in this troublesome life, whose kind letters had so often proved like healing balm to my languishing condition, and whose constancy, had I been as equally faithful and not so timorous of being espoused through too many perplexing doubts, would never have been shaken, and without question would have promoted the greatest happiness for which I was created.'

These self-reproaches, which were not undeserved, made him ill on the road. He reached Dublin, however, and though the employment which he got there was not nearly so profitable as what he had had in London, love for his parents made him contented, 'and took,' he says, 'all thoughts of further advantages away, till Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotchman in the same printing office with me, getting me in liquor, obtained a promise that I should accompany him to England, where there was a greater likelihood of prosperity. Accordingly he so pressed me, and gave such reasons to my dear parents that it was not worth while to stay there for such small business as we enjoyed, that they consented we should go together: but alas ! their melting tears made mine to flow, and bedewed my pillow every night after that I lodged with them. "What, Tommy," my mother would sometimes say, "this English damsel of yours, I suppose, is the chiefest reason why you slight us and your native country !" "Well," added she, "the ways of Providence I know are unsearchable; and whether I live to see you again or no, I shall pray God to be your defender and preserver !" —I thought it not fit to accumulate sorrows to us all, by returning any afflictive answers; but taking an opportunity whilst she was abroad on her business, I embarked with my friend once more for England.'

Tommy, however, made the heart of his English damsel sick with hope long deferred. He was provident overmuch; and this he acknowledges even when endeavouring to excuse himself:—‘all that I had undergone I must confess,’ he says, ‘I thought were but my just deserts for being so long absent from my dear,’ (it had now been an absence of some years), ‘and yet I could not well help it. I had a little money it is very true, but no certain home wherein to invite her. I knew she was well fixed; and it pierced me to the very heart to think, if through any miscarriage or misfortune I should alter her condition for the worse instead of the better. Upon this account my letters to her at this time were not so amorously obliging as they ought to have been from a sincere lover; by which she had reason, however she might have been mistaken, to think that I had failed in my part of those tender engagements which had passed between us.’

Gent had sometimes the honour of being the Bellman’s poet, and used to get heartily treated for the Christmas verses which he composed in that capacity. One lucky day he happened to meet his friend Mr. Evan Ellis, who was the Bellman’s printer in ordinary: ‘Tommy,’ said his friend, ‘I am persuaded that some time or other you’ll set up a press in the country, where, I believe, you have a pretty northern lass at heart; and as I believe you save money and can spare it, I can help you to a good pennyworth preparatory to your design.’ Accordingly upon this recommendation he purchased at a cheap price a considerable quantity of old types, which Mr. Mist, the proprietor of a journal well known at that time by his name, had designed for the furnace. To this he added a font almost new, resolving to venture in the world with his dearest, who at first, he says, gave him encouragement. He does not say that she ever discouraged him, and his own resolution appears to have been but half-hearted. His purse being much exhausted by these purchases, he still worked on for further supplies; by and by he bought a new font, and so went on increasing his stock, working for his old first master and for himself also, and occasionally employing servants himself, though the fatigue was exceedingly great and almost more than he could go

through. Alas the while for Alice Guy, who was now in the tenth year of her engagement to lukewarm Thomas !

Lukewarm Thomas imagined 'things would so fall out that after some little time he should have occasion to invite his dear to London.' But let him tell his own story. 'One Sunday morning, as my shoes were japanning by a little boy at the end of the lane, there came Mr. John Hoyle, who had been a long time in a messenger's custody on suspicion for reprinting *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, under direction of Mrs. Powell, with whom he wrought as journeyman; "Mr. Gent," said he, "I have been at York to see my parents, and am but just as it were returned to London. I am heartily glad to see you, but sorry to tell you that you have lost your old sweetheart; for I assure you that she is really married to your rival Mr. Bourne !" I was so thunderstruck that I could scarcely return an answer,—all former thoughts crowding into my mind, the consideration of spending my substance on a business I would not have engaged in as a master but for her sake, my own remissness that had occasioned it, and withal that she could not in such a case be much blamed for mending her fortune,—all these threw me under a very deep concern.'

He consoled himself as Petrarch had done: and opening his old vein of poetry and bell-metal, gave some vent to his passion by writing a copy of verses to the tune of 'Such charms has Phillis !' then much in request, and proper for the flute. He entitled it 'The Forsaken Lover's Letter to his former Sweetheart.' 'When I had done,' says he, 'as I did not care that Mr. Midwinter (his master) should know of my great disappointment, I gave the copy to Mr. Dodd, who printing the same sold thousands of them, for which he offered me a price; but as it was on my own proper concern, I scorned to accept of anything except a glass of comfort or so.' If the Forsaken Lover's Lamentation had been sung about the streets of York, Mrs. Bourne might have listened to it without suspecting that she was the treacherous maid, who for the sake of this world's splendour had betrayed her only sweet jewel, left him to languish alone, and broken his heart,

Proving that none could be falser than she.

Conscience would never have whispered to her that it was lukewarm Thomas who closed his complaint with the desperate determination expressed in the ensuing stanza.

Now to the woods and groves I'll be ranging,
Free from all women I'll vent forth my grief :
While birds are singing and sweet notes exchanging,
This pleasing concert will yield me relief.
Thus like the swan before its departing
Sings forth its elegy in melting strains,
My dying words shall move all the kind powers above
To pity my fate, the most wretched of swains.

He neither went to the woods, nor died; but entered into an engagement with Mr. Dodd's widow to manage her printing business, being the more willing to enter into the service of this gentlewoman since he was disappointed of his first love. The widow was a most agreeable person, daughter to a sea captain, and had been educated at the boarding school at Hackney: Dodd was her second husband, and she had been left with a child by each. 'I thought her,' says Gent, 'worthy of the best of spouses; for sure there never could be a finer economist or sweeter mother to her dear children, whom she kept exceedingly decent. I have dined with her; but then as in reason I allowed what was fitting for my meals, and her conversation, agreeably to her fine education, almost wounded me with love, and at the same time commanded a becoming reverence. What made her excellent carriage the more endearing was, that I now must never expect to behold my first love at York; though I heard by travellers that not only she, but her husband used to inquire after me. Indeed I was sensible that Mr. Bourne, though a likely young man, was not one of the most healthful persons; but far from imagining otherwise than that he might have outlived me who then was worn to a shadow. But, see the wonderful effects of Divine Providence in all things !

'It was one Sunday morning that Mr. Philip Wood, a quondam partner at Mr. Midwinter's, entering my chambers where I sometimes used to employ him too when slack of business in other places—"Tommy," said he, "all these fine materials of yours, must be moved to York !" At

which wondering, "what mean you?" said I. "Ay," said he, "and you must go too, without it's your own fault; for your first sweetheart is now at liberty, and left in good circumstances by her dear spouse, who deceased but of late." "I pray heaven," answered I, "that his precious soul may be happy: and for aught I know it may be as you say, for, indeed, I think I may not trifle with a widow as I have formerly done with a maid." I made an excuse to my mistress that I had business in Ireland, but that I hoped to be at my own lodgings in about a month's time; if not, as I had placed everything in order, she might easily by any other person carry on the business. But she said she would not have any beside me in that station I enjoyed, and therefore should expect my return to her again: but respectfully taking leave, I never beheld her after, though I heard she was after very indifferently married. I had taken care that my goods should be privately packed up, and hired a little warehouse and put them in ready to be sent, by sea or land, to where I should order: and I pitched upon Mr. Campbell, my fellow-traveller, as my confidant in this affair, desiring my cousins to assist him; all of whom I took leave of at the Black Swan in Holborn, where I had paid my passage in the stage coach, which brought me to York in four days' time. Here I found my dearest once more, though much altered from what she was about ten years before that I had not seen her. There was no need for new courtship; but decency suspended the ceremony of marriage for some time: till my dearest at length, considering the ill-consequence of delay in her business, as well as the former ties of love that passed innocently between us by word and writing, gave full consent to have the nuptials celebrated,—and performed accordingly they were, 'in the stately cathedral,' the very day of Archbishop Blackburne's installation.

CHAPTER LXIV

THE DOCTOR IN HIS CURE. IRRELIGION THE REPROACH OF HIS PROFESSION

*Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue especially to be achieved.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW

A practitioner of medicine possesses in what may be called his cure that knowledge of all who are under his care, which the parochial priest used to possess in former times, and will it is to be hoped regain whenever the most beneficial of all alterations shall be effected in the Church Establishment, and no Clergyman shall have a duty imposed upon him which it is impossible to fulfil,—impossible it is, if his parishioners are numbered by thousands instead of hundreds. In such cases one of two consequences must inevitably ensue. Either he will confine himself to the formalities of his office, and because he cannot by any exertions do what ought to be done, rest contented with performing the perfunctory routine; or he will exert himself to the utmost till his health, and perhaps his heart also, is broken in a service which is too often found as thankless as it is hopeless.

Our Doctor was, among the poorer families in his cure, very much what Herbert's Country Parson is imagined to be in his parish. There was little pauperism there at that time; indeed none that existed in a degree reproachful to humanity; or in that obtrusive and clamorous form which at present in so many parts of this misgoverned country insults, and outrages, and endangers society. The labourers were not so ill paid as to be justly discontented with their lot; and he was not in a manufacturing district. His profession led him among all classes; and his temper as well as his education qualified him to sympathise with all, and accommodate himself to each as far as such accommodation was becoming. Yet he was everywhere the same man; he spoke the King's English in one circle, and the King's Yorkshire in another; but this was the only difference in his conversation with high and low. Before the professors of his

art indeed, in the exercise of their calling, the distinctions of society disappear, and poor human nature is stripped to its humanities. Rank, and power, and riches,—these—

— cannot take a passion away, Sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter.¹

The most successful stock-jobber or manufacturer that ever counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands—

— must endure as much as the poorest beggar
That cannot change his money,—this is equality
In our impartial essences !¹

Death is not a more inexorable leveller than his precursors age, and infirmity, and sickness, and pain.

Hope, and fear, and grief, and joy act with the same equitable disregard of conventional distinctions. And though there is reason for disbelieving that the beetle which we tread upon feels as much as a human being suffers in being crushed, it is yet undoubtedly true that except in those cases where individuals have so thoroughly corrupted their feelings as to have thereby destroyed the instinctive sense of right and wrong, making evil their good, what may be termed the primitive affections exist in as much strength among the rudest as among the most refined. They may be paralysed by pauperism, they may be rotted by the licentiousness of luxury; but there is no grade of society in which they do not exhibit themselves in the highest degree. Tragic poets have been attracted by the sufferings of the great, and have laid the scene of their fables in the higher circles of life; yet tragedy represents no examples more touching or more dreadful, for our admiration or abhorrence, to thrill us with sympathy or with indignation, than are continually occurring in all classes of society.

They who call themselves men of the world and pride themselves accordingly upon their knowledge, are of all men those who know least of human nature. It was well said by a French biographer, though not well applied to the subject² of his biography, that *il avait pu, dans la solitude, se*

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher.

² The Abbé Siéyès.

former à l'amour du vrai et du juste, et même à la connoissance de l'homme, si souvent et si mal à propos confondue avec celle des hommes ; c'est-à-dire, avec la petite experience des intrigues mouvantes d'un petit nombre d'individus plus ou moins accrédités et des habitudes étroites de leurs petites coteries. La connoissance des hommes est à celle de l'homme ce qu'est l'intrigue sociale à l'art social.

Of those passions which are or deserve to be the subject of legal and judicial tragedy, the lawyers necessarily see most, and for this reason perhaps they think worse of human nature than any other class of men, except the Roman Catholic Clergy. Physicians, on the contrary, though they see humanity in its most humiliating state, see it also in the exercise of its holiest and most painful duties. No other persons witness such deep emotions and such exertions of self-control. They know what virtues are developed by the evils which flesh is heir to, what self-devotion, what patience, what fortitude, what piety, what religious resignation.

Wherefore is it then that physicians have lain under the reproach of irreligion, who of all men best know how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, and who, it might be thought, would be rendered by the scenes at which they are continually called upon to assist, of all men the most religious ? Sir Thomas Browne acknowledges that this was the general scandal of his profession, and his commentator Sir Kenelm Digby observes upon the passage, that 'Physicians do commonly hear ill in this behalf,' and that 'it is a common speech (but,' he parenthesizes, 'only amongst the unlearned sort) *ubi tres medici duo athei*.' Rabelais defines a Physician to be *animal incombustible propter religionem*.

'As some mathematicians,' says an old Preacher, 'deal so much in Jacob's staff that they forget Jacob's ladder, so some Physicians (God decrease the number !) are so deep naturalists that they are very shallow Christians. With us, Grace waits at the heels of Nature, and they dive so deep into the secrets of philosophy that they never look up to the mysteries of Divinity.'

Old Adam Littleton, who looked at every thing in its best light, took a different view of the effect of medical studies, in his sermon upon St. Luke's day. 'His character of

Physician,' said he, 'certainly gave him no mean advantage, not only in the exercise of his ministry by an acceptable address and easy admission which men of that profession everywhere find among persons of any civility; but even to his understanding of Christian truths and to the apprehending the mysteries of faith.

'For having, as that study directed him, gone orderly over all the links of that chain by which natural causes are mutually tied to one another, till he found God the supreme cause and first mover at the top; having traced the footsteps of Divine Goodness through all the most minute productions of His handmaid Nature, and yet finding human reason puzzled and at a loss in giving an account of His almighty power and infinite wisdom in the least and meanest of His works; with what pious humility must he needs entertain supernatural truths, when upon trial he had found every the plainest thing in common nature itself was mystery, and saw he had as much reason for his believing these proposals of faith, as he had for trusting the operations of sense, or the collections of reason itself.

'I know there is an unworthy reproach cast upon this excellent study that it inclines men to atheism. 'Tis true the ignorance and corruption of men that profess any of the three honourable faculties bring scandal upon the faculty itself. Again, sciolists and half-witted men are those that discredit any science they meddle with. But he that pretends to the noble skill of physic, and dares to deny that which doth continually *incurrere in sensus*, that which in all his researches and experiments he must meet with at every turn, I dare to say he is no Physician; or at least that he doth at once give his profession and his conscience too the lye.'

CHAPTER LXV

EFFECT OF MEDICAL STUDIES ON DIFFERENT DISPOSITIONS.
JEW PHYSICIANS. ESTIMATION AND ODIUM IN WHICH THEY
WERE HELD

*Confieso la digression; mas es facil al que no quisiere leerla
passar al capitulo siguiente, y esta advertencia sirva de disculpa.*

LUIS MUNOZ

If the elder Daniel had thought that the moral feelings and religious principles of his son were likely to be endangered by the study of medicine, he would never have been induced to place him with a medical practitioner. But it seemed to him, good man, that the more we study the works of the Creator, the more we must perceive and feel His wisdom, and His power, and His goodness. It was so in his own case, and, like Adam Littleton and all simple-hearted men, he judged of others by himself.

Nevertheless that the practice of Physic, and still more of surgery, should have an effect like that of war upon the persons engaged in it, is what those who are well acquainted with human nature might expect, and would be at no loss to account for. It is apparent that in all these professions coarse minds must be rendered coarser, and hard hearts still further indurated; and that there is a large majority of such minds and hearts in every profession, trade and calling, few who have had any experience of the ways of the world can doubt. We need not look farther for the immediate cause. Add to a depraved mind and an unfeeling disposition either a subtle intellect or a daring one, and you have all the preparations for atheism that the Enemy could desire.

But other causes may be found in the history of the medical profession, which was an art, in the worst sense of the word, before it became a science, and long after it pretended to be a science, and little better than a craft. Among savages the sorcerer is always the physician; and to this day superstitious remedies are in common use among the ignorant in all countries. But wherever the practice is connected with superstition as free scope is presented to wickedness as to imagination; and there have been times in which it

became obnoxious to much obloquy, which on this score was well deserved.

Nothing exposed the Jews to more odium in ages when they were held most odious, than the reputation which they possessed as physicians. There is a remarkable instance of the esteem in which they were held for their supposed superiority in this art as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. Francis I after a long illness in which he found no benefit from his own physicians, dispatched a courier into Spain, requesting Charles V to send him the most skilful Jewish practitioner in his dominions. This afforded matter for merriment to the Spaniards; the Emperor, however, gave orders to make inquiry for one, and when he could hear of none who would trust himself in that character, he sent a New-Christian physician, with whom he supposed Francis would be equally satisfied. But when this person arrived in France, the King by the way of familiar discourse sportively asked him if he were not yet tired of expecting the Messiah. Such a question produced from the new Convert a declaration that he was a Christian, upon which the King dismissed him immediately without consulting him, and sent forthwith to Constantinople for a Jew. The one who came found it necessary to prescribe nothing more for his royal patient than Asses' milk.

This reputation in which their physicians were held was owing in great measure to the same cause which gave them their superiority in trade. The general celebrity which they had obtained in the dark ages, and which is attested by Eastern tales as well as by European history, implies that they had stores of knowledge which were not accessible to other people. And indeed as they communicated with all parts of the known world, and with parts of it which were unknown to the Christian nations, they had means of obtaining the drugs of the East, and the knowledge of what remedies were in use there, which was not of less importance in an art, founded, as far as it was of any avail, wholly upon experience. That knowledge they reserved to themselves, perhaps as much with a view to national as to professional interests.

Nicolas Antonio sent to Bertolacci a manuscript entitled

Otzar Haanijm, that is, 'The Treasure of the Poor,' written by a certain Master Julian in the Portuguese language, but in rabbinical characters. It was a collection of simple receipts for all diseases, and appears to have been written thus that it might be serviceable to those only who were acquainted with Hebrew. There was good policy in this. A king's physician in those days was hardly a less important person than a king's confessor; with many princes indeed he would be the more influential of the two, as being the most useful, and frequently the best informed; and in those times of fearful insecurity, it might fall within his power, like Mordecai, to avert some great calamity from his nation.

Among the articles which fantastic superstition, or theories not less fantastic, had introduced into the *materia medica*, there were some which seemed more appropriate to the purposes of magic than of medicine, and some of an atrocious kind. Human fat was used as an unguent,—that of infants as a cosmetic. Romances mention baths of children's blood; and there were times and countries in which such a remedy was as likely to be prescribed, as imagined in fiction. It was believed that deadly poisons might be extracted from the human body;—and they who were wicked enough to administer the product, would not be scrupulous concerning the means whereby it was procured. One means indeed was by tormenting the living subject. To such practices no doubt Harrison alludes when, speaking, in Elizabeth's reign, of those who graduated in the professions of law or physic, he says, 'one thing only I mislike in them, and that is their usual going into Italy, from whence very few without special grace do return good men, whatever they pretend of conference or practice; chiefly the physicians, who under pretence of seeking of foreign simples, do oftentimes learn the framing of such compositions as were better unknown than practised, as I have often heard alleged.' The suspicion of such practices attached more to the Jewish than to any other physicians, because of the hatred with which they were supposed to regard all Christians, a feeling which the populace in every country, and very frequently the Rulers also, did everything to deserve. The general scandal of atheism lay against the profession; but to be a

Jew was in common opinion to be worse than an atheist, and calumnies were raised against the Jew Physicians on the specific ground of their religion, which, absurd and monstrous as they were, popular credulity was ready to receive. One imputation was that they made it a point of conscience to kill one patient in five, as a sacrifice of atonement for the good which they had done to the other four. Another was that the blood of a Christian infant was always administered to a Jewess in childbed, and was esteemed so necessary an ingredient in their superstitious ceremonies or their medical practice at such times, that they exported it in a dried and pulverized form to Mohammedan countries, where it could not be obtained fresh.

There are some pages in Jackson's Treatise upon the Eternal Truth of Scripture and Christian Belief, which occurring in a work of such excellent worth, and coming from so profound and admirable a writer, must be perused by every considerate reader with as much sorrow as surprise. They show to what a degree the most judicious and charitable mind may be deluded when seeking eagerly for proofs of a favourite position or important doctrine, even though the position and the doctrine should be certainly just. Forgetful of the excuse which he has himself suggested for the unbelief of the Jews since the destruction of Jerusalem, saying, with equal truth and felicity of expression, that 'their stubbornness is but a strong hope malignified, or, as we say, grown wild and out of kind,' he gives credit to the old atrocious tales of their crucifying Christian children, and finds in them an argument for confirming our faith at which the most iron-hearted supralapsarian might shudder. For one who passes much of his time with books, and with whom the dead are as it were living and conversing, it is almost as painful to meet in an author whom he reveres and loves, with any thing which shocks his understanding and disturbs his moral sense, as it is to perceive the faults of a dear friend. When we discover aberrations of this kind in such men, it should teach us caution for ourselves as well as tolerance for others; and thus we may derive some benefit even from the errors of the wise and good.

That the primitive Christian should have regarded the

Jews with hostile feelings as their first persecutors, was but natural, and that that feeling should have been aggravated by a just and religious horror for the crime which has drawn upon this unhappy nation its abiding punishment. But it is indeed strange that during so many centuries this enmity should have continued to exist, and that no sense of compassion should have mitigated it. For the Jews to have inherited the curse of their fathers was in the apprehension of ordinary minds to inherit their guilt; and the cruelties which man inflicted upon them were interpreted as proofs of the continued wrath of Heaven, so that the very injuries and sufferings which in any other case would have excited commiseration, served in this to close the heart against it. Being looked upon as God's outlaws, they were everywhere placed as it were under the ban of humanity. And while these heart-hardening prepossessions subsisted against them in full force, the very advantages of which they were in possession rendered them more especial objects of envy, suspicion, and popular hatred. In times when literature had gone to decay throughout all Christendom, the Jews had not partaken of the general degradation. They had Moses and the Prophets, whose everlasting lamps were kept trimmed amongst them, and burning clearly through the dark when the light of the Gospel had grown dim in the socket, and Monks and Popery had wellnigh extinguished it. They possessed a knowledge of distant countries which was confined to themselves; for being dispersed everywhere, they travelled everywhere with the advantage of a language which was spoken by the Children of Israel wherever they were found, and nowhere by any other people. As merchants therefore and as statesmen they had opportunities peculiar to themselves. In both capacities those Princes who had any sense of policy found them eminently useful. But wealth made them envied, and the way in which they increased it by lending money made them odious in ages when to take any interest was accounted usury. That odium was aggravated whenever they were employed in raising taxes; and as they could not escape odium, they seem sometimes to have braved it in despite or in despair, and to have practised extortion if not in defiance of public

opinion, at least as a species of retaliation for the exactions which they themselves endured, and the frauds which unprincipled debtors were always endeavouring to practise upon them.

But as has already been observed, nothing exposed them to greater obloquy than the general opinion which was entertained of their skill in medicine, and of the flagitious practices with which it was accompanied. The conduct of the Romish Church tended to strengthen that obloquy, even when it did not directly accredit the calumnies which exasperated it. Several Councils denounced excommunication against any persons who should place themselves under the care of a Jewish Physician, for it was pernicious and scandalous they said, that Christians, who ought to despise and hold in horror the enemies of their holy religion, should have recourse to them for remedies in sickness. They affirmed that medicines administered by such impious hands became hurtful instead of helpful; and, moreover, that the familiarity thus produced between a Jewish practitioner and a Christian family gave occasion to great evil and to many crimes. The decree of the Lateran Council by which physicians were enjoined, under heavy penalties, to require that their patients should confess and communicate before they administered any medicines to them, seems to have been designed as much against Jewish practitioners as heretical patients. The Jews on their part were not more charitable, when they could express their feelings with safety. It appears in their own books that a physician was forbidden by the Rabbis to attend upon either a Christian or Gentile, unless he dared not refuse; under compulsion it was lawful, but he was required to demand payment for his services, and never to attend any such patients gratuitously.

CHAPTER LXVI

WHEREIN IT APPEARS THAT SANCHO'S PHYSICIAN AT BARATARIA
ACTED ACCORDING TO PRECEDENTS AND PRESCRIBED LAWS

*Lettor, tu vedi ben com' io innalzo
La mia materia, e però con piu arte
Non ti maravigliar s' i' la rincalzo.*

DANTE

But the practice both of medicine and of surgery, whatever might be the religion of the practitioner, was obnoxious to suspicions for which the manners of antiquity, of the dark ages, and of every corrupted society, gave but too much cause. It was a power that could be exercised for evil as well as for good.

One of the most detestable acts recorded in ancient history is that of the Syrian usurper Tryphon, who, when he thought it expedient to make away with young Antiochus, the heir to the kingdom, delivered him into a surgeon's hands to be cut for the stone, that he might in that manner be put to death. It is a disgraceful fact that the most ancient operation known to have been used in surgery is that abominable one which to the reproach of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities is still practised in Italy.

Physicians were not supposed to be more scrupulous than surgeons. The most famous and learned Doctor Christopher Wirtzung, whose General Practice of Physic was translated from German into English at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, by his countryman Jacob Mosan, Doctor in the same faculty, has this remarkable section in his work :

'Ancient Physicians were wont to have an old proverb, and to say that Venom is so proud that it dwelleth commonly in gold and silver; whereby they meant that great personages that eat and drink out of gold and silver, are in greater danger to be poisoned than the common people that do eat and drink out of earthen dishes.' Christopher Wirtzung might have quoted Juvenal here:

*Nulla aconita bibuntur
Fictilibus. Tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.*

'Wherefore,' proceeds the German Doctor, 'must such high personages that are afraid to be poisoned, diligently take heed of the meat and drink that they eat, and that are dressed of divers things. Also they must not take too much of all sweet, salt and sour drinks; and they must not eat too eagerly, nor too hastily; and they must at all times have great regard of the first taste of their meat and drink. But the most surest way is, that before the mealtide he take somewhat that may resist venom, as figs, rue, or nuts, each by himself, or tempered together. The citrons, rape-seed, nepe, or any of those that are described before, the weight of a drachm taken with wine, now one and then another, is very much commended. Sometimes also two figs with a little salt, then again mithridate or treacle, and such like more may be used before the mealtide.'

'It is a matter of much difficulty,' says Ambrose Paré, 'to avoid poisons, because such as at this time temper them are so thoroughly prepared for deceit and mischief that they will deceive even the most wary and quick-sighted; for they so qualify the ingrate taste and smell by the admixture of sweet and well-smelling things that they cannot easily be perceived even by the skilful. Therefore such as fear poisoning ought to take heed of meats cooked with much art, very sweet, salt, sour, or notably endued with any other taste. And when they are oppressed with hunger or thirst, they must not eat nor drink too greedily, but have a diligent regard to the taste of such things as they eat or drink. Besides, before meat let them take such things as may weaken the strength of the poisons, such as is the fat broth of good nourishing flesh-meats. In the morning let them arm themselves with treacle or mithridate, and conserve of roses, or the leaves of rue, a walnut and dry figs; besides let him presently drink a little draught of muscadine, or some other good wine.'

How frequent the crime of poisoning had become in the dark ages appears by the old laws of almost every European people, in some of which indeed its frequency, *Proh dolor!* is alleged as a reason for enacting statutes against it. And whilst in the empire the capital sentence might be compounded for, like other cases of homicide, by a stated

compensation to the representatives of the deceased, no such redemption was allowed among the Wisi-Goths, but the poisoner, whether freeman or slave, was to suffer the most ignominious death. In the lower ranks of life men were thought to be in most danger of being thus made away with by their wives, in the higher by their Physicians and their cooks.

There are two curious sections upon this subject in the Laws of Alphonso the Wise, the one entitled *Quáles deben ser los fisicos del Rey, et qué es lo que deben facer*;—What the Physicians of a King ought to be, and what it is they ought to do;—the other, *Quáles deben ser los oficiales del Rey que le han de servir en su comer et en su beber*: What the officers of a King ought to be who minister to him at his eating and at his drinking.

'Physic,' says the royal author, 'according as the wise antients have shown, is as much as to say the knowledge of understanding things according to nature, what they are in themselves, and what effect each produces upon other things; and therefore they who understand this well, can do much good, and remove many evils; especially by preserving life and keeping men in health, averting from them the infirmities whereby they suffer great misery, or are brought to death. And they who do this are called Physicians, who not only must endeavour to deliver men from their maladies, but also to preserve their health in such manner that they may not become sick; wherefore it is necessary that those whom the King has with him should be right good. And as Aristotle said to Alexander, four things are required in them;—First, that they should be knowing in their art; secondly, that they should be well approved in it; thirdly, that they should be skilled in the cases which may occur; fourthly, that they should be right loyal and true. For if they are not knowing in their art, they will not know how to distinguish diseases; and if they are not well approved in it, they will not be able to give such certain advice, which is a thing from whence great hurt arises; and if they are not skilful, they will not be able to act in cases of great danger when such may happen; and if they are not loyal, they can commit greater treasons than other men, because they can

commit them covertly. And when the King shall have Physicians in whom these four aforesaid things are found, and who use them well, he ought to do them much honour and much good; and if peradventure they should act otherwise knowingly, they commit known treason, and deserve such punishment as men who treacherously kill others that have confided in them.

'Regiment also in eating and drinking is a thing without which the body cannot be maintained, and therefore the officers who have to minister to the King or others have no less place than those of whom we have spoken above, as to the preservation of his life and his health. For albeit the Physicians should do all their endeavours to preserve him, they will not be able to do it if he who prepares his food for him should not choose to take the same care; we say the same also of those who serve him with bread, and wine, and fruit, and all other things of which he has to eat, or drink. And according as Aristotle said to Alexander, in these officers seven things are required;—First, that they be of good lineage, for if they be, they will always take heed of doing things which would be ill for them; secondly, that they be loyal, for if they be not so, great danger might come to the King from them; thirdly, that they be skilful, so that they may know how to do those things well which appertain to their offices; fourthly, that they be of good understanding, so that they may know how to comprehend the good which the King may do them, and that they be not puffed up, nor become insolent because of their good fortune; fifthly, that they be not over covetous, for great covetousness is the root of all evil; sixthly, that they be not envious in evil envy, lest if they should be, they might haply be moved thereby to commit some wrong; seventhly, that they be not much given to anger, for it is a thing which makes a man beside himself, and this is unseemly in those who hold such offices. And also besides all those things which we have specified, it behoveth them greatly that they be debonair and clean, so that what they have to prepare for the King, whether to eat or drink, may be well prepared; and that they serve it to him cleanly, for if it be clean he will be pleased with it, and if it be well prepared he will savour it the better, and it will do

him the more good. And when the King shall have such men as these in these offices, he ought to love them, and to do them good and honour; and if peradventure he should find that any one offends in not doing his office loyally, so that hurt might come thereof to the person of the King, he ought to punish him both in his body and in his goods, as a man who doth one of the greatest treasons that can be.'

The fear in which the Princes of more barbarous states lived in those ages is nowhere so fully declared as in the Palace-laws compiled by that King of Majorca who was slain at the battle of Cressy, from which laws those of his kinsman Pedro the Ceremonious of Arragon, who drove him from his kingdom, were chiefly taken. His butler, his under butler, his major domo, and his cooks were to swear fealty and homage, *quia tam propter nefandissimam infidelitatem aliquorum ministrorum, quam ipsorum negligentiam, quae est totius boni inimica, quâ ministrante omittuntur praecavenda, audivimus pluries tam Regibus quàm aliis Principibus maxima pericula evenisse, quod est plus quam summè abhorrendum.* No stranger might approach the place where any food for the King's table was prepared or kept; and all the cooks, purveyors and sub-purveyors, and the major domo, and the chamberlain were to taste of every dish which was served up to him. The noble who ministered to him when he washed at table was to taste the water, and the barber who washed his head was to do the like; for great as the King was, being mindful that he was still but a man, he acknowledged it necessary that he should have a barber, *pro humanis necessitatibus, quibus natura hominum quantâcunque fretum potentiâ nullum fecit expertem, etiam nos Barbitonsorum officio indigemus.* His tailor was to work in a place where no suspicious people could have access; and whatever linen was used for his bed, or board, or more especially for his apparel, was to be washed in a secret place, and by none but known persons. The Chief Physician was to taste all the medicines that he administered. Every morning he was to inspect the royal urinal, and if he perceived any thing amiss prescribe accordingly. He was to attend at table, caution the King against eating of any thing that might prove hurtful, and

if, notwithstanding all precautions, poisons should be administered, he was to have his remedies at hand.

By the Chinese laws, if either the superintending or dispensing officer, or the cook, introduces into the Emperor's kitchen any unusual drug, or article of food, he is to be punished with an hundred blows, and compelled to swallow the same.

CHAPTER LXVII

A CHAPTER WHEREIN STUDENTS IN SURGERY MAY FIND SOME FACTS WHICH WERE NEW TO THEM IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR OWN PROFESSION

*If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go.*

HERBERT

Another reproach to which the medical profession was exposed arose from the preparatory studies which it required. The natural but unreflecting sentiment of horror with which anatomy is everywhere regarded by the populace, was unfortunately sanctioned by the highest authorities of the Roman Church. Absolutely necessary for the general good as that branch of science indisputably is, it was reprobated by some of the Fathers in the strongest and most unqualified terms; they called it butchering the bodies of the dead; and all persons who should disinter a corpse for this purpose were excommunicated by a decree of Boniface the VIIIth, wherein the science itself was pronounced abominable both in the eyes of God and man. In addition to this cause of obloquy, there was a notion that cruel experiments, such as are now made upon animals and too often unnecessarily, and therefore wickedly repeated, were sometimes performed upon living men. The Egyptian Physician who is believed first to have taught that the nerves are

the organs of sensation, is said to have made the discovery by dissecting criminals alive. The fact is not merely stated by Celsus, but justified by him. Deducing its justification as a consequence from the not-to-be-disputed assertion *cum in interioribus partibus et dolores, et morborum varia genera nascantur, neminem his adhibere posse remedia, quae ipse ignoret*:—*necessarium ergo esse*, he proceeds to say, *incidere corpora mortuorum, eorumque viscera atque intestina scrutari*. LONGEQUE OPTIME FECISSE *Herophilum et Erasistratum, qui nocentes homines à regibus ex carcere acceptos, VIVOS INCIDERINT; considerarintque, ETIAM SPIRITU MANENTE, ea quae natura antea clausisset, eorumque posituram, colorem, figuram, magnitudinem, ordinem, duritiem, mollitiem, laevorem, contactum; processus deinde singulorum et recessus; et sive quid inseritur alteri, sive quid partem alterius in se recipit*. As late as the sixteenth century surgeons were wont to beg (as it was called) condemned malefactors, whom they professed to put to death in their own way, by opium before they opened them. It might well be suspected that these disciples of Celsus were not more scrupulous than their master; and they who thus took upon themselves the business of an executioner, had no reason to complain if they shared in the reproach attached to his infamous office.

A French author¹ of the sixteenth century says that the Physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that on one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that, as the easiest mode of taking away his life they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and then spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood were flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless, and when after a while they uncovered his face they found him dead.

¹ Bouchet.

It would be weakness or folly to deny that dangerous experiments for the promotion of medical or surgical practice may, without breach of any moral law, or any compunctious feeling, be tried upon criminals whose lives are justly forfeited. The Laureate has somewhere in his farraginous notes *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, produced a story of certain Polish physicians who obtained permission to put on the head of a criminal as soon as it had been cut off, and an assurance of his pardon if they should succeed in reuniting it. There is nothing to be objected to such an experiment, except its utter unreasonableness.

When it was necessary that what was at that time a most difficult and dangerous surgical operation should be performed upon Louis XIV, inquiry was made for men afflicted with the same disease; they were conveyed to the house of the minister Louvois, and there in the presence of the King's physician Fagon, Felix the chief surgeon operated upon them. Most of these patients died; they were interred by night, but, notwithstanding all precautions, it was observed that dead bodies were secretly carried from that house, and rumours got abroad that a conspiracy had been discovered, that suspected persons had been brought before the minister, and had either died under the question or been made away with by poison under his roof. The motive for this secrecy was that the King might be saved from that anxiety which the knowledge of what was going on must have excited in him. In consequence of these experiments, Felix invented new instruments which he tried at the Hôtel des Invalides, and when he had succeeded with them the result was communicated to the King, who submitted to the operation with characteristic fortitude. The surgeon performed it firmly and successfully; but the agitation which he had long struggled against and suppressed, produced then a general tremour from which he never recovered. The next day, in bleeding one of his own friends he maimed him for life.

This was in a case in which the most conscientious practitioner would have felt no misgiving; there was no intentional sacrifice of life, or infliction of unnecessary suffering. So too when inoculation for the small-pox was introduced into

this country; some condemned criminals gladly consented to be inoculated instead of hanged, and saved their lives by the exchange.

It is within the memory of some old members of the profession, that a man was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, who had a wen upon his throat weighing between thirty and forty pounds. To hang him was impossible without circumstances of such revolting cruelty as would, even at that time, have provoked a general outcry of indignation. The case found its way from the lawyers to the surgeons; the latter obtained his pardon, and took off the tumour. John Hunter was the operator; the man, his offence not having been of a very heinous kind, though the indiscriminating laws made it at that time capital, was taken into his service, and used to show his own wen in his master's museum; it was the largest from which any person had ever been relieved. The fate of the poor Chinese who underwent a similar operation in London with a different result, is fresh in remembrance and will long be remembered. The operation was made a public exhibition for medical students, instead of being performed with all circumstances that could tend to soothe the patient; and to the consequent heat of a crowded room, and partly perhaps to the excitement which such an assemblage occasioned in the object of their curiosity, the fatal termination was, with too much probability, imputed. We may be sure that no such hazardous operation will ever again be performed in this country in the same public manner.

The remarks which were called forth on that occasion are proofs of the great improvement in general feeling upon such points, that has taken place in modern times. In the reign of Louis XI a franc-archer of Meudon was condemned to be hanged for robbery and sacrilege; he appealed to the Court of Parliament, but that Court confirmed the sentence, and remanded him to the Provost of Paris for execution. The appeal, however, seems to have brought the man into notice, and as he happened to afford a surgical case as well as a criminal one, the surgeons and physicians of the French capital petitioned the King for leave to operate upon him. They represented that many persons were afflicted with the stone and other internal disorders; that the case of

this criminal resembled that of the *Sieur de Bouchage*, who was then lying dangerously ill; it was much to be desired for his sake that the inside of a living man should be inspected, and no better subject could have occurred than this franc-archer who was under sentence of death. This application was made at the instance of *Germaine Colot*, a practitioner who had learned his art under one of the *Norsini*, a Milanese family of itinerant surgeons, celebrated during several generations for their skill in lithotomy. Whether the criminal had his option of being hanged, or opened alive, is not stated; but *Monstrelet*, by whom the fact is recorded, says that permission was granted, that the surgeons and physicians opened him, inspected his bowels, replaced them, and then sewed him up; that the utmost care was taken of him by the King's orders, that in the course of fifteen days he was perfectly cured, and that he was not only pardoned but had a sum of money given him. To such means were the members of this profession driven, because anatomy was virtually if not formally prohibited.

A much worse example occurred when the French King *Henry II* was mortally wounded in tilting with *Montgomery*. It is stated by most historians, that a splinter from *Montgomery's* spear entered the King's visor and pierced his eye; but *Vincent Carloix*, who probably was present, and if not, had certainly the best means of information, shows that this is altogether an erroneous statement. He says that when the Scot had broken his spear upon the King, instead of immediately throwing away the truncheon, as he ought to have done, he rode on holding it couched; the consequence of this inadvertence was, that it struck the King's visor, forced it up, and ran into his eye. His words are these, *ayans tous deux fort valeureusement couru et rompu d'une grande dextérité et adresse leurs lances, ce mal-habile Lorges ne jecta pas, selon l'ordinaire coustume, le trousse qui demoura en la main la lance rompue; mais le porta tous jours baissé, et en courant, rencontra la teste du Roy, du quel il donna droit dedans la visiere qui le coup haulsa, et luy creva un œil.*

The accuracy of this account happens to be of some importance, because the course which the King's surgeons pursued in consequence illustrates the state of surgery at

that time, and of manners and laws also; for with the hope of ascertaining in what direction the broken truncheon had entered the brain, and how they might best proceed to extract the splinters, they cut off the heads of four criminals, and drove broken truncheons into them, as nearly as they could judge at the same inclination, and then opened the heads. But after these lessons, five or six of the most expert surgeons in France were as much at a loss as before.

It was well that there were criminals ready upon the occasion, otherwise perhaps, in the then temper of the French Court, the first Huguenots who came to hand might have been made to serve the turn. And it was well for the subjects that it was not thought advisable to practise upon them alive; for no scruples would have been entertained upon the score of humanity. When Philip Von Hutten, whom the Spanish writers call Felipe de Utre, made his expedition from Venezuela in search of the Omeguas, an Indian wounded him with a spear, under the right arm, through the ribs. One Diego de Montes, who was neither surgeon nor physician, undertook to treat the wound, because there was no person in the party better qualified to attempt it. A life was to be sacrificed for his instruction, and accordingly a friendly Cacique placed the oldest Indian in the village at his disposal. This poor creature was dressed in Von Hutten's coat of mail (*sayo o escaulpil*) and set on horseback; Montes then ran a spear into him through the hole in this armour, after which he opened him, and found that the integuments of the heart had not been touched, this being what he wished to ascertain. The Indian died; but Von Hutten's wound was opened and cleansed in full reliance upon the knowledge thus obtained, and he recovered.

CHAPTER LXVIII

SOME ALLUSION TO, AND SOME USE OF THE FIGURE OF SPEECH CALLED PARENTHESIS

J'écrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein; c'est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le desordre même.

PASCAL

Gentle reader,—and if gentle, good reader,—and if good, patient reader; for if not gentle, then not good; and if not good, then not gentle; and neither good nor gentle, if not patient;—dear reader, who art happily for thyself all three, it is, I know, not less with thy good will than with my own, that I proceed with this part of my subject. *Quelle matière que je traite avec vous, c'est toujours un plaisir pour moi.*¹ You will say to me, 'amuse yourself (and me) in your own way; ride your own round-about, so you do but come to the right point at last.'² To that point you are well assured that all my round-aboutings tend; and my care must be to eschew the error of that author, engineer, statesman, or adventurer of any kind,

Which of a weak and niggardly protection,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.³

Lady Hester Stanhope had an English Physician with her in Syria, who, if he be living, can bear testimony that her Ladyship did not commit this fault, when she superintended the cutting out of his scarlet galligaskins. Neither will I commit it.

You indeed, dear reader, would express no displeasure if, instead of proceeding in the straight line of my purpose, I should sometimes find it expedient to retrograde; or, borrowing a word of barbarous Latin coined in the musician's mint, *cancrizare*, which may be rendered to crab-grade. For as Roger North says, when, at the commencement of his incomparable account of his brother the Lord Keeper's life, he confesses that it would be hard to lead a

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Cumberland.

³ Shakespeare.

thread in good order of time through it—‘there are many and various incidents to be remembered, which will interfere, and make it necessary to step back some times, and then again forwards;—and in this manner I hope to evacuate my mind of every matter and thing I know and can remember materially concerning him. And if some things are set down which many may think too trivial, let it be considered that the smallest incidents are often as useful to be known, though not so diverting, as the greater, and profit must always share with entertainment.’

I am not, however, side-ling toward my object crab-like; still less am I starting back from it, like a lobster, whose spring upon any alarm is stern-foremost: nor am I going I know not where, like the three Princes Zoile, Bariandel and Lyriamandre, when, having taken leave of Olivier King of England, to go in search of Rosicler, they took ship at London *sans dessein d’aller plustôt en un lieu qu’en un autre*. Nor like the more famous Prince Don Florisel and Don Falanges, when having gone on board a small vessel, *y mandada por ellos en lo alto de la mar meter, hazen con los marineros que no hagan otro camino mas de aquel que la nao movido por la fuerza de los ayres, quisiessse hazer, queriendo yr a buscar con la aventura lo que a ella hallar se permitia segun la poca certinidad que para la demanda podian llevar*.

I should say falsely were I to say with Petrarch,

*Vommene in guiza d’orbo senza luce,
Che non sa ove si vada, e pur si parte.*

But I may say with the Doctor’s namesake Daniel de Bosola in Webster’s tragedy,¹ ‘I look no higher than I can reach: they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer’s mule, of a slow pace, will both suit my disposition and business; for mark me, when a man’s mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.’—More-over

————— This I hold
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,

¹ Duchess of Malfi.

Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.¹

'You may run from major to minor,' says Mrs. Bray in one of her letters to Dr. Southey, 'and through a thousand changes, so long as you fall into the subject at last, and bring back the ear to the right key at the close.'

Where we are at this present reading, the attentive reader cannot but know; and if the careless one has lost himself, it is his fault, not mine. We are in the parenthesis between the Doctor's courtship and his marriage. Life has been called a parenthesis between our birth and death²; the history of the human race is but a parenthesis between two cataclasms of the globe which it inhabits; time itself only a parenthesis in eternity. The interval here, as might be expected after so summary a wooing, was not long; no settlements being required, and little preparation. But it is not equally necessary for me to fix the chapter, as it was for them to fix the day.

Montaigne tells us that he liked better to forge his mind than to furnish it. I have a great liking for old Michel, Seigneur de Montaigne, which the well-read reader may have perceived;—who indeed has ever made his acquaintance without liking him? I have moreover some sympathies with him; but upon this point we differ. It is more agreeable to me to furnish than to forge,—intellectually speaking, to lay in than to lay out;—to eat than to digest. There is however (following the last similitude) an intermediate process enjoyed by the flocks and herds, but denied to Aldermen; that process affords so apt a metaphor for an operation of the mind, that the word denoting it has passed into common parlance in its metaphorical acceptance, and its original meaning is not always known to those who use it.

It is a pleasure to see the quiet full contentment which is manifested both in the posture and look of animals when they are chewing the cud. The nearest approach which humanity makes toward a similar state of feeling, seems to be in smoking, when the smoker has any intellectual cud on

¹ Churchill.

² See *supra*, ch. ix.

which to chew. But ruminating is no wholesome habit for man, who, if he be good for any thing, is born as surely to action as to trouble; it is akin to the habit of indulging in day-dreams, which is to be eschewed by every one who tenders his or her own welfare.

There is, however, a time for every thing. And though neither the Doctor nor Deborah had thought of each other in the relation of husband and wife, before the proposal was made, and the silent assent given, they could not choose but ruminate upon the future as well as the past, during the parenthesis that ensued. And though both parties deliberately approved of what had been suddenly determined, the parenthesis was an uneasy time for both.

The commentators tell us that readers have found some difficulty in understanding what was Shakespeare's meaning when he made Macbeth say

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Johnson says he never found them agreeing upon it. Most persons, however, are agreed in thinking, that when any thing disagreeable must be done, the sooner it is done the better. Who but a child ever holds a dose of physic in his hand,—rhubarb to wit,—or Epsom salts,—delaying as long as possible to take the nauseous draught? Whoever, when he is ready for the plunge, stands lingering upon the side of the river, or the brink of the cold bath?—Who that has entered a shower-bath and closed the door, ever hesitates for a moment to pull the string? It was upon a false notion of humanity that the House of Commons proceeded, when it prolonged the interval between the sentence of a murderer and the execution. The merciful course in all cases would be, that execution should follow upon the sentence with the least possible delay.

'Heaven help the man,' says a good-natured and comely reader who has a ring on the fourth finger of her left hand,—
'Heaven help the man! Does he compare marriage to hanging, to a dose of physic, and to a plunge over head and ears in cold water?' No, madam, not he: he makes no such

unseemly comparisons. He only means to say that when any great change is about to take place in our circumstances and way of life,—anything that is looked on to with anxiety and restlessness, any thing that occasions a yeasty sensation about the pericardium,—every one who is in that state wishes that the stage of fermentation were past,—that the transition were over.

I have said that little preparation was needed for a marriage which gave little employment to the upholsterers, less to the dressmakers, and none to the lawyers. Yet there was something to be done. Some part of the furniture was to be furnished, some to be renewed, and some to be added. The house required papering and painting, and would not be comfortably habitable while the smell of the paint overpowered or mingled with the odour of the shop. Here then was a cause of unavoidable delay; and time which is necessarily employed, may be said to be well employed, though it may not be upon the business which we have most at heart. If there be an impatient reader, that is to say an unreasonable one, who complains that, instead of passing rapidly over this interval or parenthesis (as aforesaid), I proceed in such a manner with the relation, that many of my chapters are as parenthetical as the Euterpe of Herodotus, which whole book, as the present Bishop Butler used to say, is one long parenthesis, and the longest that ever was written;—if, I say, there be so censorious a reader, I shall neither contradict him, nor defend myself, nor yet plead guilty to the fault of which he accuses me. But I will tell him what passed on a certain occasion, between Doctor, afterwards Archbishop, Sharp, when he was Rector of St. Giles's, and the Lord Chancellor Jefferies.

In the year 1686 Dr. Sharp preached a sermon wherein he drew some conclusions against the Church of Rome, to show the vanity of her pretensions in engrossing the name of Catholic to herself. The sermon was complained of to James II, and the Lord Chancellor Jefferies was directed to send for the preacher, and acquaint him with the King's displeasure. Dr. Sharp accordingly waited upon his Lordship with the notes of his sermon, and read it over to him. 'Whether,' says his son, 'the Doctor did this for his own

justification, and to satisfy his Lordship that he had been misrepresented, or whether my Lord ordered him to bring his sermon and repeat it before him, is not certain; but the latter seems most probable: because Dr. Sharp afterwards understood that his Lordship's design in sending for him and discoursing with him, was, that he might tell the King that he had reprimanded the Doctor, and that he was sorry for having given occasion of offence to his Majesty, hoping by this means to release Dr. Sharp from any further trouble. However it was, his Lordship took upon him, while the Doctor was reading over his sermon, to chide him for several passages which the Doctor thought gave no occasion for chiding; and he desired his Lordship when he objected to these less obnoxious passages, to be patient, for there was a great deal worse yet to come.'

The sermon nevertheless was a good sermon, as temperate as it was properly timed, and the circumstance was as important in English history, as the anecdote is pertinent in this place. For that sermon gave rise to the Ecclesiastical Commission, which, in its consequences, produced, within two years, the Revolution.

CHAPTER LXIX

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR SPEAKS OF A TRAGEDY FOR THE LADIES,
AND INTRODUCES ONE OF WILLIAM DOVE'S STORIES FOR
CHILDREN

*Y donde sobre todo de su dueño
El gran tesoro y el caudal se infiere,
Es que al grande, al mediano, y al pequeño,
Todo se da de balde á quien lo quiere.*

BALBUENA

One Andrew Henderson, a Scotchman, who kept a book-seller's shop, or stand, in Westminster Hall, at a time when lawyers' tongues and witnesses' souls were not the only commodities exposed for sale there, published a tragedy called 'Arsinoë, or The Incestuous Marriage.' The story was

Egyptian; but the drama deserves to be called Hendersonian, after its incomparable author; for he assured the reader, in a prefatory advertisement, that there were to be found in it 'the most convincing arguments against incest and self-murder, interspersed with an inestimable treasure of ancient and modern learning, and the substance of the principles of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, adapted to the meanest capacity, and very entertaining to the Ladies, containing a nice description of the passions and behaviour of the Fair Sex.'

The Biographer, or Historian, or Anecdotist, or rather the reminiscent relator of circumstances concerning the birth, parentage and education, life, character and behaviour, of Dr. Daniel Dove, prefers not so wide a claim upon the gratitude of his readers as Andrew Henderson has advanced. Yet, like the author of 'Arsinoë,' he trusts that his work is 'adapted to the meanest capacity;' that the lamb may wade in it, though the elephant may swim, and also that it will be found 'very entertaining to the Ladies.' Indeed, he flatters himself that it will be found profitable for old and young, for men and for women, the married and the single, the idle and the studious, the merry and the sad; that it may sometimes inspire the thoughtless with thought, and sometimes beguile the careful of their cares. One thing alone might hitherto seem wanting to render it a catholic, which is to say, a universal book, and that is, that as there are Chapters in it for the closet, for the library, for the breakfast-room, for the boudoir, (which is in modern habitations what the oriel was in ancient ones,) for the drawing-room, and for the kitchen, if you please,—(for whatever you may think, good reader, I am of opinion, that books which at once amuse and instruct may be as useful to servant men and maids, as to their masters and mistresses)—so should there be one at least for the nursery. With such a chapter, therefore, will I brighten the countenance of many a dear child, and gladden the heart of many a happy father, and tender mother, and nepotious uncle or aunt, and fond brother or sister;

Ἡδεῖαν φάτιν
 Φέρομεν αὐτοῖς.¹

¹ Sophocles.

For their sakes I will relate one of William Dove's stories, with which he used to delight young Daniel, and with which the Doctor in his turn used to delight his young favourites; and which never fails of effect with that fit audience for which it is designed, if it be told with dramatic spirit, in the manner that our way of printing it may sufficiently indicate, without the aid of musical notation. *Experto crede*. Prick up your ears then,

My good little women and men¹;

and ye who are neither so little, nor so good, *favete linguis*, for here follows the Story of the Three Bears.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

*A tale which may content the minds
Of learned men and grave philosophers.*

GASCOYNE

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a

¹ Southey.

good, honest old Woman; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that any body would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up: but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came hers, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at

the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

'Somebody has been at my porridge !'

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

'Somebody has been at my porridge !'

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

'Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up !'

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

'Somebody has been sitting in my chair !'

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

'Somebody has been sitting in my chair !'

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

'Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out !'

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

'Somebody has been lying in my bed !'

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

'Somebody has been lying in my bed !'

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head,—which was not in its place for she had no business there.

'Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is !'

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at

once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the Constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw any thing more of her.

CHAPTER LXX

CHILDREN AND KITTENS. APHORISMS ASCRIBED TO THE
LAUREATE, DOCTOR SOUTHEY. MORE COLUMBIAN
PHILOSOPHY

*Oh ! if in after life we could but gather
The very refuse of our youthful hours !*

CHARLES LLOYD

O dear little children, you who are in the happiest season of human life, how will you delight in the Story of the Three Bears, when Mamma reads it to you out of this nice book, or Papa, or some fond Uncle, kind Aunt, or doting Sister; Papa and Uncle will do the Great, Huge Bear, best; but Sister, and Aunt, and Mamma, will excel them in the Little, Small, Wee Bear, with his little, small, wee voice. And O Papa and Uncle, if you are like such a Father and such an Uncle as are at this moment in my mind's eye, how will you delight in it, both for the sake of that small, but 'fit audience,' and because you will perceive how justly it may be said to be

— a well-writ story,
Where each word stands so well placed that it passes
Inquisitive detraction to correct.¹

¹ Davenport.

It is said to be a saying of Dr. Southey's, that 'a house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment, unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.'

Observe, reader; this is repeated upon *On-dit's* authority, which is never to be taken for more than it is worth. I do not affirm that Dr. Southey has said this, but he is likely enough to have said it; for I know that he sometimes dates his letters from Cat's Eden. And if he did say so, I agree with him, and so did the Doctor; he *specialiter* as regards the child, I *specialiter* as regards the kitten.

Kitten is in the animal world what the rosebud is in the garden; the one the most beautiful of all young creatures, the other the loveliest of all opening flowers. The rose loses only something in delicacy by its development,—enough to make it a serious emblem to a pensive mind; but if a cat could remember kittenhood, as we remember our youth, it were enough to break a cat's heart, even if it had nine times nine heart strings.

Do not the flowers spring fresh and gay,
Pleasant and sweet, in the month of May;
And when their time cometh they fade away.¹

It is another saying of the Laureate's, according to *On-dit*, that, 'live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.' They appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back upon them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

But in how strong a light has this been placed by the American teacher Jacob Abbott, whose writings have obtained so wide a circulation in England. 'Life,' he says, 'if you understand by it the season of preparation for eternity, is more than half gone;—life so far as it presents opportunities and facilities for penitence and pardon,—so far as it bears on the formation of character, and is to be considered as a period of probation,—is unquestionably more than half gone, to those who are between fifteen and twenty. In a

¹ Lusty Juventus.

vast number of cases it is more than half gone, even in *duration*: and if we consider the thousand influences which crowd around the years of childhood and youth, winning us to religion, and making a surrender of ourselves to Jehovah easy and pleasant,—and, on the other hand, look forward beyond the years of maturity, and see these influences losing all their power, and the heart becoming harder and harder under the deadening effects of continuance in sin,—we shall not doubt a moment that the years of immaturity make a far more important part of our time of probation than all those that follow.’

That pious man, who, while he lived, was the Honourable Charles How, and might properly now be called the honoured, says that ‘twenty years might be deducted for education, from the threescore and ten which are the allotted sum of human life; this portion,’ he observes, ‘is a time of discipline and restraint, and young people are never easy till they are got over it.’

There is, indeed, during those years, much of restraint, of wearisomeness, of hope, and of impatience; all which feelings lengthen the apparent duration of time. Suffering, I have not included here; but with a large portion of the human race, in all Christian countries, (to our shame be it spoken !) it makes a large item in the account: there is no other stage of life in which so much gratuitous suffering is endured,—so much that might have been spared,—so much that is a mere wanton, wicked addition to the sum of human misery,—arising solely and directly from want of feeling in others, their obduracy, their caprice, their stupidity, their malignity, their cupidity, and their cruelty.

Algunos sabios han dicho que para lo que el hombre tiene aprender es muy corta la vida; mas yo añado que es muy larga para los que hemos de padecer. ‘Some wise men,’ writes Capmany, ‘have said that life is very short for what man has to learn,—but I (he says) must add, that it is very long for what we have to suffer.’ Too surely this is but too true; and yet a more consolatory view may be taken of human existence. The shortest life is long enough for those who are more sinned against than sinning; whose good instincts have not been corrupted, and whose evil

propensities have either not been called into action, or have been successfully resisted and overcome.

The Philosopher of Doncaster found, in his theory of progressive existence, an easy solution for some of those questions on which it is more presumptuous than edifying to speculate, yet whereon that restless curiosity which man derives from the leaven of the forbidden fruit makes it difficult for a busy mind to refrain from speculating. The horrid opinion which certain Fathers entertained concerning the souls of unbaptized infants, he never characterized by any lighter epithet than *damnable*, for he used to say, 'it would be wicked to use a weaker expression:' and the more charitable notion of the Limbo he regarded as a cold fancy, neither consonant to the heart of man, nor consistent with the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He thought that when the ascent of being has been from good to better through all its stages, in moral qualities as well as in physical development, the immortal spirit might reach its human stage in such a state that it required nothing more than the vehicle of humanity, and might be spared its probation. As Enoch had been translated without passing through death, so he thought such happy spirits might be admitted into a higher sphere of existence without passing through the trials of sin and the discipline of sorrow.

CHAPTER LXXI

MORE THOUGHTS CONCERNING LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY

*Clericus es ? legito haec. Laicus ? legito ista licenter,
Crede mihi, invenies hic quod uterque voles.*

D. DU-TR. MED.

If we look to the better part of the human race as well as the worse, with regard to them also the ordinary term of human life will be found the best that could have been appointed both for themselves and for the purposes of society, the wisdom

and the goodness of the ways of Providence becoming evident in this, as in all other things upon which our limited faculties are capable of forming a comprehensive judgment.

The term is long enough for all we have to learn. Madame de Sevigné said sportively, that she should be a very wise person if she could but live about two hundred years: *je tâche tous les jours à profiter de mes reflexions; et si je pouvois vivre seulement deux cents ans, il me semble que je serois une personne bien admirable.* This the Doctor thought might hold good in the case of Madame de Sevigné herself, and of all other persons who regarded the acquirement of information as an amusement, or at most an accomplishment; 'One small head might carry all they knew,' though their lives should be prolonged to the length of antediluvian old age. But in his opinion it would be otherwise with those who devoted themselves to the pursuit of knowledge, for the purpose of storing their own minds, and enabling themselves to instruct their fellow creatures. For although the mind would retain its faculties unimpaired for a length of time in proportion to the greater length of life, it by no means follows that its capacity would be enlarged. Horace Walpole lived forty years after he had said 'my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have.' It is indeed highly probable that the most industrious students for some time before they reach the confines of senility forget as much as they learn. A short life is long enough for making us wise to salvation, if we will but give our hearts to the wisdom which is from above: and this is the one thing needful.

There are some, however, who in their eulogistic and extravagant lamentations seem to have thought no lease long enough for the objects of their admiration. A certain John Fellows published an elegy on the death of the Reverend John Gill, D.D. This learned Doctor in Dissent died at a good old age; nevertheless the passionate mourner in rhyme considered his death as a special mark of the Almighty's displeasure, and exclaimed,

How are the mighty fallen ! Lord, when will
Thine anger cease ? The great, the learned Gill
Now pale and breathless lies !

Upon which a reviewer not improperly remarked that without dwelling upon the *presumption* of the writer, he could not but notice the *folly* of thus lamenting, as though it were an untimely stroke, the natural departure of a venerable old man of near eighty. 'Was this,' said he, 'sufficient cause for raising such an outcry in Zion, and calling on her sons and daughters to weep and wail as if the Day of Judgment were come?'

Nothing, however, in former times excited so great a sensation in the small world of Noncons as the death of one of their Divines. Their favourite poet Dr. Watts wished when the Reverend Mr. Gouge died that he could make the stones hear and the rocks weep,

And teach the Seas and teach the Skies
Wailings and sobs and sympathies.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath.
He came commissioned for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates:
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought GREAT GOUGE to dust.

GREAT GOUGE to dust ! how doleful is the sound !
How vast the stroke is ! and how wide the wound !—
Zion grows weak and England poor;
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

This was pretty well for a threnodial flight. But Dr. Watts went farther. When Mr. Howe should die, (and Howe was then seventy years of age,) he thought it would be time that the world should be at an end,—and prayed that it might be so.

Eternal God ! command his stay !
Stretch the dear months of his delay;—
O we could wish his age were one immortal day !
But when the flaming chariot's come
And shining guards to attend Thy Prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size;
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies !

What would the Dissenters have said if a clerical poet had written in such a strain upon the decease of a Bishop or Archbishop ?

We pray in the Litany to be delivered from sudden death. Any death is to be deprecated which should find us unprepared: but as a temporal calamity with more reason might we pray to be spared from the misery of an infirm old age. It was once my fortune to see a frightful instance of extreme longevity,—a woman who was nearly in her hundredth year. Her sight was greatly decayed, though not lost; it was very difficult to make her hear, and not easy then to make her understand what was said, though when her torpid intellect was awakened she was, legally, of sane mind. She was unable to walk, or to assist herself in any way. Her neck hung in such wrinkles that it might almost be likened to a turkey's; and the skin of her face and of her arms was cleft like the bark of an oak, as rough, and almost of as dark a colour. In this condition, without any apparent suffering, she passed her time in a state between sleeping and waking, fortunate that she could thus beguile the wearisomeness of such an existence.

Instances of this kind are much rarer in Europe than in tropical climates. Negresses in the West Indies sometimes attain an age which is seldom ascertained because it is far beyond living memory. They outlive all voluntary power, and their descendants of the third or fourth generation carry them out of their cabins into the open air, and lay them, like logs, as the season may require, in the sunshine, or in the shade. Methinks if Maecenas had seen such an object, he would have composed a palinode to those verses in which he has perpetuated his most pitiable love for life. A woman in New Hampshire, North America, had reached the miserable age of 102, when one day as some people were visiting her, the bell tolled for a funeral; she burst into tears and said, 'Oh, when will the bell toll for me ! It seems as if it never would toll for me ! I am afraid that I shall never die !' This reminds me that I have either read, or heard, an affecting story of a poor old woman in England,—very old, and very poor,—who retained her senses long after the body had become a weary burden; she too when she heard

the bell toll for a funeral used to weep, and say she was afraid God had forgotten her ! Poor creature, ignorantly as she spake, she had not forgotten Him; and such impatience will not be accounted to her for a sin.

These are extreme cases, as rare as they are mournful. Life indeed is long enough for what we have to suffer, as well as what we have to learn; but it was wisely said by an old Scottish Minister (I wish I knew his name, for this saying ought to have immortalized it,) 'Time is short; and if your cross is heavy you have not far to carry it.'

*Chi ha travaglio, in pace il porti:
Dolce è Dio, se il mondo è amaro.
Sappia l'uom, che al Cielo è caro;
Abbia fede, è aura conforti.*¹

Were the term shorter it would not suffice for the development of those moral qualities which belong peculiarly to the latter stage of life; nor could the wholesome influence which age exercises over the young in every country where manners are not so thoroughly corrupted as to threaten the dissolution of society, be in any other manner supplied.

Il me semble que le mal physique attendrit autant que le mal moral endureit le cœur, said Lord Chesterfield, when he was growing old and suffering under the infirmities of a broken constitution. Affliction in its lightest form, with the aid of time, had brought his heart into this wholesome state.

*O figliuol' d'Adam, grida Natura,
Onde i tormenti? Io vi farà tranquilli,
Se voi non rebbellate alla mia legge.*²

There is indeed a tranquillity which Nature brings with it as duly toward the close of life, as it induces sleep at the close of day. We may resist the salutary influence in both cases, and too often it is resisted, at the cost of health in the one, and at a still dearer cost in the other: but if we do this, we do it wilfully, the resistance is our own act and deed,—it is our own error, our own fault, our sin, and we must abide the consequences.

¹ Maggi.

² Chiabrera.

The greatest happiness to which we can attain in this world is the peace of God. Ask those who have attained the height of their ambition, whether in the pursuit of wealth, or power, or fame, if it be not so? Ask them in their sane mind and serious hours, and they will confess that all else is vanity.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seek what here is never found !¹

This His own peace, which is his last and crowning gift, our Heavenly Father reserves for us in declining life, when we have earned our discharge from its business and its cares; and He prepares us for it by the course of nature which He has appointed.

O all the good we hope, and all we see,
That Thee we know and love, comes from Thy love and Thee.¹

CHAPTER LXXII

A TRANSITION, AN ANECDOTE, AN APOSTROPHE, AND A PUN,
PUNNET, OR PUNDIGRION

*Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocos.*

HORACE

The Reader is now so far acquainted with the Doctor and his bride elect,—(for we are still in the Interim.)—he knows so much of the birth, parentage, and education of both, so much of their respective characters, his way of thinking and her way of life, that we may pass to another of those questions propounded in the second post-initial chapter.

The minister of a very heterodox congregation in a certain large city accosted one of his friends one day in the street with these words, which were so characteristic and remarkable that it was impossible not to remember and repeat

¹ Phineas Fletcher.

them,—‘I am considering whether I shall marry or keep a horse.’—He was an eccentric person, as this anecdote may show; and his inspirited sermons (I must not call them inspired) were thought in their style of eloquence and sublimity to resemble Klopstock’s Odes.

No such dubitation could ever have entered the Doctor’s head. Happy man, he had already one of the best horses in the world:—(Forgive me, O Shade of Nobs in thine Elysian pastures, that I have so long delayed thy eulogy!)—and in Deborah he was about to have one of the best of wives.

If he had hesitated between a horse and a wife, he would have deserved to meet with a Grey Mare.

CHAPTER LXXIII

THE PEDIGREE AND BIRTH OF NOBS, GIVEN IN REPLY TO THE FIRST QUERY IN THE NINTH CHAPTER

Theo. *Look to my Horse, I pray you, well.*

Diego. *He shall, Sir.*

Inc. *O ! how beneath his rank and call was that now !
Your Horse shall be entreated as becomes
A Horse of fashion, and his inches.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

Who was Nobs ?

A troop of British cavalry which had served on the Continent was disbanded in the City of York, and the horses were sold. Their commander Sir Robert Clayton was a wealthy man, and happening to be a noble-minded man also, he could not bear to think that his old fellow campaigners, who had borne brave men to battle, should be ridden to death as butchers’ hacks, or worked in dung-carts till they became dogs’ meat. So he purchased a piece of ground upon Knavesmire heath, and turned out the old horses to have their run there for life. There may be persons living who remember to have heard of this honourable act, and the curious circumstance which has preserved it from being forgotten. For once these horses were grazing promiscuously

while a summer storm gathered, and when the first lightnings flashed from the cloud, and the distant thunder began to roll; but presently, as if they supposed these fires and sounds to be the signal of approaching battle, they were seen to get together and form in line, almost in as perfect order as if they had had their old masters upon their backs.

One of these old soldiers was what the Spaniards with the gravity peculiar to their language call a *Caballo Padre*; or what some of our own writers, with a decorum not less becoming, appellate an Entire horse;—or what a French interpreter accompanying an Englishman to obtain a passport wherein the horse as well as the rider was to be described, denominated *un cheval de pierre* to the astonishment of the clerks in the office, whose difficulty was not at all removed by the subsequent definition of the English applicant, which the said interpreter faithfully rendered thus, *un cheval de pierre est un cheval qui couvre les officiers municipaux*. He had found his way in a Cossack regiment from the Steppes of Tartary to the plains of Prussia; had run loose from a field of battle in which his master was killed, and passing from hand to hand had finally been sold by a Jew into the service of his Majesty King George II. In the course of this eventful life he had lost his Sclavonic name, and when he entered the British regiment was naturalized by that of Moses in honour of his late possessor.

It so happened that a filly by name Miss Jenny had been turned out to recover from a sprain in a field sufficiently near Knavesmire heath for a Houyhnhnm voice to be within hearing of Houyhnhnm ears. In this field did Miss Jenny one day beguile the solitude by exclaiming 'heigh-ho for a husband!' an exclamation which exists in the Equine as well as in the English language. It is also found in the Feline tongue, but Grimalkin has set it to very unpleasant music. Moses heard the strain and listened to the voice of love. The breezes did for him what many a lover has in vain requested them to do in sonnet, and in elegy, and in song;—they wafted back his sympathetic wishes, and the wooing was carried on at a quarter of a mile distance: after which the Innamorato made no more of hedge and ditch than Jupiter was wont to do of a brazen Tower. Goonhilly

in Cornwall was indebted for its once famous breed of horses to a Barb, which was turned loose (like Moses) by one of the Erisey family,—the Erisey estate joining the down.

A few days afterwards, Miss Jenny, having perfectly recovered of her sprain, was purchased by Dr. Dove. The alteration which took place in her shape was so little that it excited no suspicion in any person:—a circumstance which will not appear extraordinary to those who remember that the great Mr. Taplin himself having once booked his expectations of a colt, kept the mare eleven lunar months and a fortnight by the Almanack, and then parted with her, after taking the opinion of almost every farmer and breeder in the country, upon a universal decision that she had no foal in her;—ten days afterwards the mare showed cause why the decision of the judges should be reversed. Those persons, I say, who know the supereminent accuracy of Mr. Taplin, and that in matters of this kind every thing passed under his own eye, (for he tells you that it was a trust which he never delegated to another), will not be so much surprised as the Doctor was at what happened on the present occasion. The Doctor and Nicholas were returning from Adwick-in-the-Street where they had been performing an operation. It was on the eleventh of June; the day had been unusually hot; they were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and took shelter in a barn. The Doctor had no sooner alighted than Miss Jenny appeared greatly distressed; and to the utter astonishment both of Dr. Dove and Nicholas, who could scarcely believe their own eyes, there was—almost as soon as they could take off the saddle—what I once saw called in the letter of a waiting gentlewoman—*dishion* to the family. To express the same event in loftier language,

Ἦλθεν δ' ἐπὶ σπλάγχων ἐπ' ὤ-
δινος τ' ἐρατᾶς ΝΟΨ
Ἐς φάος αὐτίκα.

It is for the gratification of the learned Thebans who will peruse this history that I quote Pindar here.

CHAPTER LXXIV

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND NICHOLAS
CONCERNING THE HIPPOGONY OR ORIGIN OF THE FOAL
DROPPED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER

— his birth day, the eleventh of June
*When the Apostle Barnaby the bright
Unto our year doth give the longest light.*

BEN JONSON

'It's as fine a foal as ever was dropped,' said Nicholas;—
'but I should as soon thought of dropping one myself!'

'If thou hadst, Nicholas,' replied the Doctor, 'twould have been a foal with longer ears, and a cross upon the shoulders. But I am heartily glad that it has happened to the Mare rather than to thee; for in the first place thou wouldst hardly have got so well through it, as, with all my experience, I should have been at a loss how to have rendered thee any assistance; and secondly, Nicholas, I should have been equally at a loss how to account for the circumstance, which certainly never could have been accounted for in so satisfactory a manner. The birth of this extraordinary foal supports a fact which the wise ancients have attested, and the moderns in their presumptuous ignorance have been pleased to disbelieve: it also agrees with a notion which I have long been disposed to entertain. But had it been thy case instead of the Mare's it would have been to no purpose except to contradict all facts and confound all notions.'

'As for that matter,' answered Nicholas, 'all my notions are struck in a heap. You bought that Mare on the 29th of July, by this token that it was my birthday, and I said she would prove a lucky one. One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—' he continued, counting upon his fingers,—'ten Kalendar months, and to-day the eleventh of June;—in all that time I'll be sworn she has never been nearer a horse than to pass him on the road. It must have been the Devil's doing, and I wish he never did worse. However, Master, I hope you'll sell him, for, in

spite of his looks, I should never like to trust my precious limbs upon the back of such a misbegotten beast.'

'Unbegotten, Nicholas,' replied the Doctor; 'unbegotten,—or rather begotten by the winds,—for so with every appearance of probability, we may fairly suppose him to have been.'

'The Winds !' said Nicholas.—He lifted up the lids of his little eyes as far as he could strain them, and breathed out a whistle of a half minute long, beginning in C alt and running down two whole octaves !

'It was common in Spain,' pursued Dr. Dove, 'and consequently may have happened in our less genial climate, but this is the first instance that has ever been clearly observed. I well remember,' he continued, 'that last July was peculiarly fine. The wind never varied more than from South South East to South West; the little rain which fell descended in gentle, balmy, showers, and the atmosphere never could have been more full of the fecundating principle.'

That our friend really attached any credit to this fanciful opinion of the Ancients is what I will not affirm, nor perhaps would he himself have affirmed it. But Henry More, the Platonist, Milton's friend, undoubtedly believed it. After quoting the well-known passage upon this subject in the Georgics, and a verse to the same effect from the Punics, he adds, that you may not suspect it 'to be only the levity and credulity of Poets to report such things, I can inform you that St. Austin, and Solinus the historian, write the same of a race of horses in Cappadocia. Nay, which is more to the purpose, Columella and Varro, men expert in rural affairs, assert this matter for a most certain and known truth.' Pliny also affirms it as an undoubted fact: the foals of the Wind, he says, were exceedingly swift, but short-lived, never outliving three years. And the Lampongs of Sumatra, according to Marsden, believe at this time that the Island Engano is inhabited entirely by females, whose progeny are all children of the Wind.

CHAPTER LXXV

DOUBTFUL PEDIGREE OF ECLIPSE. SHAKESPEARE (N.B. NOT WILLIAM) AND OLD MARSK. A PECULIARITY OF THE ENGLISH LAW

Lady Percy. *But hear you, my Lord !*

Hotspur. *What say'st thou, my Lady ?*

Lady Percy. *What is it carries you away ?*

Hotspur. *Why my Horse, my love, my Horse.*

SHAKESPEARE

After having made arrangements with the owner of the barn for the accommodation of the Mare in-the-straw, the Doctor and Nicholas pursued their way to Doncaster on foot, the latter every now and then breaking out into exclamations of 'the Lord bless me !' and sometimes with a laugh of astonishment annexing the Lord's name to a verb of opposite signification governing a neuter pronoun. Then he would cry, 'Who would have thought it ? Who'll believe it ?' and so with interjections benedictory or maledictory, applied indiscriminately to himself and Miss Jenny and the foal, he gave vent to his wonder, frequently, however, repeating his doubts how the come-by-chance, as he called it, would turn out.

A doubt to the same purport had come across the Doctor; for it so happened that one of his theories bore very much in support of Nicholas's unfavourable prepossession. Eclipse was at that time in his glory; and Eclipse was in the case of those children who are said by our Law to be more than ordinarily legitimate, tho' he was not, like one of these double legitimates, enabled at years of discretion to choose for himself between the two possible fathers. Whether Eclipse was got by Shakespeare or by Old Marsk was a point of which the Duke of Cumberland and his Stud Groom at one time confessed themselves ignorant; and though at length, as it was necessary that Eclipse should have a pedigree, they filiated him upon Old Marsk, Dr. Dove had amused himself with contending that the real cause of the superiority of that wonderful horse to all other horses was, that in reality he was the Son of both, and being thus doubly

begotten had derived a double portion of vigour. It is not necessary to explain by what process of reasoning he had arrived at this conclusion; but it followed as a necessary inference that if a horse with two Sires inherited a double stock of strength, a horse who had no Sire at all must, *pari ratione*, be in a like proportion deficient. And here the Doctor must have rested had he not luckily called to mind that Canto of the Faery Queen in which

The birth of fayre Belphoebe and
Of Amorett is told :

how

— wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of the Heavens fruitfull ray.

Miraculous may seem to him that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion
Doe life conceive, and quick'ned are by kynd;
So after Nilus' inundation
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great Father he of Generation
Is rightly called, th' Authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heate and humour breeds the living wight.

So delighted was he with this recollection, and with the beautiful picture of Belphoebe which it recalled, that he would instantly have named the foal Belphoebe,—if it had happened to be a filly. For a moment it occurred to him to call him Belpheobus; but then again he thought that Belpheobus was too like Belphegor, and he would not give any occasion for a mistake, which might lead to a suspicion that he favoured Nicholas's notion of the Devil's concern in the business.

But the naming of this horse was not so lightly to be decided. Would it have been fitting under all the circumstances of the case to have given him any such appellation

as Buzzard, Trumpeter, Ploughboy, Master Jackey, Master Robert, Jerry Sneak, Trimmer, Swindler, Deceiver, Did-dler, Boxer, Bruiser, Buffer, Prize-fighter, Swordsman, Snap,—would it have been fitting, I say, to have given to a Colt who was dropped almost as unexpectedly as if he had dropped from the clouds,—would it, I repeat, have been fitting to have given him any one of these names, all known in their day upon the Turf, or of the numberless others commonly and with equal impropriety bestowed upon horses ?

CHAPTER LXXVI

HOW THERE AROSE A DISPUTE BETWEEN BARNABY AND NICHOLAS CONCERNING THE NAMING OF THIS COLT, AND OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES THAT ENSUED

Quoiqu'il en soit, je ne tairai point cette histoire; je l'abandonne à la crédulité, ou à l'incrédulité des Lecteurs, ils prendront à cet égard quel parti il leur plaira. Je dirai seulement, s'ils ne la veulent pas croire, que je les défie de me prouver qu'elle soit absolument impossible; ils ne le prouveront jamais.

GOMGAM

While the Doctor was deliberating by what significant name to call the foal of which he had in so surprising a manner found himself possessed, a warm dispute upon the same subject had arisen between Barnaby and Nicholas: for though a woman does not consider herself complimented when she is called a horse-godmother, each was ambitious of being horse-godfather on this occasion, and giving his own name to the colt, which had already become a pet with both.

Upon discovering each other's wish they first quietly argued the point. Nicholas maintained that it was not possible any person, except his master, could have so good a right to name the colt as himself, who had actually been present when he was dropped. Barnaby admitted the force of the argument, but observed that there was a still stronger

reason for naming him as he proposed, because he had been foaled on the eleventh of June, which is St. Barnabas's day.

'Nicholas,' quoth his antagonist, 'it ought to be, for I was there at the very nick of time.'—'Barnaby,' retorted the other, 'it ought to be; for in a barn it happened.'

'Old Nick was the father of him !' said Nicholas.—'The more reason,' replied Barnaby, 'for giving him a Saint's name.'

'He shall be nicked to suit his name,' said Nicholas;—'and that's a good reason !'—'It's a wicked reason,' cried Barnaby, 'he shall never be nicked. I love him as well as if he was a bairn of my own: and that's another reason why he should be called Barnaby. He shall be neither nicked nor Nicholased.'

Upon this Nicholas grew warm, and asserted that his name was as good as the other's, and that he was ready to prove himself the better man. The other, who had been made angry at the thought of nicking his pet, was easily put upon his mettle, and they agreed to settle the dispute by the *ultima ratio regum*. But this appeal to the immortal Gods was not definitive, for John Atkinson the Miller's son came up and parted them; and laughing at them for a couple of fools when he heard the cause of their quarrel, he proposed that they should determine it by running a race to the gate at the other end of the field.

Having made them shake hands, and promise to abide by the issue, he went before them to the goal, and got on the other side to give the signal and act as umpire.

'One !—Two !—Three and away !'—They were off like race-horses. They jostled midway. It was neck and neck. And each laid his hand at the same moment on the gate.

John Atkinson then bethought him that it would be a more sensible way of deciding the dispute, if they were to drink for it, and see who could swallow most ale at the Black Bull, where the current barrel was much to his taste. At the Black Bull, therefore, they met in the evening. John chalked pint for pint; but for the sake of good fellowship he drank pint for pint also; the Landlord (honest Matthew Sykes) entered into the spirit of the contest, and when his wife refused to draw any more beer, went for it himself as

long as he had a leg to stand on, or a hand to carry the jug, and longer than any one of the party could keep the score.

The next day they agreed to settle it by a sober game at Beggar-my-Neighbour. It was a singular game. The cards were dealt with such equality that after the first round had shown the respective hands, the ablest calculator would have been doubtful on which side to have betted. Captures were made and re-made,—the game had all and more than all its usual ups and downs, and it ended in tyeing the two last cards. Never in any contest had Jupiter held the scales with a more even hand.

‘The Devil is in the business to be sure,’ said Nicholas, ‘let us toss up for it!’—‘Done,’ said Barnaby; and Nicholas placing a halfpenny on his thumb nail sent it whizzing into the air.

‘Tails!’ quoth Barnaby.—‘Tis heads,’ cried Nicholas, ‘hurrah!’

Barnaby stamped with his right foot for vexation—lifted his right arm to his head, drew in his breath with one of those sounds which grammarians would class among interjections, if they could express them by letters, and swore that if it had been an honest halfpenny, it would never have served him so! He picked it up,—and it proved to be a *Brummejam* of the coarsest and clumsiest kind, with a head on each side. They now agreed that the Devil certainly must be in it, and determined to lay the whole case before the Doctor.

The Doctor was delighted with their story. The circumstances which they related were curious enough to make the naming of this horse as remarkable as his birth. He was pleased also that his own difficulties and indecision upon this important subject should thus as it were be removed by Fate or Fortune; and taking the first thought which now occurred, and rubbing his forehead as he was wont to do, when any happy conception struck him, (Jupiter often did so when Minerva was in his brain), he said, ‘we must compromise the matter, and make a compound name in which both shall have an equal share. Nicholas Ottley, and Barnaby Sutton; N. O.—B. S.—Nobs shall be his name.’

Perhaps the Doctor remembered Smectymnuus at that time, and the notorious Cabal, and the fanciful etymology that because news comes from all parts, and the letters N. E. W. S. stand for North, East, West, and South—the word was thence compounded. Perhaps, also, he called to mind that Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, the famous Maimonides, was called Rambam from the initials of his titles and his names; and that the great Gustavus Adolphus when he travelled incognito assumed the name of M. Gars, being the four initials of his name and title. He certainly did not remember that in the Dialogue of Solomon and Saturnus the name of Adam is said to have been in like manner derived from the four Angels Archox, Dux, Arocholem, and Min-symbrie. He did not remember this—because he never knew it; this very curious Anglo-Saxon poem existing hitherto only in manuscript, and no other portions or account of it having been printed than those brief ones for which we are indebted to Mr. Conybeare, a man upon whose like we of his generation shall not look again.

CHAPTER EXTRAORDINARY

PROCEEDINGS AT A BOOK CLUB. THE AUTHOR ACCUSED OF 'LÈSE DELICATESSE,' OR WHAT IS CALLED AT COURT 'TUM-TITTEE.' HE UTTERS A MYSTERIOUS EXCLAMATION, AND INDIGNANTLY VINDICATES HIMSELF

*Rem profecto mirabilem, longeque stupendam, rebusque veris
veriozem describo.*

HIERONYMUS RADIOLENSIS

A circumstance has come to my knowledge so remarkable in itself and affecting me so deeply, that on both accounts I feel it necessary to publish a Chapter Extraordinary on the occasion.

There is a certain Book Club, or Society, (no matter where) in which the Volumes of this Opus have been regularly ordered as they appeared, and regularly perused, to the

edification of many Readers, the admiration of more, and the amusement of all. But I am credibly informed that an alarm was excited in that select literary Circle by a Chapter in the fourth volume¹, and that the said volume was not allowed to circulate by the Managing Directors or Committee, of the said Book Club, till the said Chapter had been excised, that is to say, cut out.

Aballiboozo !

When a poor wretch fell into the hands of that hellish Tribunal which called itself the Holy Office, the Inquisitors always began by requiring him to tell them what he was accused of; and they persisted in this course of examination time after time, till by promises and threats, long suspense, and solitary confinement, with the occasional aid of the rack, they had extorted from him matter of accusation against himself and as many of his friends, relations and acquaintances, as they could induce, or compel, or entrap him to name. Even under such a judicial process I should never have been able to discover what Chapter in this Opus could have been thought to require an operation, which, having the fear of the expurgatorial scissors before my eyes, I must not venture to mention here, by its appropriate name, though it is a Dictionary word, and the use of it is in this sense strictly technical. My ignorance, however, has been enlightened, and I have been made acquainted with what in the simplicity of my heart I never could have surmised.

The Chapter condemned to that operation, the chapter which has been not bisked, but semiramised, is the seventy-third Chapter, concerning the Pedigree and Birth of Nobs; but whether the passage which called forth this severe sentence from the Censors were that in which Moses and Miss Jenny, the Sire and Dam of Nobs, are described as meeting in a field near Knavesmire Heath, like *Dido dux et Trojanus*; or whether it were the part where the consequences of that meeting are related as coming unexpectedly to light, in a barn between Doncaster and Adwick-in-the-Street, my informant was not certain.

From another quarter I have been assured, that the main

¹ See *suprà*, Ch. LXXIII. of this edition.

count in the indictment was upon the story of *Le Cheval de Pierre, et les Officiers Municipaux*. This I am told it was which alarmed the Literary Sensitives. The sound of the footsteps of the Marble Statue in Don Juan upon the boards of the stage never produced a more awful sense of astonishment in that part of the audience who were fixed all eyes and ears upon its entrance, than this *Cheval de Pierre* produced among the Board of Expurgators. After this I ought not to be surprised if the Publishers were to be served with a notice that the Lord Mayors of London and York, and the simple Mayors of every corporate town in England, reformed or unreformed, having a Magistrate so called, whether gentle or simple, had instituted proceedings against them for *Scandalum Magnatum*. This, however, I have the satisfaction of knowing, that Miss Graveairs smiled in good humour when she heard the Chapter read; the only serious look put on was at the quotation from Pindar, as if suspecting there might be something in the Greek which was not perfectly consistent with English notions of propriety. Nothing, however, could be more innocent than that Greek. And, even after what has passed, she would agree with me that this Chapter, which made the Elders blush, is one which Susanna would have read as innocently as it was written.

Nevertheless I say, *O tempora ! O mores !* uttering the words exultantly, not in exprobration. I congratulate the age and the British Public. I congratulate my Countrymen, my Country-women, and my Country-children. I congratulate Young England upon the March of Modesty ! How delightful that it should thus keep pace with the March of Intellect ! *Redeunt Saturnia regna*. In these days Liberality and Morality appear hand-in-hand upon the stage like the Two Kings of Brentford; and Piety and Profit have kissed each other at religious Meetings.

We have already a Family Shakespeare; and it cannot be supposed that the hint will always be disregarded which Mr. Matthew Gregory Lewis introduced so properly some forty years ago into his then celebrated novel called the Monk, for a Family Bible, upon the new plan of removing all passages that could be thought objectionable on the score of indelicacy. We may look to see Mr. Thomas Moore's Poems

adapted to the use of Families; and Mr. Murray cannot do less than provide the Public with a Family Byron.

It may, therefore, be matter of grave consideration for me whether, under all circumstances, it would not be highly expedient to prepare a semiramised edition of this Opus, under the Title of the Family Doctor. It may be matter for consultation with my Publishers, to whose opinion, as founded on experience and a knowledge of the public taste, an author will generally find it prudent to defer. Neither by them or me would it be regarded as an objection that the title might mislead many persons, who, supposing that the 'Family Doctor' and the 'Family Physician' meant the same kind of Book, would order the Opus, under a mistaken notion that it was a new and consequently improved work, similar to Dr. Buchan's, formerly well known as a stock-book. This would be no objection I say, but, on the contrary, an advantage to all parties. For a book which directs people how to physic themselves ought to be entitled Every Man his own Poisoner, because it cannot possibly teach them how to discriminate between the resemblant symptoms of different diseases. Twice fortunate, therefore, would that person have reason to think him or herself, who, under such a misapprehension of its title, should purchase the Family Doctor!

Ludicrous mistakes of this kind have sometimes happened. Mr. Haslewood's elaborate and expensive edition of the Mirror for Magistrates was ordered by a gentleman in the Commission of the Peace, not a hundred miles from the Metropolis; he paid for it the full price, and his unfortunate Worship was fain to take what little he could get for it from his Bookseller under such circumstances, rather than endure the mortification of seeing it in his book-case. A lady who had a true taste as well as a great liking for poetry, ordered an Essay on Burns for the Reading Society of which she was a member. She opened the book expecting to derive much pleasure from a critical disquisition on the genius of one of her favourite Poets; and behold it proved to be an Essay on Burns and Scalds by a Surgeon!

But in this case it would prove an Agreeable Surprise instead of a disappointment; and if the intention had been to

mislead, and thereby entrap the purchaser, the end might be pleaded, according to the convenient morality of the age, as justifying the means. Lucky indeed were the patient who sending for Morison's Pills should be supplied with Tom D'Urfey's in their stead; happy man would be his dole who when he had made up his mind in dismal resolution to a dreadful course of drastics, should find that gelastics had been substituted, not of the Sardonian kind, but composed of the most innocent and salutiferous ingredients, gently and genially alternative, mild in their operation, and safe and sure in their effects.

On that score, therefore, there could be no objection to the publication of a Family Doctor. But believing as I believe, or rather, knowing as I know, that the Book is free from any such offence,

— *mal cupiera alli*
*tal aspid en tales flores;*¹

maintaining that it is in this point immaculate, which I will maintain as confidently because as justly, and as publicly were it needful, (only that my bever must be closed) as Mr. Dymock at the approaching Coronation will maintain Queen Victoria's right to the Crown of these Kingdoms (God save the Queen !),—it is impossible that I should consent to a measure which must seem like acknowledging the justice of a charge at once ridiculous and wrongful.

— I must not disesteem
My rightful cause for being accused, nor must
Forsake myself, tho I were left of all.
Fear cannot make my innocence unjust
Unto itself, to give my Truth the fall.*

The most axiomatic of English Poets has said

Do not forsake yourself; for they that do,
Offend and teach the world to leave them too.

Of the Book itself,—(the Opus)—I can say truly, as South said of the Sermon which he preached in 1662 before the

¹ Lope de Vega.

² Daniel.

Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London, 'the subject is inoffensive, harmless, and innocent as the state of innocence itself;' and of the particular chapter, that it is 'suitable to the immediate design, and to the genius of the book.' And in saying this I call to mind the words of Nicolas Perez, el Setabiense;—*el amor propio es nuestro enemigo mas perjudicial; es dificil acabar con el, por lo mismo un sabio le compara à la camisa, que es el ultimo de los vestidos que nos quitamos.*

Bear witness *incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas!* that I seek not to cover myself with what the Spaniard calls Self-Love's last Shirt; for I am no more guilty of *Lèse Modestie* than of *Lèse Majesté*. If there were a Court of Delicacy as there has been a Court of Honour, a Court Modest as there is a Court Martial, I would demand a trial, and in my turn arraign my arraigners,

*Porque en este limpio trigo
Siembren zizaña y estrago.*¹

It is said in the very interesting and affecting Memoir of Mr. Smedley's Life that he had projected with Mr. Murray 'a castigated edition of the Faery Queen.' He was surprised, says the biographer, 'to find how many passages there were in this the most favourite poem of his youth, which a father's acuter vision and more sensitive delicacy discovered to be unfit for the eyes of his daughters.' It appears, too, that he had actually performed the task; but that Mr. Murray altered his opinion as to the expediency of the publication, and he found to his annoyance that his time had been employed to no purpose.'

Poor Smedley speaks thus of the project in one of his letters. 'I am making the Faery Queen a poem which may be admitted into *family* reading, by certain omissions, by modernizing the spelling and by appending, where necessary, brief glossarial foot-notes. I read Spenser so very early, and made him so much a part of the furniture of my mind, that until I had my attention drawn to him afresh I had utterly forgotten how much he required the pruning-knife, how utterly impossible it is that he should be read

¹ Lope de Vega.

aloud: and I cannot but think that when fitted for general perusal, he will become more attractive by a new coat and waistcoat. If we were to print Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, or even Milton, *literatim* from the first editions, the spelling would deter many readers. Strange to say, when Southey was asked some time ago whether he would undertake the task, he said, "No, I shall print every word of him!" And he has done so in a single volume. Can he have daughters? Or any who, like my Mary, delight in such portions as they are permitted to open?"

Did Southey say so?—Why then, well said Southey! And it is very like him; for he is not given to speak, as his friends the Portuguese say, *enfarinhadamente*—which is, being interpreted, mealy-mouthedly. Indeed his moral and intellectual constitution must be much feebler than I suppose it to be, if his daughters are not 'permitted to open' any book in his library. He must have been as much astonished to hear that the Faery Queen was unfit for their perusal as he could have been when he saw it gravely asserted by an American Professor, Critic and Doctor of Divinity, that his Life of Wesley was composed in imitation of the *Iliad*!

Scott felt like Southey upon this subject, and declared that he would never deal with Dryden as Saturn dealt with his father Uranus. Upon such publications as the Family Shakespeare he says,—'I do not say but that it may be very proper to select correct passages for the use of Boarding-Schools and Colleges, being sensible no improper ideas can be suggested in these seminaries unless they are introduced or smuggled under the beards and ruffs of our old dramatists. But in making an edition of a Man of Genius's Works for libraries and collections, (and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be), I must give my author as I find him, and will not tear out the page even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift, and even of Pope, larded with indecency and often of the most disgusting kind, and do we not see them upon all shelves, and dressing-tables and in all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine? and how often do we see his works in female hands. In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt

the manners of a people; it is the sonnets which a prurient genius like Master Little sings *virginibus puerisque*,—it is the sentimental slang, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears.'

How could Mr. Smedley have allowed himself to be persuaded that a poem like the Faery Queen which he had made from early youth 'a part of the furniture of his own mind,' should be more injurious to others than it had proved to himself? It is one of the books which Wesley in the plan which he drew up for those young Methodists who designed to go through a course of academical learning, recommended to students of the second year. Mr. Todd has noticed this in support of his own just estimate of this admirable poet. 'If,' says he, 'our conceptions of Spenser's mind may be taken from his poetry, I shall not hesitate to pronounce him entitled to our warmest approbation and regard for his gentle disposition, for his friendly and grateful conduct, for his humility, for his exquisite tenderness, and above all for his piety and morality. To these amiable points a fastidious reader may perhaps object some petty inadvertencies; yet can he never be so ungrateful as to deny the efficacy which Spenser's general character gives to his writings,—as to deny that Truth and Virtue are graceful and attractive, when the road to them is pointed out by such a guide. Let it always be remembered that this excellent Poet inculcates those impressive lessons, by attending to which the gay and the thoughtless may be timely induced to treat with scorn and indignation the allurements of intemperance and illicit pleasure.'

When Izaak Walton published 'Thealma and Clearchus,' a pastoral history written long since in smooth and easy verse by John Chalkhill, Esq., he described him in the Title page as 'An Acquaintant and Friend of Edmund Spenser.' He says of him 'that he was in his time a man generally known and as well beloved, for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent, and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' Yet to have been the friend of Edmund Spenser

was considered by the biographer of Hooker and Donne and Bishop Sanderson and George Herbert, as an honourable designation for this good man, a testimonial of his worth to posterity, long after both Chalkhill and Spenser had been called to their reward.

It was well that Mr. Murray gave up the project of a Family Faery Queen. Mr. Smedley when employed upon such a task ought to have felt that he was drawing upon himself something like Ham's malediction.

With regard to another part of these projected emendations there is a fatal objection. There is no good reason why the capricious spelling of the early editions should be scrupulously and pedantically observed in Shakespeare, Milton, or any author of their respective times;—no reason why words which retain the same acceptation, and are still pronounced in the same manner, should not now be spelt according to the received orthography. Spenser is the only author for whom an exception must be made from this obvious rule. Malone was wrong when he asserted that the language of the Faery Queen was that of the age in which Spenser lived; and Ben Jonson was not right when, saying that Spenser writ no language, he assigned as the cause for this, his 'affecting the Ancients.' The diction, or rather dialect, which Spenser constructed, was neither like that of his predecessors, nor of his contemporaries. Camoens also wrote a language of his own, and thereby did for the Portuguese tongue the same service which was rendered to ours by the translators of the Bible. But the Portuguese Poet, who more than any other of his countrymen refined a language which was then in the process of refining, attempted to introduce nothing but what entirely accorded with its character, and with the spirit of that improvement which was gradually taking place; whereas both the innovations and renovations which Spenser introduced were against the grain. Yet such is the magic of his verse, that the Faery Queen if modernized, even though the structure of its stanza—(the best which has ever been constructed)—were preserved, would lose as much as Homer loses in the best translation.

Mr. Wordsworth has modernized one of Chaucer's Poems

with 'no farther deviation from the original than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author, supplying the place of whatever he removed as obsolete with as little incongruity as possible.' This he has done very skilfully. But the same skill could not be exercised upon the Faery Queen with the same success. The peculiarities of language there are systematic; to modernize the spelling, as Mr. Smedley proposed, would in very many cases interfere with the rhyme, and thus dislocate the stanza. The task, therefore, would have been extremely difficult; it would have been useless, because no one who is capable of enjoying that delightful Poem ever found any difficulty in understanding its dialect, and it would have been mischievous, because it would have destroyed the character of the Poem. And this in the expectation of rendering Spenser more attractive by a new coat and waistcoat! Spenser of whom it has been truly said that more poets have sprung from him than from all other English writers; Spenser by whom Cowley tells us he was made a Poet; of whom Milton acknowledged to Dryden that he was his original; and in whom Pope says 'there is something that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faery Queen,' he proceeds, 'when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago.'

No, a new suit of clothes would not render Spenser more attractive, not even if to a coat and waistcoat of Stultz's fabric white satin pantaloons were added, such as the handsomest and best dressed of modern patriots, novelists and poets was known by on the public walk of a fashionable watering-place.

Save us from the Ultradelicates and the Extrasuperfines! for if these are to prevail—

What can it avail
To drive forth a snail
Or to make a sail
Of a herring's tail
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite
Either for delight
Or else for despite?

Or books to compile
Of divers manner of style,
Vice to revile,
And sin to exile,
To teach or to preach
As reason will reach ?

So said Skelton three centuries ago, and for myself I say
once more what Skelton would have been well pleased to
have heard said by any one,

Aballiboozo !

Dear Author, says one of those Readers who deserve to be
pleased, and whom, therefore, there is a pleasure in pleasing,
dear Author ! may I not ask wherefore you have twice in
this Chapter Extraordinary given us part of your long mys-
terious word, and only part, instead of setting it before us
at full length ?

Dear Reader ! you may; and you may also ask unblamed
whether a part of the word is not as good, that is to say, as
significant, as the whole ? You shall have a full and satis-
factory answer in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER LXXVII

WHEREIN A SUBSTITUTE FOR OATHS, AND OTHER PASSIONATE
INTERJECTIONS IS EXEMPLIFIED

*What have we to do with the times ? We cannot cure 'em:
Let them go on: when they are swoln with surfeits
They'll burst and stink: Then all the world shall smell 'em.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

Once more, Reader, I commence with

Aballiboozobanganorribo ;

Do not suppose that I am about to let thee into the mysteries
of that great decasyllabon ! *Questo è bene uno de' piu pro-
fondi segreti ch' abbia tutto il mondo, e quasi nessuno il sa; e sia*

*certo che ad altri nol direi giammai.*¹ No, Reader ! not if I were before the High Court of Parliament, and the House of Commons should exert all its inquisitorial and tyrannical powers to extort it from me, would I let the secret pass that ἐρκος ὀδόντων within which my little trowel of speech has learned not to be an unruly member. I would behave as magnanimously as Sir Abraham Bradley King did upon a not-altogether dissimilar occasion. Sir Abraham might have said of his secret as Henry More says of the Epicurean Philosophy, 'Truly it is a very venerable secret; and not to be uttered or communicated but by some old Silenus lying in his obscure grot or cave; nor that neither but upon due circumstances, and in a right humour, when one may find him with his veins swelled out with wine, and his garland fallen off from his head through his heedless drowsiness. Then if some young Chromis and Mnasyllus, especially assisted by a fair and forward Ægle, that by way of a love-frolic will leave the tracts of their fingers in the blood of mulberries on the temples and forehead of this aged Satyr, while he sleeps dog-sleep, and will not seem to see for fear he forfeit the pleasure of his feeling,—then I say, if these young lads importune him enough,—he will utter it in a higher strain than ever.'

But by no such means can the knowledge of my profounder mystery be attained. I will tell thee, however, good Reader, that the word itself, apart from all considerations of its mystical meaning, serves me for the same purpose to which the old tune of Lilliburlero was applied by our dear Uncle Toby,—our dear Uncle I say, for is he not *your* Uncle Toby, gentle Reader ? yours as well as mine, if you are worthy to hold him in such relationship, and so by that relationship, you and I are Cousins.

The Doctor had learned something from his Uncle William, which he used to the same effect, though not in the same way. William Dove in that capacious memory of his, into which everything that he heard was stored, and out of which nothing was lost, had among the fragments of old songs and ballads which he had picked up, sundry burdens or choruses, as unmeaning as those which O'Keefe used to

¹ Bibbiena.

introduce in some of the songs of his farces, always with good farcical effect. Uncle Toby's favourite was one of them;

Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la;
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Without knowing that it was designed as an insult to the French, he used to say and sing in corrupted form,

Suum, mun, hey no nonny,
Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Sessa, let him trot by.

Another was that from the ballad in honour of the Earl of Essex, called Queen Elizabeth's Champion, which Johnson quoted in the Isle of Skye; and Johnson is not the only omnivorous reader in whose memory it has stuck;

Raderer too, tandaro tee
Radarer, tandorer, tan do ree.

And he had treasured up the elder fragment,

Martin Swart and his men.
Sodledum, sodledum,
Martin Swart and his men,
Sodledum bell,
With hey trolly loly lo, whip here Jack,
Alumbeck, sodledum, syllerum ben,
Martin Swart and his merry men.

He had also this relic of the same age, relating as it seems to some now forgotten hero of the strolling minstrels,

Rory-bull Joyse,
Rumble down, tumble down, hey, go now now.

Here is another, for he uttered these things 'as he had eaten ballads.'

A story strange I will you tell,
But not so strange as true,
Of a woman that danced upon the rope,
And so did her husband too:
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee.

And he had one of Irish growth, which he sometimes tacked
on to this last for the rhyme's sake,

Callino, callino,
Callino, castore me,
Era ëe, Era ëe
Loo loo, loo loo lee.

All these were favourites with little Daniel; and so especially for his name's sake, was

My juggy, my puggy, my honey, my coney,
My deary, my love, my dove.

There was another with which and the Dovean use thereof, it is proper that the reader should now be made acquainted, for it would otherwise require explanation, when he meets with it hereafter. This was the one which, when William Dove trotted little Daniel upon his knee, he used to sing more frequently than any other, because the child, then in the most winning stage of childhood, liked it best of all, and it went to the tune of 'God save great George our King,' as happily as if that noble tune had been composed for it. The words were,

Fa la la lerridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Derridan dee.

To what old ditty they formed the burden I know not, nor whether it may be (as I suspect) a different reading of 'Down, down, down derry down,' which the most learned of living Welshmen supposes to be a Druidical fragment: but the frequent repetition of his own abbreviated name seldom failed to excite in the child one of those hearty and happy laughs which are never enjoyed after that blessed age has past. Most of us have frequently laughed till our sides ached, and many not unfrequently it may be feared laugh till their hearts ache. But the pure, fresh, unalloyed innocent laughter of children, in those moods when they

— seem, like birds, created to be glad,¹—

¹ Gondibert.

that laughter belongs to them and to them only. We see it and understand it in them; but nothing can excite more than a faint resemblance of it in ourselves.

The Doctor made use of this burden when any thing was told him which excited his wonder, or his incredulity; and the degree in which either was called forth might be accurately determined by his manner of using it. He expressed mirthful surprise, or contemptuous disbelief by the first line, and the tune proceeded in proportion as the surprise was greater, or the matter of more moment. But when anything greatly astonished him, he went through the whole, and gave it in a base voice when his meaning was to be most emphatic.

In imitation, no doubt, of my venerable friend in this his practice, though perhaps at first half unconscious of the imitation, I have been accustomed to use the great decasyllabon, with which this present Chapter commences, and with which it is to end. In my use of it, however, I observed this caution,—that I do not suffer myself to be carried away by an undue partiality, so as to employ it in disregard of ejaculatory propriety or to the exclusion of exclamations which the occasion may render more fitting. Thus if I were to meet with Hercules, *Mehercule* would doubtless be the interjection which I should prefer; and when I saw the Siamese Twins, I could not but exclaim, *O Gemini* !¹

Further, good Reader, if thou wouldst profit by these benevolent disclosures of Danielism and Dovery, take notice I say, and not only take notice, but take good notice,—N.B.—there was this difference between the Doctor's use of his burden, and mine of the decasyllabon, that the one was sung, and the other said, and that they are not 'appointed to be said or sung,' but that the one being designed for singing must be sung, and the other not having been adapted to music must be said. And if any great Composer should attempt to set the Decasyllabon, let him bear in mind that it should be set in the hypodorian key, the proslambanomenos of which mode is, in the judgment of the Antients, the most grave sound that the human voice can utter, and that the hearing can distinctly form a judgment of.

¹ This last paragraph was inserted by Mr. H. Taylor. [Warter.]

Some such device may be recommended to those who have contracted the evil habit of using oaths as interjectional safety-valves or convenient expletives of speech. The manner may be exemplified in reference to certain recent events of public notoriety.

We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.¹

Upon hearing one morning that in the Debate of the preceding night Mr. Brougham had said no change of administration could possibly affect him, I only exclaimed *A!* A short-hand writer would have mistaken it for the common interjection, and have written it accordingly *Ah!* But it was the first syllable of my inscrutable word, and signified mere notation without wonder or belief.

When in the course of the same day there came authentic intelligence that Mr. Brougham was to be the Lord Chancellor of the New Administration, so little surprise was excited by the news, that I only added another syllable and exclaimed *Abal!*

Reading in the morning papers that Sir James Graham was to be first Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Althorp to lead the House of Commons, the exclamation proceeded one step farther, and became *Aballi!*

This was uttered in a tone that implied disbelief; for verily I gave Cabinet Makers credit for a grain of sense more than they possessed, (a *grain* mark you, because they had nothing to do with *scruples*;) I supposed there was a mistake as to the persons,—that Sir James Graham, whose chief knowledge was supposed to lie in finance, and his best qualification in his tongue, was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Lord Althorp, who had no other claim to consideration whatever than as being Earl Spencer's eldest son, (except that as Hodge said of Diccon the Bedlam, he is 'even as good a fellow as ever kissed a cow,') was intended for the Admiralty, where Spencer is a popular name. But when it proved that there was no mistake in the Newspapers, and that each of these ministers had been deliberately appointed

¹ Shakespeare.

to the office for which the other was fit, then I said *Aballiboo !*

The accession of Mr. Charles Grant and his brother to such an Administration brought me to *Aballiboozo !* with a shake of the head and in a mournful tone; for I could not but think how such a falling off would astonish the Soul of Canning, if in the intermediate state there be any knowledge of the events which are passing on earth.

When the Ministry blundered into their Budget, I exclaimed *Aballiboozobang !* with a strong emphasis upon the final syllable, and when they backed out of it, I came to *Aballiboozobanga !*

The Reform Bill upon a first glance at its contents called forth *Aballiboozobanganor*—I would have hurried on two steps farther, to the end of the decasyllabon, if I had not prudently checked myself and stopped there,—foreseeing that new cause for astonishment must now arise daily.

When Sir Robert Peel did not upon the first reading kick out this mass of crudities, and throw out the Cabinet after it, neck and shoulders, hip and thigh, I said in bitterness *Aballiboozobanganorri !*

And when that Cabinet waxing insolent because they had raised the mob to back them, declared that they would have the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, then I expressed my contempt, amazement, and indignation, by uttering in its omniscient totality the great word

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

THE WEDDING PEAL AT ST. GEORGE'S, AND THE BRIDE'S APPEARANCE AT CHURCH

*See how I have strayed ! and you'll not wonder when you reflect
on the whence and the whither.*

ALEXANDER KNOX

Well dear Reader, I have answered your question concerning the great Decasyllabon. I have answered it fairly and explicitly, not like those Jesuitical casuists

That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

You have received an answer as full and satisfactory as you could expect or desire, and yet the more than cabalistic mysteries of the word are still concealed with Eleusinian secrecy. Enough of this. For the present also we will drop the subject which was broken off by the extraordinary circumstances that called forth our Chapter Extraordinary,

— τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται.¹

for awhile, however, it will be convenient to leave it unfinished, and putting an end to the parenthesis in the most important part of the Doctor's life, tell thee that the Interim is past, that in the month of April, 1761, he brought home his bride, and the bells of St. George rang a peal. Many such peals have they rung since on similar occasions, but they have rung their last from St. George's Tower, for in 1836 it was thought necessary to remove them, lest they should bring that fine old fabric down.

Webster libelled the most exhilarating and the most affecting of all measured sounds when he said,

— those flattering bells have all
One sound at weddings and at funerals.

*Es cierta experiencia que la musica crece la pena donde la halla,
y acrecienta el placer en el corazon contento; this is more true*

¹ Homer.

of bell ringing than of any other music; but so far are church bells from having one sound on all occasions, that they carry a different import on the same to different ears and different minds. The bells of St. George's told a different tale to Daniel Dove, and to Deborah, on their wedding day. To her, they said, as in articulate words, varying, but melancholy alike in import as in cadence,



Deborah Bacon hath changed her name;
Deborah Bacon hath left her home;
Deborah Bacon is now no more.

Yet she had made what in every one's opinion was considered a good match, and indeed was far better than what is commonly called good; it promised in all human likelihood to be a happy one, and such it proved. In the beautiful words of Mrs. Hutchinson, neither she nor her husband, 'ever had occasion to number their marriage among their infelicities.'

Many eyes were turned on the Doctor's bride, when she made her appearance at St. George's Church. The novelty of the place made her less regardful of this than she might otherwise have been. Hollis Pigot, who held the vicarage of Doncaster thirty years, and was then in the last year of his incumbency and his life, performed the service that day. I know not among what description of preachers he was to be classed; whether with those who obtain attention, and command respect, and win confidence, and strengthen belief, and inspire hope, or with the far more numerous race of Spintexts and of Martexts. But if he had preached that morning with the tongue of an angel, the bride would have had no ears for him. Her thoughts were neither upon those who on their way from church would talk over her instead of the sermon, nor of the service, nor of her husband, nor of herself in her new character, but of her father,—and with a feeling which might almost be called funereal, that she had passed from under his pastoral as well as his paternal care.

CHAPTER LXXIX

SOMETHING SERIOUS

If thou hast read all this Book, and art never the better, yet catch this flower before thou go out of the garden, and peradventure the scent thereof will bring thee back to smell the rest.

HENRY SMITH

Deborah found no one in Doncaster to supply the place of Betty Allison in the daily intercourse of familiar and perfect friendship. That indeed was impossible; no aftermath has the fragrance and the sweetness of the first crop. But why do I call her Deborah? She had never been known by that name to her new neighbours; and to her very Father she was now spoken of as Mrs. Dove. Even the Allison's called her so in courteous and customary usage, but not without a melancholy reflection that when Deborah Bacon became Mrs. Dove, she was in a great measure lost to them.

— Friendship, although it cease not
In marriage, is yet at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.¹

Doncaster has less of the *Rus in Urbe* now than it had in those days, and than Bath had when those words were placed over the door of a Lodging House on the North Parade. And the house to which the Doctor brought home his bride had less of it than when Peter Hopkins set up the gilt pestle and mortar there as the cognizance of his vocation. It had no longer that air of quiet respectability which belongs to such a dwelling in the best street of a small country town. The Mansion House by which it was dwarfed and inconvenienced in many ways occasioned a stir and bustle about it, unlike the cheerful business of a market day. The back windows, however, still looked to the fields, and there was still a garden. But neither fields nor garden could prevail over the odour of the shop, in which, like

Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions fierce,

¹ Ford.

in Milton's Chaos, rhubarb and peppermint, and valerian, and assafetida, 'strove for mastery,' and to battle brought their atoms. Happy was the day when peppermint predominated; though it always reminded Mrs. Dove of Thaxted Grange, and the delight with which she used to assist Miss Allison in her distillations. There is an Arabian proverb which says, 'The remembrance of youth is a sigh.' Southey has taken it for the text of one of those juvenile poems in which he dwells with thoughtful forefeeling upon the condition of declining life.

Miss Allison had been to her, not indeed as a mother, but as what a step-mother is, who is led by natural benevolence and a religious sense of duty, to perform as far as possible a mother's part to her husband's children. There are more such step-mothers than the world is willing to believe, and they have their reward here as well as hereafter. It was impossible that any new friend could fill up her place in Mrs. Dove's affections,—impossible that she could ever feel for another woman the respect, and reverence, and gratitude, which blended with her love for this excellent person. Though she was born within four miles of Doncaster, and had lived till her marriage in the humble vicarage in which she was born, she had never passed four-and-twenty hours in that town before she went to reside there; nor had she the slightest acquaintance with any of its inhabitants, except the few shopkeepers with whom her little dealings had lain, and the occasional visitants whom she had met at the Grange.

An Irish officer in the army, happening to be passenger in an armed vessel during the last war, used frequently to wish that they might fall in with an enemy's ship, because he said, he had been in many land battles, and there was nothing in the world which he desired more than to see what sort of a thing a sea-fight was. He had his wish, and when after a smart action, in which he bore his part bravely, an enemy of superior force had been beaten off, he declared with the customary emphasis of an Hibernian adjuration, that a sea-fight was a mighty *sairious* sort of thing.

The Doctor and Deborah, as soon as they were betrothed, had come to just the same conclusion upon a very different

subject. Till the day of their engagement, nay till the hour of proposal on his part, and the very instant of acceptance on hers, each had looked upon marriage, when the thought of it occurred, as a distant possibility, more or less desirable, according to the circumstances which introduced the thought, and the mood in which it was entertained. And when it was spoken of sportively, as might happen, in relation to either the one or the other, it was lightly treated as a subject in which they had no concern. But from the time of their engagement, it seemed to both the most serious event of their lives.

In the Dutch village of Broek, concerning which, singular as the habits of the inhabitants are, travellers have related more peculiarities than ever prevailed there, one remarkable custom shows with how serious a mind some of the Hollanders regard marriage. The great house door is never opened but when the Master of the House brings home his Bride from the altar, and when Husband and Wife are borne out to the grave. Dr. Dove had seen that village of great Baby-houses, but though much attached to Holland, and to the Dutch as a people, and disposed to think that we might learn many useful lessons from our prudent and thrifty neighbours, he thought this to be as preposterous, if not as shocking a custom, as it would be to have the bell toll at a marriage, and to wear a winding sheet for a wedding garment.

We look with wonder at the transformations that take place in insects, and yet their physical metamorphoses are not greater than the changes which we ourselves undergo morally and intellectually, both in our relations to others and in our individual nature. *Chaque individu, considéré séparément, diffère encore de lui même par l'effet du tems; il devient un autre, en quelque manière, aux diverses époques de sa vie. L'enfant, l'homme fait, le vieillard, sont comme autant d'étrangers unis dans une seule personne par le lien mystérieux du souvenir.*¹ Of all changes in life, marriage is certainly the greatest, and though less change in every respect can very rarely be produced by it in any persons than in the Doctor and his wife, it was very great to both. On his part it was

¹ Necker.

altogether an increase of happiness; or rather from having been contented in his station he became happy in it, so happy as to be experimentally convinced that there can be no 'single blessedness' for man. There were some drawbacks on her part,—in the removal from a quiet vicarage to a busy street; in the obstacle which four miles opposed to that daily and intimate intercourse with her friends at the Grange which had been the chief delight of her maiden life; and above all in the separation from her father, for even at a distance which may appear so inconsiderable, such it was; but there was the consolatory reflection that those dear friends and that dear father concurred in approving her marriage, and in rejoicing in it for her sake; and the experience of every day and every year made her more and more thankful for her lot. In the full liturgic sense of the word, he worshipped her, that is, he loved, and cherished, and respected, and honoured her; and she would have obeyed him cheerfully as well as dutifully, if obedience could have been shown where there was ever but one will.

CHAPTER LXXX

A POET'S CALCULATION CONCERNING THE TIME EMPLOYED IN SHAVING, AND THE USE THAT MIGHT BE MADE OF IT. THE LAKE POETS LAKE SHAVERS ALSO. A PROTEST AGAINST LAKE SHAVING

Intellect and industry are never incompatible. There is more wisdom, and will be more benefit, in combining them than scholars like to believe, or than the common world imagine. Life has time enough for both, and its happiness will be increased by the union.

SHARON TURNER

The poet Campbell is said to have calculated that a man who shaves himself every day, and lives to the age of threescore and ten, expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving, as would have sufficed for learning seven languages.

The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *ne plus*

ultra of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot-water, *sans* cold-water, *sans* everything except a razor. And yet among all the characters which he bears in the world, no one has ever given him credit for being a cunning shaver!

(Be it here observed in a parenthesis that I suppose the word *shaver* in this so common expression to have been corrupted from shaveling; the old contemptuous word for a Priest.)

But upon reflection, I am not certain whether it is of the poet Southey that this is said, or of the poet Wordsworth. I may easily have confounded one with the other in my recollections, just as what was said of Romulus might have been repeated of Remus while they were both living and flourishing together; or as a mistake in memory might have been made between the two Kings of Brentford when they both quitted the stage, each smelling to his nosegay, which it was who made his exit P. S. and which O. P.

Indeed we should never repeat what is said of public characters (a denomination under which all are to be included who figure in public life, from the high, mighty and most illustrious Duke of Wellington at this time, down to little Waddington) without qualifying it as common report, or as newspaper, or magazine authority. It is very possible that the Lake poets may, both of them, shave after the manner of other men. The most attached friends of Mr. Rogers can hardly believe that he has actually said all the good things which are ascribed to him in a certain weekly journal; and Mr. Campbell may not have made the remark which I have repeated, concerning the time employed in mowing the chin, and the use to which the minutes that are so spent might be applied. Indeed so far am I from wishing to impute to this gentleman upon common report any thing which might not be to his credit, or which he might not like to have the credit of, that it is with the greatest difficulty I can persuade myself to believe in the authenticity of his letter to Mr. Moore upon the subject of Lord and Lady Byron, though he has published it himself, and in his own name.

Some one else may have made the calculation concerning

shaving and languages, some other poet, or proser, or one who never attempted either prose or rhyme. Was he not the first person who proposed the establishment of the London University, and if this calculation were his, is it possible that he should not have proposed a plan for it founded thereon, which might have entitled the new institution to assume the title of the Polyglot College?

Be this as it may, I will not try the *sans*-every-thing way of shaving, let who will have invented it: never will I try it, unless thereto by dire necessity enforced! I will neither shave dry, nor be dry-shaved, while any of those things are to be obtained which either mitigate or abbreviate the operation. I will have a brush, I will have Naples soap, or some substitute for it, which may enable me always to keep a dry and clean apparatus. I will have hot-water for the sake of the razor, and I will have a looking-glass for the sake of my chin and my upper lip. No, never will I try Lake shaving, unless thereto by dire necessity enforced.

Nor would I be enforced to it by any necessity less dire than that with which King Arthur was threatened by a messenger from Kyng Ryons of North-walys; and Kyng he was of all Ireland and of many Iles. And this was his message, gretynge wel Kyng Arthur in this manere wyse, sayenge, 'that Kyng Ryons had discomfyte and overcome eleaven Kynges, and everyche of hem did hym homage, and that was this; they gaf hym their beardys clene flayne off, as moche as there was; wherefor the messenger came for King Arthurs beard. For King Ryons had purfyled¹ a mantel with Kynges berdes, and there lacked one place of the mantel, wherefor he sent for his berd, or els he wold entre in to his landes, and brenne and slee, and never leve tyl he have thi hede and thi berd.' If the King of the Lakes should require me to do him homage by shaving without soap, I should answer with as much spirit as was shown in the answer which King Arthur returned to the Messenger from King Ryons. 'Well, sayd Arthur, thow hast said thy message, the whiche is the most vylanous and lewdest message that ever man herd sente unto a Kyng. Also thow mayst see, my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit. But

¹ *i.e.* ornamented.

telle thow thy Kynge this; I owe hym none homage, ne none of mine elders; but or it be longe to, he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys, or els he shall lese his hede by the feithe of my body, for this is the most shamefullest message that ever I herd speke of. I have aspyed, thy King met never yet with worshipful man; but telle hym, I wyll have his hede without he doo me homage: Then the messenger departed.'

CHAPTER LXXXI

THE POET'S CALCULATION TESTED AND PROVED

Fiddle-faddle, don't tell me of this and that, and every thing in the world, but give me mathematical demonstration.

CONGREVE

But I will *test* (as an American would say,—though let it be observed in passing that I do not *advocate* the use of Americanisms,)—I will *test* Mr. Campbell's assertion. And as the Lord President of the New Monthly Magazine has not favoured the world with the calculations upon which his assertion, if his it be, is founded, I will investigate it, step by step, with which intent I have this morning, Saturday, May the fifteenth, 1830, minuted myself during the act of shaving.

The time employed was, within a second or two more or less, nine minutes.

I neither hurried the operation, nor lingered about it. Every thing was done in my ordinary orderly way, steadily, and without waste of time.

Now as to my beard, it is not such a beard as that of Domenico d'Ancona, which was *delle barbe la corona*, that is to say the crown of beards, or rather, in English idiom, the king.

*Una barba la più singulare
Che mai fosse discripta in verso o'n prosa,
A beard the most unparallel'd
That ever was yet described in prose or rhyme,*

and of which Berni says that the Barber ought to have felt less reluctance in cutting the said Domenico's throat, than in cutting off so incomparable a beard. Neither do I think that mine ever by possibility could vie with that of Futteh Ali Shah, King of Persia at this day: nay, I doubt whether Macassar oil, Bear's grease, Elephant's marrow, or the approved recipe of sour milk with which the Persians cultivate their beards, could ever bring mine to the far inferior growth of his son's, Prince Abbas Mirza. Indeed no Mussulmans would ever look upon it, as they did upon Mungo Park's, with envious eyes, and think that it was too good a beard for a Christian. But for a Christian, and moreover an Englishman, it is a sufficient beard; and for the individual a desirable one: *nihil me poenitet hujus barbae*; desirable I say, inasmuch as it is in thickness and rate of growth rather below the average standard of beards. Nine minutes, therefore, will be about the average time required for shaving, by a Zebedeean,—one who shaves himself. A professional operator makes quicker work; but he cannot be always exactly to the time, and at the year's end as much may have been lost in waiting for the barber, as is gained by his celerity of hand.

Assuming, then, the moderate average of nine minutes, nine minutes per day amount to a hour and three minutes per week; an hour and three minutes per week are fifty-four hours thirty-six minutes per year. We will suppose that our shaver begins to operate every day when he has completed his twentieth year; many, if not most men, begin earlier; they will do so if they are ambitious of obtaining whiskers; they must do so if their beards are black, or caroty, or of strong growth. There are, then, fifty years of daily shaving to be computed; and in that time he will have consumed two thousand, seven hundred and thirty hours in the act of shaving himself. I have stated the numbers throughout in words, to guard against the mistakes which always creep into the after editions of any book, when figures are introduced.

Now let us see whether a man could in that time acquire a competent knowledge of seven languages.

I do not, of course, mean such a knowledge as Professor Porson and Dr. Elmsley had attained of Greek, or as is

possessed by Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Monk,—but a passable knowledge of living languages, such as would enable a man to read them with facility and pleasure, if not critically, and to travel without needing either an interpreter—or the use of French in the countries where they are spoken.

Dividing, therefore, two thousand seven hundred and thirty, being the number of hours which might be appropriated to learning languages,—by seven,—the number of languages to be learnt, we have three hundred and ninety hours for each language; three hundred and ninety lessons of an hour long,—wherein it is evident that any person of common capacity might with common diligence learn to read, speak, and write—sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes, any European language. The assertion, therefore, though it might seem extravagant at first, is true as far as it goes, and is only inaccurate because it is far short of the truth.

For take notice that I did not strop the razor this morning, but only passed it, after the operation, ten or twelve times over the palm of the hand, according to my every-day practice. One minute more at least would have been required for stropping. There are many men whose beards render it necessary for them to apply to the strop every day, and for a longer time,—and who are obliged to try first one razor and then another. But let us allow only a minute for this—one minute a day amounts to six hours five minutes in the year; and in fifty years to three hundred and four hours ten minutes,—time enough for an eighth language.

Observe, also, that some languages are so easy, and others so nearly related to each other, that very much less than half the number of hours allowed in this computation would suffice for learning them. It is strictly true that in the time specified a man of good capacity might add seven more languages to the seven for which that computation was formed; and that a person who has any remarkable aptitude for such studies might in that time acquire every language in which there are books to be procured.

*Hé bien, me suis-je enfin rendu croyable ? Est-on content ?*¹

¹ Piron.

See, Reader, what the value of time is, when put out at simple interest. But there is no simple interest in knowledge. What ever funds you have in that Bank go on increasing by interest upon interest,—till the Bank fails.

CHAPTER LXXXII

A WISH CONCERNING WHALES, WITH SOME REMARKS UPON THEIR PLACE IN PHYSICAL AND MORAL CLASSIFICATION. DOCTOR ABRAHAM REES. CAPTAIN SCORESBY. THE WHALE FISHERY

*Your Whale he will swallow a hogshead for a pill;
But the maker of the mouse-trap is he that hath skill.*

BEN JONSON

When gas-lights came into general use, I entertained a hope that Whales would no longer be slaughtered for the sake of their oil. The foolishness of such a hope may be excused for its humanity.

I will excuse you, Reader, if in most cases you distrust that word humanity. But you are not to be excused if you suspect me of its counterfeit, that mock humanity which is one characteristic of this dishonourable and dishonest age. I say you are not to be excused, if being so far acquainted as by this time you must be with the philosophy of the Doctor, you suspect me, his faithful and dutiful disciple, of this pitiful affectation.

How the thought concerning Whales came just now into my mind will be seen when its application shall in due course be made apparent. Where I am is always well known to myself, though every Reader may not always discover my whereabouts. And before the thought can be applied I must show upon what our Philosopher's opinions concerning Whales, or fancies if you think proper so to call them, were founded; mine—upon this and most other matters, having been, as I gratefully acknowledge, derived from him.

Linnaeus in his classification, as is well known, arranges Whales with Quadrupeds, an arrangement at which Uncle Toby, if he had been told of it, would have whistled Lillibullero, and the Doctor if he had not been a man of science himself, would have sung

Fa la la lerridan
Dan dan dan derridan
Dan dan dan derridan
Derridan dee.

But Uncle Toby never could have been told of it, because he, good man, died before Linnaeus dreamt of forming a system; and Doctor Dove was a man of science, so that Lillibullero was never whistled upon this occasion, nor Dan dan dan derridan sung.

Whistle the one, Reader, or sing the other, which you will or if you will, do both; when you hear that in Dr. Rees's Cyclopaedia it is said, 'the Whale has no other claim to a place among fishes, than from its fish-like appearance and its living in the water.' The Whale has its place among them, whatever the Cyclopaedists may think of its claim, and will never have it anywhere else; and so very like a fish it is,—so strongly in the odour of fishiness, which is a good odour if it be not too strong,—that if the Greenlanders had been converted by the Jesuits instead of the Moravians, the strictest disciplinarian of that order would without doubt have allowed his converts to eat Whale upon fish days.

But whether Whale be fish or flesh, or if makers of system should be pleased to make it fowl, (for as it is like a Quadruped except that it has no feet, and cannot live upon land, so it may be like a bird, except that it has neither legs, wings, nor feathers, and cannot live in the air,) wherever naturalists may arrange it, its local habitation is among fishes, and fish in common language it always will be called. This whole question matters not to our present purpose. Our Philosopher had regard to its place in the scale of existence, a scale which he graduated not according to size, (tho' that also must sometimes be taken into the account,) nor by intellect, which is yet of greater consideration, but according to those affections or moral feelings, which, little acquainted as we

are with the nature of the lower creatures, are in many instances too evident to be called in question.

Now in this respect no other creature in the water ranks so high as the Whale.

The affection of the parent for its young is both in itself and its consequences purely good, however those men seek to degrade it who ascribe all feelings, and all virtuous emotions, whether in man or beast, to selfishness, being themselves conscious that they have no worthier motive for any of their own actions. Martin Luther says that the Hebrew word which we translate by *curse*, carries not with it in the original language so strong a meaning as is given to it in his mother tongue,—consequently in ours. The Hebrew imprecation, he says, imports no more than ‘ill betide thee!’ intending by *ill* temporal misfortune, or punishment, the proper reward of ill deeds; not what is implied by cursing in its dreadful acceptation. A curse, then, in the Hebrew sense, be upon those who maintain this sensual, and sensualising opinion; an opinion of which it is the sure effect to make bad men worse, and the folly and falsehood of which birds and beasts might teach them, were it not that—because their hearts are gross, seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

The Philosopher of Doncaster affirmed that virtue as well as reason might be clearly perceived in the inferior creation, and that their parental affection was proof of it. The longer the continuance of this affection in any species, the higher he was disposed to place that species in the scale of animated life. This continuance bears no relation to their size in birds, and little in quadrupeds; but in the whale it seems to be somewhat more proportionate, the young depending upon the mother more than twelve months certainly, how much longer has not been ascertained. And so strong is the maternal affection that it is a common practice among whalers to harpoon the cub as a means of taking the mother; for this creature, altho’ harmless and timid at all other times, totally disregards danger when its young is to be defended, gives every possible indication of extreme agony for its young’s sake, and suffers itself to be killed without attempting to escape.

The mighty Ceticide, Captain Scoresby, describes a most affecting instance of this. 'There is something,' he observes, 'extremely painful in the destruction of a whale, when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring, that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human nature; yet,' he adds, 'the object of the adventure, the value of the prize, the joy of the capture, cannot be sacrificed to feelings of compassion.' That conclusion, if it were pursued to its legitimate consequences, would lead farther than Captain Scoresby would follow it !

The whale fishery has indeed been an object of almost portentous importance according to the statements made by this well-informed and very able writer. That on the coast of Greenland proved, he says, in a short time the most lucrative and the most important branch of national commerce that had ever been offered to the industry of man. The net profits which the Dutch derived from the Greenland fishery during an hundred and seven years are stated at more than 20 millions sterling.

The class of Captains and seamen employed in the southern whale fishery, says a person engaged in that business himself, are quite different from any other. Lads taken from the streets without shoes and stockings become many of them masters of ships and men of very large property. 'There was an instance, a short time ago, of one dying worth £60,000; and I can point out twenty instances of persons worth 7 or 8, or £10,000 who have risen, without any patronage whatever, by their own exertions. It does not require any patronage to get on in the fishery.' Such is the statement of one who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1833, upon the state of Manufactures, Commerce and Shipping.

In a pamphlet written about the middle of the last century to recommend the prosecution of this trade, it was stated that the whale fishery is of the nature of a lottery, where tho' the adventurers are certain losers on the whole, some are very great gainers; and this, it was argued, instead of being a discouragement, was in fact the most powerful motive by which men were induced to engage in it.

If indeed the pleasure of gambling be in proportion to the

stake, as those miserable and despicable persons who are addicted to that vice seem to think it is; and if the pleasure which men take in field sports be in proportion to the excitement which the pursuit calls forth, whaling must be in both respects the most stimulating of all maritime adventures. One day's sport in which Captain Scoresby took three whales, produced a return of £2,100, and several years before he retired from this calling he had been personally concerned in the capture of three hundred and twenty-two. And his father in twenty-eight voyages, in which he commanded a ship, brought home 498 whales, producing 4,246 tons of oil, the value of which, with that of the whalebone, exceeded £150,000, 'all fished for under his own direction out of the sea.'

The whale fishery is even of more importance as a nursery for seamen, for of all naval services it is the most severe; and this thorough seaman describes the excitement and the enjoyment of a whaler's life as being in proportion to the danger. 'The difficulties and intricacies of the situation, when the vessel is to be forced through masses of drift ice, afford exercise,' he says, 'for the highest possible exertion of nautical skill, and are capable of yielding to the person who has the management of a ship a degree of enjoyment, which it would be difficult for navigators accustomed to mere common-place operations duly to appreciate. The ordinary management of a ship, under a strong gale, and with great velocity, exhibits evolutions of considerable elegance; but these cannot be compared with the navigation in the intricacies of floating ice, where the evolutions are frequent, and perpetually varying; where manœuvres are to be accomplished, that extend to the very limits of possibility; and where a degree of hazard attaches to some of the operations, which would render a mistake of the helm,—or a miscalculation of the powers of a ship, irremediate and destructive.'—How wonderful a creature is man, that the sense of power should thus seem to constitute his highest animal enjoyment!

In proportion to the excitement of such a life, Captain Scoresby describes its religious tendency upon a well disposed mind, and this certainly has been exemplified in his own person. 'Perhaps there is no situation in life,' he says,

'in which an habitual reliance upon Providence, and a well-founded dependence on the Divine protection and support, is of such sensible value as it is found to be by those employed in seafaring occupations, and especially in the fishery for whales. These are exposed to a great variety of dangers, many of which they must voluntarily face; and the success of their exertions depends on a variety of causes, over many of which they have no control. The anxiety arising from both these causes is greatly repressed, and often altogether subdued, when, convinced of the infallibility and universality of Providence by the internal power of religion, we are enabled to commit all our ways unto God, and to look for His blessing as essential to our safety, and as necessary for our success.'

John Newton of Olney has in his narrative of his own remarkable life, a passage that entirely accords with these remarks of Captain Scoresby, and which is in like manner the result of experience. 'A seafaring life,' he says, 'is necessarily excluded from the benefit of public ordinances, and Christian communion.—In other respects, I know not any calling that seems more favourable, or affords greater advantages to an awakened mind, for promoting the life of God in the soul, especially to a person who has the command of a ship, and thereby has it in his power to restrain gross irregularities in others, and to dispose of his own time.—To be at sea in these circumstances, withdrawn out of the reach of innumerable temptations, with opportunity and a turn of mind disposed to observe the wonders of God, in the great deep, with the two noblest objects of sight, the expanded heavens and the expanded ocean, continually in view; and where evident interpositions of Divine Providence in answer to prayer occur almost every day; these are helps to quicken and confirm the life of faith, which in a good measure supply to a religious sailor the want of those advantages which can be only enjoyed upon the shore. And indeed though my knowledge of spiritual things (as knowledge is usually estimated) was at this time very small, yet I sometimes look back with regret upon those scenes. I never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was

either almost secluded from society on ship-board, or when on shore among the natives.'

What follows is so beautiful (except the extravagant condemnation of a passionate tenderness which he, of all men, should have been the last to condemn) that the passage, though it has set us ashore, must be continued a little farther. 'I have wandered,' he proceeds, 'thro' the woods, reflecting on the singular goodness of the Lord to me in a place where, perhaps, there was not a person who knew Him, for some thousand miles round me. Many a time upon these occasions I have restored the beautiful lines of Tibullus¹ to the right owner; lines full of blasphemy and madness, when addressed to a creature, but full of comfort and propriety in the mouth of a believer.

*Sic ego desertis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

INTERCHAPTER VII

THE AUTHOR DIFFERS IN OPINION FROM SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, AND THE EMPEROR JULIAN. SPEAKS CHARITABLY OF THAT EMPEROR, VINDICATES PROTEUS FROM HIS CENSURE, AND TALKS OF POSTHUMOUS TRAVELS AND EXTRA-MUNDANE EXCURSIONS, AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN LIMBOLAND

Petulant. *If he says black's black,—if I have a humour to say it is blue—let that pass. All's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.*

Witwould. *Not positively must,—But it may, it may.*

Petulant. *Yes, it positively must,—upon proof positive.*

Witwould. *Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now.*

CONGREVE

'In the *ignotum pro magnifico*,' says Umbra, 'resides a humble individual's best chance of being noticed or attended to

¹ Mr. Newton, by an easy slip of the memory, has ascribed the lines to Propertius. R. S.

at all.' Yet many are the attempts which have been made, and are making, in America too as well as in Great Britain, by Critics, Critickins and Criticasters, (for there are of all degrees,) to take from me the *Ignotum*, and force upon me the *Magnificum* in its stead, to prove that I am not the humble, and happily unknown disciple, friend, and, however unworthy, memorialist of Dr. Dove, a nameless individual as regards the public, holding the tenour of my noiseless way contentedly towards that oblivion which sooner or later must be the portion of us all; but that I am what is called a public character, a performer upon the great stage, whom every one is privileged to hiss or to applaud; myself a Doctor, LL.D. according to the old form, according to the present usage D.C.L.—a Doctor upon whom that triliteral dignity was conferred in full theatre, amid thundering peals of applauding hands, and who heard himself addressed that day in Phillimorean voice and fluent latinity by all eulogistic epithets ending in *issimus* or *errimus*. I an *issimus* !—I an *errimus* !—No other *issimus* than that *Ipsissimus ego* which by these critics I am denied to be.

These critics will have it that I am among living authors what the ever memorable Countess of Hennesberg was among women; that I have more tails to my name than the greatest Bashaw bears among his standards, or the largest cuttle fish to his headless body or bodiless head; that I have executed works more durable than brass, and loftier than the Pyramids, and that I have touched the stars with my sublime forehead,—what could have saved my poor head from being moonstruck if I had.

Believe them not, O Reader ! I never executed works in any material more durable than brass, I never built any thing like a pyramid, *Absurdo de tamaña grandeza no se ha escrito en letras de molde*. And as for the alleged proofs, which, depriving me of my individuality and divesting me even of entity, would consubstantiate me with the most prolific of living writers, *no son mas que ayre ó menos que ayre, una sombra ó menos que sombra, pues son nada, y nada es lo que nunca ha tenido ser verdadero*.¹ 'It is in vain,' as Mr. Carlyle says when apostrophizing Mirabeau the father upon

¹ Nicolas Peres.

his persevering endeavours to make his son resemble him in all points of character, and be as it were his second self, 'it is in vain. He will not be Thou, but must and will be himself, another than Thou.' In like manner, It is in vain, say I: I am not, and will not and cannot be any body but myself; nor is it of any consequence to any human being who or what I am, though perhaps those persons may think otherwise who say that 'they delight more in the shadow of some thing than to converse with a nothing in substance.'¹

Lord Shaftesbury has said that 'of all the artificial relations formed between mankind, the most capricious and variable is that of Author and Reader.' He may be right in this; but when he says 'tis evident that an Author's art and labour are for his Reader's sake alone, I cannot assent to the position. For though I have a great and proper regard for my readers, and entertain all due respect for them, it is not for their sake alone that my art and labour have been thus employed,—not for their benefit alone, still less for their amusement, that this Opus has been edified. Of the parties concerned in it, the Readers, sooth to say, are not those who have been either first or second in my consideration. The first and paramount object was to preserve the Doctor's memory; the second to gratify myself by so doing; for what higher gratification can there be than in the performance of a debt of gratitude, one of those debts truly to be called immense, which

— A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.²

That there are some readers who would think themselves beholden, though in far less degree, to me, as I am to the revered subject of these memorials, was an after consideration.

Sir Egerton Brydges says he never took up a book which he could read without wishing to know the character and history of the author. 'But what is it,' he says, 'to tell the facts that he was born, married or lived single and died? What is common to all can convey no information. We

¹ Hurlothrumbo.

² Milton.

desire to know an author's feelings, his temper, his disposition, his modes of thinking, his habits; nay even his person, his voice, and his mode of expressing himself, the society in which he has lived, and the images and lessons which attended upon his cradle.' Most of this, Sir Egerton, you can never know otherwise than by guess work. Yet methinks my feelings, my temper, my disposition, and my modes of thinking are indicated here, as far as a book can indicate them. You have yourself said; 'if it could be proved that what one writes, is no index to what he thinks and feels, then it would be of little value and no interest;' but you are confident that such delusive writers always betray themselves; 'Sincerity,' you say, 'has always a breath and spirit of its own.' Yes, Sir Egerton, and if there is not that spirit in these volumes, there is no vitality in them; if they have not that breath of life, they must be still-born.

Yet I cannot agree with you in the opinion that those who make a false display of fine feelings, whether in prose or verse, always betray themselves. The cant of sentimentalism passes as current with the Reading Public, as cant of a different description with those who call themselves the Religious Public. Among the latter, the proudest and the most uncharitable people in this nation are to be found; and in proof that the most intensely selfish of the human race may be sentimentalists, and super-sentimentalists, it is sufficient to name Rousseau.

Perhaps some benevolent and sagacious Reader may say to me as Randolph said to his friend Owen Feltham,—

Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live as thou dost write;
And yet I guess thy life thy book produces
And but expresses thy peculiar uses.

But the Reader who should apply to me and my Opus the French lines,

*A l'auteur on connoît l'ouvrage,
A l'ouvrage on connoît l'auteur,*

though he may be equally benevolent, would not be equally sagacious. It is not for mere caprice that I remain *Ignotus*

and *Innominabilis*; not a Great Unknown, an *Ignotolemagne*, but simply an Unknown, ἄγνωστος. *l'Inconnu*, *Sconciuto*, the *Encubierto*, the *Desconocido*—

This precious secret let me hide.
I'll tell you every thing beside.¹

Critics, we know, affect always to have strange intelligence; but though they should say to me

You may
As soon tie up the sunbeams in a net
As keep yourself unknown,²

I shall still continue in darkness inscrutable. Nor am I to be moved from this determination by the opinion which the Emperor Julian expressed concerning Proteus, when he censured him for changing himself into divers forms, lest men should compel him to manifest his knowledge. For, said Julian, 'if Proteus were indeed wise, and knew, as Homer says, many things, I praise him indeed for his knowledge, but I do not commend his disposition; seeing that he performed the part, not of a philanthropist, but rather of an impostor, in concealing himself lest he should be useful to mankind.'

This was forming a severer opinion of the Ancient of the Deep, the old Prophet of the Sea, than I would pronounce upon Julian himself, though the name of Apostate clings to him. Unhappy as he was in the most important of all concerns, he was at least a true believer in a false religion, and therefore a better man than some of those kings who have borne the title of Most Christian or Most Catholic. I wish he had kept his beard clean! But our follies and weaknesses, when they are nothing worse, die with us, and are not like unrepented sins to be raised up in judgment. The beard of the imperial Philosopher is not populous now. And in my posthumous travels, if in some extra-mundane excursion I should meet him in that Limbo which is not a place of punishment, but where odd persons as well as odd things are to be found, and in the Public Library of that Limbo we

¹ Cotton.

² Shirley.

should find a certain Opus conspicuously placed and in high repute, translated, not into the Limbo tongue alone, but into all languages, and the imperial Philosopher should censure the still incognoscible Author for still continuing in incognoscibility for the same reason that he blamed the Ancient of the Deep, I should remind him of the Eleusinian Mysteries, whisper the Great Decasyllabon in his ear, and ask him whether there are not some secrets which it is neither lawful nor fitting to disclose.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

EVOLVEMENTS. ANALOGIES. ANTICIPATIONS

*I have heard, how true
I know not, most physicians as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for: this Doctor steers
Another course.*

MASSINGER

I forget what poet it is, who, speaking of old age, says that

The Soul's dark mansion, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;

a strange conceit, imputing to the decay of our nature that which results from its maturation.

As the ancients found in the butterfly a beautiful emblem of the immortality of the Soul, my true philosopher and friend looked, in like manner, upon the chrysalis as a type of old age. The gradual impairment of the senses and of the bodily powers, and the diminution of the whole frame as it shrinks and contracts itself in age, afforded analogy enough for a mind like his to work on, which quickly apprehended remote similitudes and delighted in remarking them. The sense of flying in our sleep might probably, he thought,

be the anticipation or forefeeling of an unevolved power, like an aurelia's dream of butterfly motion.

The tadpole has no intermediate state of torpor. This merriest of all creatures, if mirth may be measured by motion, puts out legs before it discards its tail and commences frog. It was not in our outward frame that the Doctor could discern any resemblance to this process; but he found it in that expansion of the intellectual faculties, those aspirations of the spiritual part, wherein the Soul seems to feel its wings and to imp them for future flight.

One has always something for which to look forward, some change for the better. The boy in petticoats longs to be dressed in the masculine gender. Little boys wish to be big ones. In youth we are eager to attain manhood, and in manhood matrimony becomes the next natural step of our desires. 'Days then should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;' and teach it they will, if man will but learn; for nature brings the heart into a state for receiving it.

*Jucundissima est aetas devexa jam, non tamen praeceps; et illam quoque in extremâ regulâ stantem, judico habere suas voluptates; aut hoc ipsum succedit in locum voluptatum, nullis egere. Quam dulce est cupiditates fatigasse ac reliquisse!*¹

This was not Dr. Dove's philosophy: he thought the stage of senescence a happy one, not because we outgrow the desires and enjoyments of youth and manhood, but because wiser desires, more permanent enjoyments, and holier hopes succeed to them,—because time in its course brings us nearer to eternity, and as earth recedes, Heaven opens upon our prospect.

'It is the will of God and nature,' says Franklin, 'that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent

¹ Seneca.

act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way.'

'God,' says Fuller, 'sends His servants to bed when they have done their work.'

CHAPTER LXXXIV

WHETHER A MAN AND HIMSELF BE TWO. MAXIM OF BAYLE'S. ADAM LITTLETON'S SERMONS,—A RIGHT-HEARTED OLD DIVINE WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR HOPES TO BE BETTER ACQUAINTED IN A BETTER WORLD. THE READER REFERRED TO HIM FOR EDIFICATION. WHY THE AUTHOR PURCHASED HIS SERMONS

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, Sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

'Whether this author means to make his Doctor more fool or philosopher, is more than I can discover,' says a grave reader, who lays down the open book, and knits his brow while he considers the question.

Make him, good Reader! I, make him!—make 'the noblest work of ——' But as the Spaniards say, *el creer es cortesía*, and it is at your pleasure either to believe the veracity of these biographical sketches, or to regard them as altogether fictitious. It is at your pleasure, I say; not at your peril: but take heed how you exercise that pleasure in cases which are perilous! The worst that can happen to you for disbelief in this matter is, that I shall give you little credit for courtesy, and less for discrimination; and in Doncaster you will be laughed to scorn. You might as well proclaim

at Coventry your disbelief in the history of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom; or tell the Swiss that their tale of shooting the apple on the child's head was an old story before William Tell was born.

But perhaps you did not mean to express any such groundless incredulity, your doubt may be whether I represent or consider my friend as having in his character a larger portion of folly or of philosophy?

This you might determine, Reader, for yourself, if I could succeed in delineating him to the life,—the inner I mean, not the outward man,

*Et en peu de papier, comme sur un tableau,
Vous pourtrairé au naïf tout son bon, et son beau.¹*

He was the soul of goodness,
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

But the Duchess of Newcastle hath decided in her philosophy that it is not possible for any one person thoroughly to understand the character of another. In her own words, 'if the Mind was not joined and mixed with the sensitive and inanimate parts, and had not interior as well as exterior parts, the whole Mind of one man might perceive the whole Mind of another man; but that being not possible—one whole Mind cannot perceive another whole Mind.' By which observation we may perceive there are no Platonic Lovers in Nature. An odd conclusion of her Grace's, and from odd premisses. But she was an odd personage.

So far, however, the beautiful and fanciful as well as fantastic Duchess is right, that the more congenial the disposition of two persons who stand upon the same intellectual level, the better they understand each other. The lower any one is sunk in animal life, the less is he capable of apprehending the motives and views of those who have cultivated the better part of their nature.

If I am so unfortunate as to fail in producing the moral likeness which I am endeavouring to pourtray, it will not

¹ Pasquier.

be owing to any want of sympathy with the subject in some of the most marked features of his character.

It is a maxim of Bayle's, *Qu'il n'y a point de grand esprit dans le caractère du quel il n'entre un peu de folie*. And he named Diogenes as one proof of this. Think indeed somewhat more than a little upon the words folly and philosophy, and if you can see any way into a mist, or a stone wall, you will perceive that the same radicals are found in both.

This sort of mixed character was never more whimsically described than by Andrew Erskine in one of his letters to Boswell, in which he tells him, 'since I saw you I received a letter from Mr. D——; it is filled with encomiums upon you; he says there is a great deal of humility in your vanity, a great deal of tallness in your shortness, and a great deal of whiteness in your black complexion. He says there's a great deal of poetry in your prose, and a great deal of prose in your poetry. He says that as to your late publication, there is a great deal of Ode in your Dedication, and a great deal of Dedication in your Ode. He says there is a great deal of coat in your waistcoat, and a great deal of liveliness in your coat, that there is a great deal of liveliness in your stupidity, and a great deal of stupidity in your liveliness. But to write you all he says would require rather more fire in my grate than there is at present, and my fingers would undoubtedly be numbed, for there is a great deal of snow in this frost, and a great deal of frost in this snow.'

The Marquis de Custine in a book which in all its parts, wise or foolish, strikingly characterizes its author, describes himself thus: *J'ai un mélange de gravité et de légèreté qui m'empêchera de devenir autre chose qu'un vieil enfant bien triste. Si je suis destiné à éprouver de grands malheurs, j'aurai l'occasion de remercier Dieu de m'avoir fait naître avec cette disposition à la fois sérieuse et frivole: le sérieux m'aidera à me passer du monde—l'enfantillage à supporter le douleur. C'est à quoi il réussit mieux que la raison.*

Un peu de folie there certainly was in the *grand esprit* of my dear master, and more than *un peu* there is in his faithful pupil. But I shall not enter into a discussion whether the gravity of which the Marquis speaks preponderated in his character, or whether it was more than counterpoised by

the levity. Enough of the latter, thank Heaven! enters into my own composition not only to preserve me from becoming *un vieil enfant bien triste*, but to entitle me in all innocent acceptance of the phrase to the appellation of a merry old boy, that is to say, merry at becoming times, there being a time for all things. I shall not enter into the discussion as it concerns my guide, philosopher and friend, because it would be altogether unnecessary; he carried ballast enough, whatever I may do. The elements were so happily mixed in him that though Nature did not stand up and say to all the world 'this is a man,' because such a miracle could neither be in the order of Nature or of Providence;—I have thought it my duty to sit down and say to the public this was a Doctor.

There is another reason why I shall refrain from any such inquiry; and that reason may be aptly given in the words of a right-hearted old divine, with whom certain congenialities would lead my friend to become acquainted in that world, where I also hope in due season to meet and converse with him.

'People,' says Adam Littleton, 'are generally too forward in examining others, and are so taken up with impertinence and things that do not concern them, that they have no time to be acquainted with themselves; like idle travellers, that can tell you a world of stories concerning foreign countries, and are very strangers at home. Study of ourselves is the most useful knowledge, as that without which we can know neither God nor anything else aright, as we should know them.

'And it highly concerns us to know ourselves well; nor will our ignorance be pardonable, but prove an everlasting reproach, in that we and ourselves are to be inseparable companions in bliss or torment to all eternity; and if we, through neglect of ourselves here, do not in time provide for that eternity, so as to secure for ourselves future happiness, God will at last make us know ourselves, when it will be too late to make any good use of that knowledge, but a remediless repentance that we and ourselves ever met in company; when poor ruined self shall curse negligent sinful self to all ages, and wish direful imprecations upon that day and hour that first joined them together.

'Again, God has given man that advantage above all other creatures, that he can with reflex acts look back and pass judgment upon himself. But seeing examination here supposes two persons, the one to examine, the other to be examined, and yet seems to name but one, a man to examine himself; unless a man and himself be two, and thus every one of us have two selves in him; let us first examine who 'tis here is to execute the office of examinant, and then who 'tis that is to be the party examined.

'Does the whole man in this action go over himself by parts? Or does the regenerate part call the unregenerate part to account? Or if there be a divided self in every man, does one self examine the other self, as to wit, the spiritual self, the carnal self? Or is it some one faculty in a man, by which a man brings all his other faculties and parts to trial, —such a one as the conscience may be? If so, how then is conscience itself tried, having no Peers to be tried by, as being superior to all other human powers, and calling them all to the bar?'

Here let me interpose a remark. Whether a man and himself be two must be all one in the end; but woe to that house in which the man and his wife are!

The end of love is to have two made one
In will, and in affection.¹

The old Lexicographer answers his own question thus: 'Why, yes; I do think 'tis the conscience of a man which examines the man, and every part of him, both spiritual and carnal, as well regenerate as unregenerate, and itself and all. For hence it was called *conscientia*, as being that faculty by which a man becomes conscious to himself, and is made knowing together with himself of all that good and evil that lies working in his nature, and has been brought forth in his actions. And this is not only the Register, and Witness and Judge of all parts of man, and of all that they do, but is so impartial an officer also, that it will give a strict account of all itself at any time does, *accusing* or *excusing* even itself in every motion of its own.'

Reader, I would proceed with this extract, were it not for

¹ Ben Jonson.

its length. The application which immediately follows it, is eloquently and forcibly made, and I exhort thee if ever thou comest into a library where Adam Littleton's Sermons are upon the shelf,

look
Not *on*, but *in* this Thee-concerning book!¹

Take down the goodly tome, and turn to the sermon of Self-Examination, preached before the (Royal) Family at Whitehall, March 3, 1677/8. You will find this passage in the eighty-sixth page of the second paging, and I advise you to proceed with it to the end of the Discourse.

I will tell the reader for what reason I purchased that goodly tome. It was because of my grateful liking for the author, from the end of whose dictionary I, like Daniel in his boyhood, derived more entertainment and information to boot, than from any other book which, in those days, came within the walls of a school. That he was a truly learned man no one who ever used that dictionary could doubt, and if there had not been oddity enough in him to give his learning a zest, he never could have compounded an appellation for the Monument, commemorating in what he calls an heptastic vocable,—which may be interpreted a seven-leagued word,—the seven Lord Mayors of London under whose mayoralties the construction of that lying pillar went on from its commencement to its completion. He called it the Fordo-Watermanno-Hansono-Hookero-Vinero-Sheldono-Davisian pillar.

I bought the book for the author's sake,—which in the case of a living author is a proper and meritorious motive, and in the case of one who is dead, may generally be presumed to be a wise one. It proved so in this instance. For though there is nothing that bears the stamp of oddity in his sermons, there is much that is sterling. They have a merit of their own, and it is of no mean degree. Their manner is neither Latimerist nor Andrewesian, nor Fullerish, nor Cotton-Matherish, nor Jeremy Taylorish, nor Barrowish, nor Southish, but Littletonian. They are full of learning, of wisdom, of sound doctrine, and of benevolence, and

¹ Sir William Denny.

of earnest and persuasive piety. No one who had ears to hear could have slept under them, and few could have listened to them without improvement.

CHAPTER LXXXV

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES,—A POINT ON WHICH IT WAS NOT EASY TO COLLECT THE DOCTOR'S OPINION. THE SALIC LAW. DANIEL ROGERS'S TREATISE OF MATRIMONIAL HONOUR. MISS HATFIELD'S LETTERS ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FEMALE SEX, AND LODOVICO DOMENICHI'S DIALOGUE UPON THE NOBLENES OF WOMEN

Mirths and toys

*To cozen time withal: for o' my troth, Sir,
I can love,—I think well too,—well enough;
And think as well of women as they are,—
Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service. I'm so honest
I wish 'em all in Heaven, and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

And not much easier now with their great sleeves.

AUTHOR, A.D. 1830

The question concerning the equality of the sexes, which was discussed so warmly some thirty years ago in Magazines and Debating Societies, was one upon which it was not easy to collect the Doctor's real opinion. His manner indeed was frequently sportive when his meaning was most serious, and as frequently the thoughts and speculations with which he merely played, and which were sports or exertations of intellect and humour, were advanced with apparent gravity. The propensity, however, was always retained within due bounds, for he had treasured up his father's lessons in his heart, and would have regarded it as a crime ever to have trifled with his principles or feelings. But this question concerning the sexes was a subject which he was fond of introducing before his female acquaintance;

it was like hitting the right note for a dog when you play the flute, he said. The sort of half anger, and the indignation, and the astonishment, and the merriment withal, which he excited when he enlarged upon this fertile theme, amused him greatly, and moreover he had a secret pleasure in observing the invincible good-humour of his wife, even when she thought it necessary for the honour of her sex to put on a semblance of wrath at the notions which he repeated, and the comments with which he accompanied them.

He used to rest his opinion of male superiority upon divinity, law, grammar, natural history, and the universal consent of nations. Noting also by the way, that in the noble science of heraldry, it is laid down as a rule 'that amongst things sensitive the males are of more worthy bearing than the females.'¹

The Salic law he looked upon as in this respect the Law of Nature. And therefore he thought it was wisely appointed in France, that the royal Midwife should receive a fee of five hundred crowns upon the birth of a boy, and only three hundred if it were a female child. This the famous Louise Bourgeois has stated to be the custom, who for the edification of posterity, the advancement of her own science, and the use of French historians, published a *Récit véritable de la naissance de Messieurs et Dames les enfans de France*, containing minute details of every royal parturition at which she had officiated.

But he dwelt with more force on the theological grounds of his position. 'The wife is the weaker vessel. Wives submit yourselves to your husbands: be in subjection to them. The Husband is the head. Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord.' And here he had recourse to the authority of Daniel Rogers, (whom he liked the better for his name's sake,) who in his Treatise of Matrimonial Honour teaches that the duty of subjection is woman's chief commandment; and that she is properly made subject by the Law of Creation and by the Law of Penalty. As thus. All other creatures were created male and female at the same time; man and woman were not so, for the Man was first created—as a perfect creature, and afterwards the woman was thought of.

¹ Gwillim.

Moreover she was not made of the same matter, equally, with man,—but of him, of a rib taken from him, and thirdly, she was made for his use and benefit as a meet helpmate, 'three weighty reasons and grounds of the woman's subjection to the man, and that from the purpose of the Creator; who might have done otherwise, that is, have yielded to the Woman co-equal beginning, sameness of generation, or relation of usefulness; for He might have made her without any such precedency of matter, without any dependency upon him, and equally for her good as for his. All show at ennobling the Man as the Head and more excellent, not that the Man might upbraid her, but that she might in all these read her lesson of subjection. And doubtless, as Malachi speaks, herein is wisdom, for God hath left nothing to be bettered by our invention.

'The woman, being so created by God in the integrity of Nature had a most divine honour and partnership of his image put upon her in her creation; yea, such as (without prejudice of those three respects) might have held full and sweet correspondence with her husband. But her sin still augmented her inequality, and brought her lower and lower in her prerogative. For since she would take upon her, as a woman, without respect to the order, dependence and use of her creation, to enterprise so sad a business, as to jangle and demur with the Devil about so weighty a point as her husband's freehold, and of her own brain to lay him and it under foot, without the least parley and consent of his, obeying Satan before him,—so that till she had put all beyond question and past amendment, and eaten, she brought not the fruit to him, therefore the Lord stript her of this robe of her honour, and smote into the heart of Eve an instinct of inferiority, a confessed yielding up of her insufficient self to depend wholly upon her husband.'

This being a favourite commentary with the Doctor upon the first transgression, what would he have said if he had lived to read an Apology for Eve by one of her daughters?—yes, an Apology for her and a Defence, showing that she acted meritoriously in eating the Apple. It is a choice passage, and the reader shall have it from Miss Hatfield's Letters on the Importance of the Female Sex.

'By the creation of woman the great design was accomplished,—the universal system was harmonized. Happiness and innocence reigned together. But unacquainted with the nature or existence of evil,—conscious only of good and imagining that all were of that essence around her; without the advantages of the tradition of forefathers to relate, or of ancient records to hand down, Eve was fatally and necessarily ignorant of the rebellious disobedience of the fallen Angels, and of their invisible vigilance and combination to accomplish the destruction of the new favourites of Heaven.

'In so momentous an event as that which has ever been exclusively imputed to her, neither her virtue nor her prudence ought to be suspected; and there is little reason to doubt, that if the same temptations had been offered to her husband under the same appearances, but he also would have acquiesced in the commission of this act of disobedience.

'Eve's attention was attracted by the manner in which the Serpent first made his attack: he had the gift of speech, which she must have observed to be a faculty peculiar to themselves. This appeared an evidence of something supernatural. The wily tempter chose also the form of the serpent to assist his design, as not only in wisdom and sagacity that creature surpassed all others, but his figure was also erect and beautiful, for it was not until the offended justice of God denounced the curse, that the Serpent's crest was humbled to the dust.

'During this extraordinary interview, it is evident that Eve felt a full impression of the divine command, which she repeated to the tempter at the time of his solicitations. She told him they were not to eat of *that* Tree.—But the Serpent opposed her arguments with sophistry and promises. He said unto the Woman, ye shall not surely die—but shall be as Gods. What an idea to a mortal!—Such an image astonished her!—It was not the gross impulses of greedy appetite that urged her, but a nobler motive had induced her to examine the consequences of the act.—She was to be better and happier;—to exchange a mortal for an angelic nature. Her motive was great,—virtuous,—irresistible. Might she not have felt herself awed and inspired with a belief of a divine order?—Upon examination she found it was

to produce a greater good than as mortals they could enjoy; this impression excited a desire to possess that good; and that desire determined her will and the future destiny of a World !'

It must be allowed that this Lady Authoress has succeeded in what might have been supposed the most difficult of all attempts, that of starting a new heresy,—her followers in which may aptly be denominated Eveites.

The novelty consists not in excusing the mother of mankind, but in representing her transgression as a great and meritorious act. An excuse has been advanced for her in Lodovico Domenichi's Dialogue upon the Nobleness of Women. It is there pleaded that the fruit of the fatal tree had not been forbidden to Eve, because she was not created when the prohibition was laid on. Adam it was who sinned in eating it, not Eve, and it is in Adam that we have all sinned, and all die. Her offence was in tempting him to eat, *et questo anchora senza intention cattiva, essendo stata tentata dal Diavolo. L'huomo adunque peccò per certa scientia, et la Donna ignorantemente, et ingannata.*

I know not whether this special pleading be Domenichi's own; but he must have been conscious that there is a flaw in it, and could not have been in earnest, as Miss Hatfield is. The Veronese lady Isotta Nogarola thought differently; *essendo studiosa molto di Theologia et di Philosophia*, she composed a Dialogue wherein the question [was debated] whether Adam or Eve in the primal transgression had committed the greater sin. How she determined it I cannot say. never having seen her works.

Domenichi makes another assertion in honour of woman-kind which Miss Hatfield would undoubtedly consider it an honour for herself to have disproved in her own person, that no heresy, or error in the faith, ever originated with a woman.

Had this Lady, most ambitious of Eve's daughters, been contemporary with Doctor Dove, how pleasant it would have been to have witnessed a debate between them upon the subject ! He would have wound her up to the highest pitch of indignation, and she would have opened the flood-gates of female oratory upon his head.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED. OPINIONS OF THE RABBIS. ANECDOTE OF LADY JEKYLL AND A TART REPLY OF WILLIAM WHISTON'S. JEAN D'ESPAGNE. QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE QUORUM QUARUM QUORUM GENDER. THE SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN AGREE WITH MAHOMET IN SUPPOSING THAT WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS, BUT ARE OF OPINION THAT THE DEVIL IS AN HERMAPHRODITE

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes: It shall be humourous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one.

MARSTON

The Doctor had other theological arguments in aid of the opinion which he was pleased to support. The remark has been made which is curious, or in the language of Jeremy Taylor's age, *considerable*, that we read in Genesis how when God saw everything else which he had made he pronounced that it was very good, but he did not say this of the woman.

There are indeed certain Rabbis who affirm that Eve was not taken out of Adam's side: but that Adam had originally been created with a tail, (herein agreeing with the well-known theory of Lord Monboddoo,) and that among the various experiments and improvements which were made in his form and organization before he was finished, the tail was removed as an inconvenient appendage, and of the excrescence or superfluous part which was then lopped off, the Woman was formed.

'We are not bound to believe the Rabbis in every thing,' the Doctor would say; 'and yet it cannot be denied that they have preserved some valuable traditions which ought to be regarded with much respect.' And then by a gentle inclination of the head, and a peculiar glance of the eye, he let it be understood that this was one of those traditions which were entitled to consideration. 'It was not impossible,' he said, 'but that a different reading in the original text might support such an interpretation: the same word in Hebrew

frequently signified different things, and rib and tail might in that language be as near each other in sound or as easily miswritten by a hasty hand, or misread by an inaccurate eye, as *costa* and *cauda* in Latin.' He did not pretend that this was the case—but that it might be so. And by a like corruption (for to such corruptions all written and even all printed books are liable) the text may have represented that Eve was taken from the side of her husband instead of from that part of the back where the tail grew. The dropping of a syllable might occasion it.

'And this view of the question,' he said, 'derived strong support from that well-known and indubitable text wherein the Husband is called the Head; for although that expression is in itself most clear and significative in its own substantive meaning, it becomes still more beautifully and emphatically appropriate when considered as referring to this interpretation and tradition, and implying as a direct and necessary converse that the Wife is the Tail.'

There is another legend relating to a like but even less worthy formation of the first helpmate, and this also is ascribed to the Rabbis. According to this mythos the rib which had been taken from Adam was for a moment laid down, and in that moment a monkey stole it and ran off with it full speed. An Angel pursued, and though not in league with the Monkey he could have been no good Angel; for overtaking him, he caught him by the Tail, brought it maliciously back instead of the Rib, and of that Tail was Woman made. What became of the Rib, with which the Monkey got clear off, 'was never to mortal known.'

However the Doctor admitted that on the whole the received opinion was the more probable. And after making this admission he related an anecdote of Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the Athenian Oracle. She asked William Whiston of berhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. 'Since it pleased God, Sir,' said she, 'to create the Woman out of the Man, why did He form her out of the rib rather than

any other part?' Whiston scratched his head and answered: 'Indeed, Madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body.' 'There!' said her husband, 'you have it now: I hope you are satisfied!'

He had found in the writings of the Huguenot divine, Jean D'Espagne, that Women have never had either the gift of tongues, or of miracle; the latter gift, according to this theologian, being withheld from them because it properly accompanies preaching, and women are forbidden to be preachers. A reason for the former exception the Doctor supplied; he said it was because one tongue was quite enough for them: and he entirely agreed with the Frenchman that it must be so, because there could have been no peace on earth had it been otherwise. But whether the sex worked miracles or not was a point which he left the Catholics to contend. Female Saints there certainly had been,—'the Lord,' as Daniel Rogers said, 'had gifted and graced many women above some men especially with holy affections; I know not,' says that divine, 'why He should do it else (for He is wise and not superfluous in needless things) save that as a Pearl shining through a crystal glass, so her excellency shining through her weakness of sex, might show the glory of the workman.' He quoted also what the biographer of one of the St. Catharines says, 'that such a woman ought not to be called a woman, but rather an earthly Angel, or a heavenly homo: *haec foemina, sed potius Angelus terrestris, vel si malueris, homo caelestis dicenda erat, quam foemina.*' In like manner the Hungarians thinking it infamous for a nation to be governed by a woman—and yet perceiving the great advantage of preserving the succession, when the crown fell to a female, they called her King Mary, instead of Queen.'

And Queen Elizabeth, rather than be accounted of the feminine gender, claimed it as her prerogative to be of all three. 'A prime officer with a White Staff coming into her presence' she willed him to bestow a place then vacant upon a person whom she named. 'May it please your Highness Madam,' said the Lord, 'the disposal of that place pertaineth to me by virtue of this White Staff.' 'True,' replied the

Queen, 'yet I never gave you your office so absolutely, but that I still reserved myself of the *Quorum*.' 'Of the *Quarum*, Madam,' returned the Lord, presuming, somewhat too far, upon her favour.—Whereat she snatched the staff in some anger out of his hand, and told him 'he should acknowledge her of the *Quorum*, *Quarum*, *Quorum* before he had it again.'

It was well known indeed to Philosophers, he said, that the female is an imperfection or default in nature, whose constant design is to form a male; but where strength and temperament are wanting—a defective production is the result. Aristotle therefore calls Woman a Monster, and Plato makes it a question whether she ought not to be ranked among irrational creatures. There were Greek Philosophers, who (rightly in his judgment) derived the name of Ἀθήνη from Ἰθάλη and *alpha privativa*, as implying that the Goddess of wisdom, though Goddess, was nevertheless no female, having nothing of female imperfection. And a book unjustly ascribed to the learned Acidalius was published in Latin, and afterwards in French, to prove that women were not reasonable creatures, but distinguished from men by this specific difference, as well as in sex.

Mahomet too was not the only person who has supposed that women have no souls. In this Christian and reformed country the question was propounded to the British Apollo whether there is now, or will be at the resurrection any females in Heaven—since, says the questioner, there seems to be no need of them there! The Society of Gentlemen who, (in imitation of John Dunton, his brother-in-law the elder Wesley, and their coadjutors,) had undertaken in this Journal to answer all questions, returned a grave reply, that sexes being corporeal distinctions there could be no such distinction among the souls which are now in bliss; neither could it exist after the resurrection, for they who partook of eternal life neither marry nor are given in marriage.

That same Society supposed the Devil to be an Hermaphrodite, for though by his roughness they said he might be thought of the masculine gender, they were led to that opinion because he appeared so often in petticoats.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

THE JESUIT GARASSE'S CENSURE OF HUARTE AND BARCLAY.
EXTRAORDINARY INVESTIGATION. THE TENDENCY OF NATURE
TO PRESERVE ITS OWN ARCHETYPAL FORMS. THAT OF ART TO
VARY THEM. PORTRAITS. MORAL AND PHYSICAL CADASTRE.
PARISH CHRONICLER AND PARISH CLERK THE DOCTOR
THOUGHT MIGHT BE WELL UNITED

*Is't you, Sir, that know things ?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secresy
A little I can read.*

SHAKESPEARE

The Jesuit Garasse censured his contemporaries Huarte and Barclay for attempting, the one in his *Examen de los Ingenios*, the other in his *Icon Animorum*, to class men according to their intellectual characters: *ces deux Autheurs*, says he, *se sont rendus criminels contre l'esprit de l'homme, en ce qu'ils ont entrepris de ranger en cinq ou six cahiers, toutes les diversitez des esprits qui peuvent estre parmy les hommes, comme qui voudroit verser toute l'eau de la mer dans une coquille.* For his own part, he had learned, he said, *et par la lecture, et par l'expérience, que les hommes sont plus dissemblables en esprit qu'en visage.*

Garasse was right; for there goes far more to the composition of an individual character, than of an individual face. It has sometimes happened that the portrait of one person has proved also to be a good likeness of another. Mr. Hazlitt recognized his own features and expression in one of Michael Angelo's devils. And in real life two faces, even though there be no relationship between the parties, may be all but indistinguishably alike, so that the one shall frequently be accosted for the other; yet no parity of character can be inferred from this resemblance. Poor Capt. Atkins, who was lost in the Defence off the coast of Jutland in 1811, had a double of this kind, that was the torment of his life; for this double was a swindler, who having discovered the lucky facsimileship, obtained goods, took up money, and at last married a wife in his name. Once when the real Capt.

Atkins returned from a distant station, this poor woman, who was awaiting him at Plymouth, put off in a boat, boarded the ship as soon as it came to anchor, and ran to welcome him as her husband.

The following Extraordinary Investigation, cut out of a Journal of the day, would have excited our Doctor's curiosity, and have led him on to remoter speculations.

'On Tuesday afternoon an adjourned inquest was held at the Christchurch workhouse, Boundary-row, Blackfriars-road, before Mr. R. Carter, on the body of Eliza Baker, aged 17, who was found drowned at the steps of Blackfriars-bridge, on Saturday morning, by a police constable. Mr. Peter Wood, an eating-house-keeper, in the Bermondsey New-road, near the Bricklayers' Arms, having seen a paragraph in one of the Sunday newspapers, that the body of a female had been taken out of the Thames on the previous day, and carried to the workhouse to be owned, and, from the description given, suspecting that it was the body of a young female who had lived in his service, but who had been discharged by his wife on account of jealousy, he went to the workhouse and recognized the body of the unfortunate girl. He was very much agitated, and he cut off a lock of her hair, and kissed the corpse. He immediately went to an undertaker, and gave orders for the funeral. He then went to the deceased's parents, who reside in Adelaide-place, Whitecross-street, Cripplegate, and informed them of the melancholy fate of their daughter. They also went to the workhouse, and, on being shown the body, were loud in their lamentations.

'On the Jury having assembled on Monday evening, they proceeded to view the body of the deceased, and, on their return, a number of witnesses were examined, mostly relations, who swore positively to the body. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased had lived with Mr. Wood as a servant for four months, but his wife being jealous, she was discharged about a month ago, since which time Mr. Wood had secretly supplied her with money, and kept her from want. Mrs. Baker, the mother of the deceased, and other relations, in giving their evidence, spoke in severe terms of the conduct of Mr. Wood, and said that they had no doubt

but that he had seduced the unfortunate girl, which had caused her to commit suicide.

'The Jury appeared to be very indignant, and, after five hours' deliberation, it was agreed to adjourn the case until Tuesday afternoon, when they re-assembled. Mr. Wood, the alleged seducer, was now present, but he was so overcome by his feelings at the melancholy occurrence, that nothing could be made of him; in fact, he was like a man in a state of stupefaction. Mrs. Wood, the wife, was called in; she is twenty-eight years older than her husband, and shook her head at him, but nothing was elicited from her, her passion completely overcoming her reason.

'A Juryman.—"The more we dive into this affair the more mysterious it appears against Mr. Wood."

'This remark was occasioned on account of some marks of violence on the body; there had been a violent blow on the nose, a black mark on the forehead, and a severe wound on the thigh. The Jury were commencing to deliberate on their verdict, when a drayman in the employ of Messrs. Whitbread & Co., brewers, walked into the jury-room, and said that he wished to speak to the Coroner and Jury.

'Mr. Carter.—"What is it you want?"

'Drayman.—"I comes to say, gentlemen, that Mrs. Baker's daughter, you are now holding an inquest on, is now alive and in good health."

'The Coroner and Jury (in astonishment).—"What do you say?"

'Drayman.—"I'll swear that I met her to-day in the streets, and spoke to her."

'The Coroner, Witnesses, and Jury were all struck with amazement, and asked the drayman if he could bring Eliza Baker forward, which he undertook to do in a short time.

'In the interim the Jury and Witnesses went again to view the body of the deceased. Mr. Wood shed tears over the corpse, and was greatly affected, as well as her relations: the drayman's story was treated as nonsense, but the Jury, although of the same opinion, were determined to await his return. In about a quarter of an hour the drayman returned, and introduced the real Eliza Baker, a fine looking young woman, and in full health. To depict the astonishment

of the relations and of Mr. Wood is totally impossible, and at first they were afraid to touch her. She at last went forward, and took Mr. Wood by the hand (who stood motionless), and exclaimed, "How could you make such a mistake as to take another body for mine? Do you think I would commit such an act?" Mr. Wood could not reply, but fell senseless in a fit, and it was with great difficulty that seven men could hold him. After some time he recovered, and walked away, to the astonishment of every one, with Eliza Baker, leaving his wife in the jury-room. Several of the Jurors remarked that they never saw such a strong likeness in their lives as there was between Eliza Baker and the deceased, which fully accounted for the mistake that the Witnesses had made.

'The whole scene was most extraordinary, and the countenances of Witnesses and Jurymen it is impossible to describe. There was no evidence to prove who the deceased was: and the Jury, after about eleven hours' investigation, returned a verdict of "Found drowned," but by what means the deceased came into the water there is no evidence to prove.'

But in such likenesses the resemblance is probably never so exact as to deceive an intimate friend, except upon a cursory glance, at first sight: even between twins, when any other persons might be perplexed, the parents readily distinguish. The varieties of countenances are far more minute, and consequently more numerous, than would appear upon light consideration. A shepherd knows the face of every sheep in his flock, though to an inexperienced eye they all seem like one another.

The tendency of Nature is to preserve its own archetypal forms, the tendency of art and of what is called accident being to vary them. The varieties which are produced in plants by mere circumstances of soil and situation are very numerous, but those which are produced by culture are almost endless. Moral and physical circumstances effect changes as great, both externally and internally, in man. Whoever consults the elaborate work of Dr. Prichard on the Physical History of Mankind, may there see it established by the most extensive research and the most satisfactory

proofs, that the varieties of the human race, great and striking as they are, are all derived from one stock; philosophical inquiry here, when fully and fairly pursued, confirming the scriptural account, as it has done upon every subject which is within the scope of human investigation.

Dr. Dove, in the course of his professional practice, had frequent opportunities of observing the stamp of family features at those times when it is most apparent; at birth, and in the last stage of decline,—for the elementary lines of the countenance come forth as distinctly in death as they were shaped in the womb. It is one of the most affecting circumstances connected with our decay and dissolution, that all traces of individual character in the face should thus disappear, the natural countenance alone remaining, and that in this respect, the fresh corpse should resemble the new-born babe. He had, in the same way, opportunities for observing that there were family dispositions both of body and mind, some remaining latent till the course of time developed them, and others, till circumstances seemed as if they were to quicken them into action. Whether these existed in most strength where the family likeness was strongest, was a point on which his own observation was not extensive enough for him to form an opinion. Speculatively he inclined to think that moral resemblances were likely to manifest themselves in the countenance, but that constitutional ones must often exist where there could be no outward indication of them. Thus a family heart, (metaphorically speaking,) may be recognized in the 'life, conduct, and behaviour,' though the face should be a false index; and hereditary tendencies in the great organs of life show themselves only in family diseases.

Under our Saxon Kings, a person was appointed in every great Monastery to record public events, register the deaths, promotions, &c. in the community, and enter in this current chronicle every occurrence in the neighbourhood which was thought worthy of notice. At the end of every reign, a summary record was compiled from these materials,—and to this we owe our Saxon Chronicle, the most ancient and authentic in Europe.

But he often regretted that in every generation so much

knowledge was lost, and that so much experience was continually allowed to run to waste, many—very many of the evils which afflict mankind being occasioned by this neglect, and perpetuated by it. Especially he regretted this in his own art: and this regret would not have been removed if Medical Journals had been as numerous in his days as they are at present. His wishes went much farther.

We are told that in the sixteenth century the great Lords in France piqued themselves upon having able and learned men for their secretaries, and treated them as their friends. The principal business of such secretaries was to keep a journal of the most interesting events; and the masters having witnessed or borne a part in the business of state, were well able to inform them of the intrigues and tortuous policy of their own times. From such journals it is that most of those old Memoirs have been formed, in which French literature is so peculiarly rich. They usually include as much general history as is in any way connected with the personage whom the writer served.

Boswell, who if ever man went to Heaven for his good works, has gone there for his *Life of Johnson*,—Boswell, I say, thought, and Johnson agreed with him, that there ought to be a chronicler kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations. In like manner, Milton's friend, Henry More, the Platonist and Poet, would have had the stories of apparitions and witchcraft publicly recorded, as they occurred in every parish, thinking that this course would prove 'one of the best antidotes against that earthly and cold disease of Sadducism and Atheism,' which he said, 'if not prevented might easily grow upon us, to the hazard of all religion and the best kinds of philosophy.' Our philosopher had more comprehensive notions of what ought to be. He wished not only for such domestic chronicles, but that in every considerable family there should be a compleat set of portraits preserved in every generation, taken in so small a size that it might never be necessary to eject them in order to make room for others. When this had been done for some centuries, it might be seen how long a family likeness remains; whether Nature repeats her own forms at certain times, or

after uncertain intervals; or whether she allows them to be continually modified, as families intermarry, till the original type at last may altogether be obliterated.

In China there are not only learned men, whose business it is to record every thing remarkable that is either said or done by the reigning Emperor, (which is done for his own instruction, as well as for that of his successors,) but the great families have, in like manner, their records, and these are considered as the most precious part of the inheritance which descends from sire to son. All who aspire to any high office are required to be well acquainted with the history of their ancestors, and in that history their indispensable qualifications are examined.

That excellent good man Gilpin drew up a family record of his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, who had all been 'very valuable men.' 'I have often thought,' said he, 'such little records might be very useful in families; whether the subjects of them were good or bad. A light-house may serve equally the purpose of leading you into a haven, or deterring you from a rock.'¹

If it may stand with your soft blush, to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see
In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper slightly pass.
No lady, but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Removed, as you from need to have it such.²

There was once a German who, being a poet, physician, and physiognomist, saw in a vision of Paradise, Physiognomy herself, and received from her a most gracious compliment, which lay buried among the Heidelberg Manuscripts in the Vatican, till Frederick Adelung, in the year 1799, brought it to light some centuries after the very name of the poet had perished. Read the compliment, reader, if thou canst, as given by the German antiquary, without note, comment, glossary, or punctuation. I can answer for the fidelity of my transcript, though not of his text.

¹ Warner's Recollections.

² Ben Jonson.

Zu mir in gar glicher wise
 Quam us hymels paradyse
 Vil manich schöne frouwe name
 Jeglicher wol die kron zam
 Sie waren schöne und geleit
 Vrauwelicher zuchte mynnekeit
 Sie ziert ine danne riche gewant
 Mir wart iglicher name bekant
 Wanne er in geschriben was
 An ir vorgespan als ich las
 PHISONOMIA kunstenriche
 Gutlicht redt wider mich
 Wir byden dich herre bescheiden
 Das du in gottes geleiden
 Dust machen myne lobelich kunst
 So hastu mynneclichen gunst
 Von mir und myner gespilen vil
 Der igliche dich des bidden wil
 Das du in erkennen gebest
 Und du in unser frintschaft lebest
 Alleine din cleit sy donne
 Got wil dir geben solich wonne
 Die mannich gelerter man
 Nummer mer gewynnen kan.

There was no truth in Physiognomy when she made this promise to her medico-poet. Yet he deserved her gratitude, for he taught that her unerring indications might be read not in the countenance alone, but in all the members of the human body.

In cases of disputed inheritance, when it is contended that the heir claimant is not the son of his reputed father, but a spurious or supposititious child, such a series of portraits would be witnesses, he thought, against whose evidence no exception could be taken. Indeed such evidence would have disproved the impudent story of the Warming Pan, if anything had depended upon legitimacy in that case; and in our times it might divest D. Miguel of all claim to the crown of Portugal, by right of birth.

But these legal and political uses he regarded as trifling, when compared with the physiological inferences which in process of time might be obtained, for on this subject Mr. Shandy's views were far short of Dr. Dove's. The improvement of noses would be only an incidental consequence of the knowledge that might be gathered from the

joint materials of the family portrait gallery, and the family chronicle. From a comparison of these materials it might be inferred with what temperaments of mind and of body, with what qualities good or evil, certain forms of feature, and certain characters of countenance, were frequently found to be connected. And hence it might ultimately be learned how to neutralize evil tendencies by judicious inter-marriages, how to sweeten the disposition, cool the temper, and improve the blood.

To be sure there were some difficulties in the way. You might expect from the family chronicler a faithful notice of the diseases which had proved dangerous or fatal; to this part of his duty there could be no objection. But to assure the same fidelity concerning moral and intellectual failings or vices, requires a degree of independence not to be hoped for from a writer so circumstanced. If it had still been the custom for great families to keep a Fool, as in old times, our Philosopher in his legislative character would have required that the Fool's more notable sayings should be recorded, well knowing that in his privileged freedom of speech, and the monitions and rebukes which he conveyed in a jest, the desiderated information would be contained. But in our present state of manners he could devise no better check upon the family historiographer,—no better provision against his sins, both of omission and of commission, than that of the village or parish chronicle; for in every village or parish he would have had every notable event that occurred within its boundaries duly and authentically recorded. And as it should be the Chronicler's duty to keep a Remembrancer as well as a Register, in which whatever he could gather from tradition, or from the recollections of old persons, was to be preserved, the real character which every person of local distinction had left behind him among his domestics and his neighbours would be found here, whatever might be recorded upon his monument.

By these means, one supplying the deficiencies of the other, our Philosopher thought a knowledge of the defects and excellencies of every considerable family might be obtained, sufficient for the purposes of physiology, and for the public good.

There was a man in the neighbouring village of Bentley, who, he used to say, would have made an excellent Parish Chronicler, an office which he thought might well be united with that of Parish Clerk. This person went by the name of Billy Dutchman: he was a journeyman stonemason, and kept a book wherein he inserted the name of every one by whom he had been employed, how many days he had worked in every week, and how many he had been idle, either owing to sickness or any other cause, and what money he had earned in each week, summing up the whole at the year's end. His earning in the course of nine-and-twenty years, beginning in 1767, amounts to £583 18s. 3d., being, he said, upon an average, seven shillings and ninepence a week.

The Doctor would have approved of Jacob Abbott's extension of his own plan and adaptation of it to a moral and religious purpose. Jacob Abbott, without any view to the physical importance of such documents, advises that domestic journals should be kept: 'Let three or four of the older brothers and sisters of a family agree to write a history of the family; any father would procure a book for this purpose, and if the writers are young, the articles intended for insertion in it might be written first on separate paper, and then corrected and transcribed. The subjects suitable to be recorded in such a book will suggest themselves to every one; a description of the place of residence at the time of commencing the book, with similar descriptions of other places from time to time, in case of removals; the journies or absences of the head of the family or its members; the sad scenes of sickness or death which may be witnessed, and the joyous ones of weddings, or festivities, or holydays; the manner in which the members are from time to time employed; and pictures of the scenes which the fireside group exhibits in the long winter evening, or the conversation which is heard, and the plans formed at the supper table or in the morning walk.

'If a family, where it is first established, should commence with such a record of their own efforts and plans, and the various dealings of Providence towards them, the father and the mother carrying it on jointly until the children are old

enough to take the pen, they would find the work a source of great improvement and pleasure. It would tend to keep distinctly in view the great objects for which they ought to live; and repeatedly recognizing, as they doubtless would do, the hand of God, they would feel more sensibly and more constantly their dependence upon Him.'

MEMOIR OF THE CATS OF GRETA HALL

[This letter to his eldest daughter was intended by Southey to be worked up into an Interchapter on the History of Cats.—Ed].

For as much, most excellent Edith May, as you must always feel a natural and becoming concern in whatever relates to the house wherein you were born, and in which the first part of your life has thus far so happily been spent, I have, for your instruction and delight, composed these Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall: to the end that the memory of such worthy animals may not perish, but be held in deserved honour by my children, and those who shall come after them. And let me not be supposed unmindful of Beelzebub of Bath, and Senhor Thomaz de Lisboa, that I have not gone back to an earlier period, and included them in my design. Far be it from me to intend any injury or disrespect to their shades! Opportunity of doing justice to their virtues will not be wanting at some future time, but for the present I must confine myself within the limits of these precincts.

In the autumn of the year 1803, when I entered upon this place of abode, I found the hearth in possession of two cats, whom my nephew Hartley Coleridge, (then in the seventh year of his age,) had named Lord Nelson and Bona Marietta. The former, as the name implies, was of the worthier gender: it is as decidedly so in Cats, as in grammar and in law. He was an ugly specimen of the streaked-carrotty, or Judas-coloured kind; which is one of the ugliest varieties. But *nimum ne crede colori*. In spite of his complexion,

there was nothing treacherous about him. He was altogether a good Cat, affectionate, vigilant, and brave; and for services performed against the Rats was deservedly raised in succession to the rank of Baron, Viscount, and Earl. He lived to a good old age; and then being quite helpless and miserable, was in mercy thrown into the river. I had more than once interfered to save him from this fate; but it became at length plainly an act of compassion to consent to it. And here let me observe that in a world wherein death is necessary, the law of nature by which one creature preys upon another is a law of mercy, not only because death is thus made instrumental to life, and more life exists in consequence, but also because it is better for the creatures themselves to be cut off suddenly, than to perish by disease or hunger,—for these are the only alternatives.

There are still some of Lord Nelson's descendants in the town of Keswick. Two of the family were handsomer than I should have supposed any Cats of this complection could have been; but their fur was fine, the colour a rich carrot, and the striping like that of the finest tyger or tabby kind. I named one of them William Rufus; the other Danayn le Roux, after a personage in the Romance of Gyron le Courtoys.

Bona Marietta was the mother of Bona Fidelia, so named by my nephew aforesaid. Bona Fidelia was a tortoiseshell cat. She was filiated upon Lord Nelson, others of the same litter having borne the unequivocal stamp of his likeness. It was in her good qualities that she resembled him, for in truth her name rightly bespoke her nature. She approached as nearly as possible in disposition to the ideal of a perfect cat:—he who supposes that animals have not their difference of disposition as well as men, knows very little of animal nature. Having survived her daughter, Madame Catalani, she died of extreme old age, universally esteemed and regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Bona Fidelia left a daughter and a grand-daughter; the former I called Madame Bianchi—the latter Pulcheria. It was impossible ever to familiarize Madame Bianchi, though she had been bred up in all respects like her gentle mother, in the same place, and with the same persons. The

nonsense of that arch-philosophist Helvetius would be sufficiently confuted by this single example, if such rank folly, contradicted as it is by the experience of every family, needed confutation. She was a beautiful and singular creature, white, with a fine tabby tail, and two or three spots of tabby, always delicately clean; and her wild eyes were bright and green as the Duchess de Cadaval's emerald necklace. Pulcheria did not correspond as she grew up to the promise of her kittenhood and her name; but she was as fond as her mother was shy and intractable. Their fate was extraordinary as well as mournful. When good old Mrs. Wilson died, who used to feed and indulge them, they immediately forsook the house, nor could they be allured to enter it again, though they continued to wander and moan around it, and came for food. After some weeks Madame Bianchi disappeared, and Pulcheria soon afterwards died of a disease endemic at that time among cats.

For a considerable time afterwards an evil fortune attended all our attempts at re-establishing a Cattery. Ovid disappeared and Virgil died of some miserable distemper. You and your cousin are answerable for these names: the reasons which I could find for them were, in the former case, the satisfactory one that the said Ovid might be presumed to be a master in the Art of Love; and in the latter, the probable one that something like Ma-ro might be detected in the said Virgil's notes of courtship. There was poor Othello: most properly named, for black he was, and jealous undoubtedly he would have been, but he in his kittensip followed Miss Wilbraham into the street, and there in all likelihood came to an untimely end. There was the Zombi—(I leave the Commentators to explain that title, and refer them to my History of Brazil to do it,)—his marvellous story was recorded in a letter to Bedford,—and after that adventure he vanished. There was Prester John, who turned out not to be of John's gender, and therefore had the name altered to Pope Joan. The Pope I am afraid came to a death of which other Popes have died. I suspect that some poison which the rats had turned out of their holes proved fatal to their enemy. For some time I feared we were at the end of our Cat-a-logue: but at last Fortune, as if

to make amends for her late severity, sent us two at once,—the-never-to-be-enough-praised Rumpelstilzchen, and the equally-to-be-admired Hurlyburlybuss.

And 'first for the first of these' as my huge favourite, and almost namesake Robert South, says in his Sermons.

When the Midgeleys went away from the next house, they left this creature to our hospitality, cats being the least moveable of all animals because of their strong local predilections;—they are indeed in a domesticated state the serfs of the animal creation, and properly attached to the soil. The change was gradually and therefore easily brought about, for he was already acquainted with the children and with me; and having the same precincts to prowl in was hardly sensible of any other difference in his condition than that of obtaining a name; for when he was consigned to us he was an anonymous cat; and I having just related at breakfast, with universal applause, the story of Rumpelstilzchen from a German tale in Grimm's Collection, gave him that strange and magnisonant appellation; to which, upon its being ascertained that he came when a kitten from a bailiff's house, I added the patronymic of Macbum. Such is his history; his character may with most propriety be introduced after the manner of Plutarch's parallels, when I shall have given some previous account of his great compeer and rival Hurlyburlybuss,—that name also is of Germanic and Grimmish extraction.

Whence Hurlyburlybuss came was a mystery when you departed from the Land of Lakes, and a mystery it long remained. He appeared here, as Mango Capac did in Peru, and Quetzalcohuatl among the Aztecas, no one knew from whence. He made himself acquainted with all the philofelists of the family—attaching himself more particularly to Mrs. Lovell, but he never attempted to enter the house, frequently disappeared for days, and once, since my return, for so long a time that he was actually believed to be dead, and veritably lamented as such. The wonder was whither did he retire at such times—and to whom did he belong; for neither I in my daily walks, nor the children, nor any of the servants, ever by any chance saw him anywhere except in our own domain. There was something so mysterious in

this, that in old times it might have excited strong suspicion, and he would have been in danger of passing for a Witch in disguise, or a familiar. The mystery, however, was solved about four weeks ago, when, as we were returning from a walk up the Greta, Isabel saw him on his transit across the road and the wall from Shulicrow, in a direction toward the Hill. But to this day we are ignorant who has the honour to be his owner in the eye of the law; and the owner is equally ignorant of the high favour in which Hurlyburlybuss is held, of the heroic name which he has obtained, and that his fame has extended far and wide—even unto Norwich in the East, and Escott and Crediton and Killerton in the West, yea—that with Rumpelstilzchen he has been celebrated in song, by some hitherto undiscovered poet, and that his glory will go down to future generations.

The strong enmity which unhappily subsists between these otherwise gentle and most amiable cats is not unknown to you. Let it be imputed, as in justice it ought, not to their individual characters, (for Cats have characters,—and for the benefit of philosophy, as well as *felisophy*, this truth ought generally to be known,) but to the constitution of Cat nature,—an original sin, or an original necessity, which may be only another mode of expressing the same thing:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one purlieu brook a double reign
Of Hurlyburlybuss and Rumpelstilzchen.

When you left us, the result of many a fierce conflict was, that Hurly remained master of the green and garden, and the whole of the out of door premises; Rumpel always upon the appearance of his victorious enemy retiring into the house as a citadel or sanctuary. The conqueror was, perhaps, in part indebted for this superiority to his hardier habits of life, living always in the open air, and providing for himself; while Rumpel, (who though born under a bum-bailiff's roof was nevertheless kittened with a silver spoon in his mouth,) passed his hours in luxurious repose beside the fire, and looked for his meals as punctually as any two-legged

member of the family. Yet I believe that the advantage on Hurly's side is in a great degree constitutional also, and that his superior courage arises from a confidence in his superior strength, which, as you well know, is visible in his make. What Bento and Maria Rosa used to say of my poor Thomaz, that he was *muito fidalgo*, is true of Rumpelstilzchen, his countenance, deportment, and behaviour being such that he is truly a gentleman-like Tom-cat. Far be it from me to praise him beyond his deserts,—he is not beautiful, the mixture, tabby and white, is not good, (except under very favourable combinations,) and the tabby is not good of its kind. Nevertheless he is a fine cat, handsome enough for his sex, large, well made, with good features, and an intelligent countenance, and carrying a splendid tail, which in Cats and Dogs is undoubtedly the seat of honour. His eyes, which are soft and expressive, are of a hue between chrysolite and emerald. Hurlyburlybuss's are between chrysolite and topaz. Which may be the more esteemed shade for the *olho de gato* I am not lapidary enough to decide. You should ask my Uncle. But both are of the finest water. In all his other features Hurly must yield the palm, and in form also; he has no pretensions to elegance, his size is ordinary and his figure bad: but the character of his face and neck is so masculine, that the Chinese, who use the word bull as synonymous with male, and call a boy a bull-child, might with great propriety denominate him a bull-cat. His make evinces such decided marks of strength and courage, that if cat-fighting were as fashionable as cock-fighting, no Cat would stand a fairer chance for winning a Welsh main. He would become as famous as the Dog Billy himself, whom I look upon as the most distinguished character that has appeared since Buonaparte.

Some weeks ago Hurlyburlybuss was manifestly emaciated and enfeebled by ill health, and Rumpelstilzchen with great magnanimity made overtures of peace. The whole progress of the treaty was seen from the parlour window. The caution with which Rumpel made his advances, the sullen dignity with which they were received, their mutual uneasiness when Rumpel, after a slow and wary approach, seated himself whisker-to-whisker with his rival, the mutual

fear which restrained not only teeth and claws, but even all tones of defiance, the mutual agitation of their tails which, though they did not expand with anger, could not be kept still for suspense, and lastly the manner in which Hurly retreated, like Ajax still keeping his face toward his old antagonist, were worthy to have been represented by that painter who was called the *Rafaele of Cats*. The overture I fear was not accepted as generously as it was made; for no sooner had Hurlyburlybuss recovered strength than hostilities were re-commenced with greater violence than ever; Rumpel, who had not abused his superiority while he possessed it, had acquired mean time a confidence which made him keep the field. Dreadful were the combats which ensued, as their ears, faces and legs bore witness. Rumpel had a wound which went through one of his feet. The result has been so far in his favour that he no longer seeks to avoid his enemy, and we are often compelled to interfere and separate them. Oh it is awful to hear the 'dreadful note of preparation' with which they prelude their encounters!—the long low growl slowly rises and swells till it becomes a high sharp wowl,—and then it is snapped short by a sound which seems as if they were spitting fire and venom at each other. I could half persuade myself that the word felonious is derived from the feline temper as displayed at such times. All means of reconciling them and making them understand how goodly a thing it is for cats to dwell together in peace, and what fools they are to quarrel and tear each other, are in vain. The proceedings of the Society for the Abolition of War are not more utterly ineffectual and hopeless.

All we can do is to act more impartially than the Gods did between Achilles and Hector, and continue to treat both with equal regard.

And thus having brought down these *Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall* to the present day, I commit the precious memorial to your keeping, and remain

Most dissipated and light-heeled daughter,

Your most diligent and light-hearted father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 18 June, 1824.

EIS TOYΣ ANAPIANTAS

Ὁ μὲν διάβολος ἐνέπνευσέ τισι παρανόμοις ἀνθρώποις, καὶ εἰς τοὺς τῶν βασιλέων ἔβρισαν ἀνδριάντας.

CHRYST. HOM. AD POPUL. ANTIOCHEN.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

Having lately been led to compose an inscription for one of our Garden statues, an authentic account of two such extraordinary works of art has appeared to me so desirable that I even wonder at myself for having so long delayed to write one. It is the more incumbent on me to do this, because neither of the artists have thought proper to inscribe their names upon these master-pieces,—either from that modesty which often accompanies the highest genius, or from a dignified consciousness that it was unnecessary to set any mark upon them, the works themselves sufficiently declaring from what hands they came.

I undertake this becoming task with the more pleasure because our friend Mrs. Keenan has kindly offered to illustrate the intended account by drawings of both Statues,—having, as you may well suppose, been struck with admiration by them. The promise of this co-operation induces me not to confine myself to a mere description, but to relate on what occasion they were made, and faithfully to record the very remarkable circumstances which have occurred in consequence; circumstances I will venture to say, as well attested and as well worthy of preservation as any of those related in the History of the Portuguese Images of Nossa Senhora, in ten volumes quarto,—a book of real value, which you know I regard as one of the most curious in my collection. If in the progress of this design I should sometimes appear to wander in digression, you will not impute it to any habitual love of circumlocution; and the speculative notions which I may have occasion to propose, you will receive as mere speculations and judge of them accordingly.

Many many years ago I remember to have seen these popular and rustic rhymes in print,

God made a great man to plough and to sow,
God made a little man to drive away the crow;

they were composed perhaps to make some little man contented with that office, and certain it is that in all ages and all countries it has been an object of as much consequence to preserve the seed from birds when sown, as to sow it. No doubt Adam himself when he was driven to cultivate the ground felt this, and we who are his lineal descendants, (though I am sorry to say we have not inherited a rood of his estates,) have felt it also, in our small but not unimportant concern, the Garden. Mrs. L., the Lady of that Garden, used to complain grievously of the depredations committed there, especially upon her pease. Fowls and Ducks were condemned either to imprisonment for life, or to the immediate larder for their offences of this kind; but the magpies (my protégées) and the sparrows, and the blackbirds and the thrushes, bade defiance to the coop and the cook. She tried to fright them away by feathers fastened upon a string, but birds were no more to be frightened by feathers than to be caught by chaff. She dressed up two mopsticks; not to be forgotten, because when two youths sent their straw hats upon leaving Keswick to K. and B., the girls consigned the hats to these mopsticks, and named the figures thus attired in due honour of the youths, L. N., and C. K. These mopsticks, however, were well dressed enough to invite thieves from the town,—and too well to frighten the birds. Something more effectual was wanted, and Mrs. L. bespoke a man of Joseph Glover.

Such is the imperfection of language that, write as carefully and warily as we can, it is impossible to use words which will not frequently admit of a double construction; upon this indeed it is that the Lawyers have founded the science of the Law, which said science they display in extracting any meaning from any words, and generally that meaning that shall be most opposite to the intention for which they were used. When I say that your Aunt L. bespoke a man of Joseph Glover, I do not mean that she commissioned him to engage a labourer: nor that she required him actually to make a man, like Frankenstein,—though it must be admitted that such a man as Frankenstein made, would be the best of all scarecrows, provided he were broken in so as to be perfectly manageable. To have made a man

indeed would have been more than even Paracelsus would have undertaken to perform; for according to the receipt which that illustrious Bombast ab Hohenheim has delivered to posterity, an homunculus cannot be produced in a hotbed in less than forty weeks and forty days; and this would not have been in time to save the pease; not to mention that one of his homunculi had it been ready could not have served the purpose, for by his account, when it was produced, it was smaller even than Mark Thumb. Such an order would have been more unreasonable than any of those which Juno imposed upon Hercules; whereas the task imposed by Mrs. L. was nothing more than Glover thought himself capable of executing, for he understood the direction plainly and simply in its proper sense, as a carpenter ought to understand it.

An ordinary Carpenter might have hesitated at undertaking it, or bungled in the execution. But Glover is not an ordinary Carpenter. He says of himself that he should have been a capital singer, only the pity is, that he has no voice. Whether he had ever a similar persuasion of his own essential but unproducable talents for sculpture or painting I know not:—but if ever genius and originality were triumphantly displayed in the first effort of an untaught artist, it was on this occasion. Perhaps I am wrong in calling him untaught;—for there is a supernatural or divine teaching;—and it will appear presently that if there be any truth in heathen philosophy, or in that of the Roman Catholics, (which is very much the same in many respects,) some such assistance may be suspected in this case.

With or without such assistance, but certainly *con amore*, and with the aid of his own genius, if of no other, Glover went to work: ere long shouts of admiration were heard one evening in the kitchen, so loud and of such long continuance that inquiry was made from the parlour into the cause, and the reply was that Mrs. L.'s man was brought home. Out we went, father, mother and daughters, (yourself among them,—for you cannot have forgotten that memorable hour,) My Lady and the Venerabilis,—and Mrs. L. herself, as the person more immediately concerned. Seldom as it happens that any artist can embody with perfect success

the conceptions of another, in this instance the difficult and delicate task had been perfectly accomplished. But I must describe the Man,—calling him by that name at present, the power, *aeon* or intelligence which had incorporated itself with that ligneous resemblance of humanity not having at that time been suspected.

Yet methinks more properly might he have been called youth than man, the form and stature being juvenile. The limbs and body were slender, though not so as to convey any appearance of feebleness; it was rather that degree of slenderness which in elegant and refined society is deemed essential to grace. The countenance at once denoted strength and health and hilarity, and the incomparable carpenter had given it an expression of threatful and alert determination, suited to the station for which he was designed and the weapon which he bore. The shape of the face was rather round than oval, resembling methinks the broad harvest moon; the eyes were of the deepest black, the eyebrows black also; and there was a blackness about the nose and lips, such as might be imagined in the face of Hercules, while he was in the act of lifting and strangling the yet unsubdued and struggling Antaeus. On his head was a little hat, low in the crown and narrow in the brim. His dress was a sleeved jacket without skirts,—our ancestors would have called it a gipion; *jubon* it would be rendered if ever this description were translated into Spanish, *gibao* in Portuguese; *jupon* or *gippon* in old French. It was fastened from the neck downward with eight white buttons, two and two, and between them was a broad white stripe, the colour of the gipion being brown: whether the stripe was to represent silver lace, or a white facing like that of the naval uniform, is doubtful and of little consequence. The lower part of his dress represented innominables and hose in one, of the same colour as the gipion. And he carried a fowling-piece in his hand.

Great was the satisfaction which we all expressed at beholding so admirable a man; great were the applauses which we bestowed upon the workman with one consent; and great was the complacency with which Glover himself regarded the work of his own hands. He thought, he said,

this would please us. Please us indeed it did, and so well did it answer that after short trial Mrs. L. thinking that a second image would render the whole garden secure, and moreover that it was not good for her Man to be alone, directed Glover to make a woman also. The woman accordingly was made. Flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, she could not be, the Man himself not being made of such materials; but she was wood of his wood and plank of his plank,—which was coming as nearly as possible to it, made of the same tree and fashioned by the same hand.

The woman was in all respects a goodly mate for the man, except that she seemed to be a few years older; she was rather below the mean stature, in that respect resembling the Venus de Medicis; slender waisted yet not looking as if she were tight-laced, nor so thin as to denote ill health. Her dress was a gown of homely brown, up to the neck. The artist had employed his brightest colours upon her face; even the eyes and nose partook of that brilliant tint which is sometimes called the roseate hue of health or exercise, sometimes the purple light of love. The whites of her eyes were large. She also was represented in a hat, but higher in the crown and broader in the brim than the man's, and where his brim was turned up, hers had a downward inclination giving a feminine character to that part of her dress.

She was placed in the garden: greatly as we admired both pieces of workmanship, we considered them merely as what they seemed to be; they went by the names of Mrs. L.'s Man and Woman; and even when you departed for the south they were still known only by that vague and most unworthy designation. Some startling circumstances after awhile excited a more particular attention to them. Several of the family declared they had been frightened by them; and K. one evening came in saying that Aunt L.'s woman had *given her* a jump. Even this did not awaken any suspicion of their supernatural powers as it ought to have done, till on a winter's night, one of the maids hearing a knock at the back door opened it; and started back when she saw that it was the woman with a letter in her hand! This is as certain as that Nosso Senhor dos Passos knocked at the door of St. Roque's convent in Lisbon and was not taken in,—to

the infinite regret of the monks when they learned that he had gone afterwards to the Graça Convent and been admitted there. It is as certain that I have seen men, women and children of all ranks kissing the foot of the said Image in the Church, and half Lisbon following his procession in the streets. It is as certain as all the miracles in the Fasti, the Metamorphoses, and the Acta Sanctorum.

Many remarkable things were now called to mind both of the man and woman;—how on one occasion they had made Miss Christian's maid miscarry of—half a message; and how at another time when Isaac was bringing a basket from Mr. Calvert's, he was frightened into his wits by them. But on Sunday evening last the most extraordinary display of wonderful power occurred, for in the evening the woman, instead of being in her place among the pease, appeared standing erect on the top of Mr. Fisher's haymow in the forge field, and there on the following morning she was seen by all Keswick, who are witnesses of the fact.

You may well suppose that I now began to examine into the mystery, and manifold were the mysteries which I discovered, and many the analogies in their formation of which the maker could never by possibility have heard; and many the points of divine philosophy and theurgic science which they illustrated. In the first place two Swedenborgian correspondencies flashed upon me in the material whereof they were constructed. They were intended to guard the Garden; there is a proverb which says, set a thief to catch a thief, and therefore it is that they were *fir* statues. Take it in English and the correspondence is equally striking; they were made of *deal*, because they were to do a *deal* of good. The dark aspect of the male figure also was explained; for being stationed there contra *fures*, it was proper that he should have a furious countenance. Secondly there is something wonderful in their formation:—they are bifronted, not merely bifaced like Janus, but bifronted from top to toe. Let the thief be as cunning as he may he cannot get behind them.—They have no backs, and were they disposed to be indolent and sit at their posts it would be impossible. They can appear at the kitchen door, or on the haymow, they can give the children and even the grown persons of the family

a jump, but to sit is beyond their power, however miraculous it may be; for impossibilities cannot be effected even by miracle, and as it is impossible to see without eyes, or to walk without legs,—or for a ship to float without a bottom, so is it for a person in the same predicament as such a ship—to sit.

Yet farther mysteries; both hands of these marvellous statues are right hands and both are left hands, they are at once ambidexter and ambisinister. It was said by Dryden of old Jacob Tonson that he had two left legs: but these marvellous statues have two left legs and two right legs each, and yet but four legs between them, that is to say but two a-piece. In the whole course of my reading I have found no account of any statues so wonderful as these. For though the Roman Janus was bifronted, and my old acquaintance Yamen had in like manner a double face, and many of the Hindoo and other Oriental Deities have their necks set round with heads, and their elbows with arms, yet it is certain that all these Gods have backs, and sides to them also. In this point no similitude can be found for our Images. They may be likened to the sea as being bottomless,—but as being without a back, and in the mystery of having both hands and legs at once right and left, they are unequalled; none but themselves can be their parallel.

Now, my daughter, I appeal to you and to all other reasonable persons,—I put the question to your own plain sense,—is it anyways likely that statues so wonderful, so inexpressibly mysterious in their properties should be the mere work of a Keswick carpenter, though aided as he was by Mrs. L.'s directions? Is it not certain that neither he, nor Mrs. L., had the slightest glimpse, the remotest thought of any such properties,—she when she designed, he when he executed the marvellous productions? Is it possible that they should? Would it not be preposterous to suppose it?

This supposition therefore being proved to be absurd, which in mathematics is equal to a demonstration that the contrary must be true, it remains to inquire into the real origin of their stupendous qualities. Both the ancient Heathens and the Romanists teach that certain Images of the Gods or of the Saints have been made without the aid

of human hands, and that they have appeared no one knew whence or how. The Greeks called such images Diopeteis, as having fallen from the sky, and I could enumerate, were it needful, sundry Catholic Images which are at this day venerated as being either of angelic workmanship or celestial origin. We cannot, however, have recourse to this solution in the present case; for Glover is so voracious a man that if he had found these figures in his workshop without knowing how they came there,—or if he had seen them grow into shape while he was looking on,—he would certainly not have concealed a fact so extraordinary. All Keswick would have known it. It must have become as notorious as Prince Hohenlohe's miracles.

There remains then another hypothesis, which is also common to the ancient Pagans and the Romanists;—that some superior powers finding a congruity in the Images have been pleased to communicate to them a portion of their influence, and even of their presence, and so, if I may be allowed the word, have actually become *inlignate* in them. Were my old acquaintance, Thomas Taylor, here, who entirely believes this, he would at once determine which of his Heathen Deities have thus manifested their existence. Who indeed that looks at the Youth but must be reminded of Apollo? Said I that his face resembled in its rotundity the Moon? the Sun would have been the fitter similitude,—the sun shorn of its beams:—Phoebus,—such as he appeared when in the service of Admetus. And for his female companion, her beauty and the admiration which it excites in all beholders, identify her with no less certainty for Venus. We have named them therefore the Apollo de Lovell, and the Venus de Glover; in justice to both artists; and in farther honour of them and of the Images themselves have composed the following inscription:

No works of Phidias we; but Mrs. L.

Designed, and we were made by Joseph Glover.
Apollo, I, and yonder Venus stands,

Behold her, and you cannot chuse but love her.
If antient sculptors could behold us here,

How would they pine with envy and abhorrence!

For even as I surpass their Belvedere,
So much doth she excel the pride of Florence.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

p. 1. '*The Bhow Begum*' was a Miss Mary Barker, whose acquaintance Southey made in Portugal in 1800. She subsequently settled at Keswick, married a Mr. Slade, and died in France about 1850.

p. 2. '*My wife's eldest sister*':—Mrs. Coleridge. '*My wife's youngest sister*':—Mrs. Lovell. '*Her youngest daughter*':—Isabel Southey, b. 1812, d. 1826. '*My wife's nephew*':—presumably Hartley Coleridge, b. 1796; or possibly Derwent Coleridge, b. 1800.

CHAPTER III

p. 5. *John Henderson* (1757–1788), 'an eccentric student,' was one of John Wesley's leading itinerant preachers.

p. 6. *Astolfo*, a character in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, who flew to the moon on the back of a hippogriff (*O. F.*, Bk. xviii.).

Pacolet, a dwarf in the early romance of *Valentine and Orson*, possessed of an enchanted flying horse of wood.

Alborak, the name of the horse of Mahomet on which the prophet was supposed to have taken a nocturnal ride to heaven—a feat solemnly celebrated by his followers year by year in the seventh month.

CHAPTER IV

p. 8. '*The mysterious monogram*': cf. ch. clxxv. of the complete edition of *The Doctor*—'This is the mysterious triangle, which the Pythagoreans called Pallas, because they said it sprang from the brain of Jupiter, and Tritogeneia, because if three straight lines were drawn from its angles to meet in the centre, a triple birth of triangles was produced, each equal to the other.'

CHAPTER V

p. 9. *Whitaker of Manchester*: John Whitaker (1735–1808), born at Manchester and educated at Manchester Grammar School, Scholar and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was, from 1777–1808, Rector of Ruan-Lanyhorn, Cornwall. Among other works he published a *History of Manchester*—vol. I., 1771; vol. II., 1775.

p. 10. *Van Helmont*: Jean Baptiste van Helmont (1577–1644), famous Belgian chemist, physiologist, physician, and lchemist.

Dr. Towers: presumably Joseph Towers (1737–1799), son of a second-hand bookseller. He set up a bookseller's shop in

London about 1765 and compiled the first seven volumes, 1766-1772, of the *British Biography*. Later he became a Presbyterian minister, and in 1779 received the diploma of LL.D. from Edinburgh University.

Dr. Ingenhouz: Jean Ingenhouz (1730-1799), Dutch chemist and physician, became physician to the Imperial Court of Vienna.

CHAPTER VI

p. 12. *C. Dellon*, French doctor and traveller, born circa 1649. At Damian he was denounced to the Inquisition as a heretic. He was thrown into prison at Goa, tortured, and condemned to five years in the galleys in Portugal. At Lisbon, thanks to the intervention of the Queen's physician, his sentence was reversed. His book, *Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa*, appeared in 1688.

Claudius Buchanan, D.D. (1766-1815), spent eleven years in India as Bengal Chaplain and Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William. He published various works, of which the most notable was *Christian Researches in Asia* (new ed., 1840).

PREFACE

p. 18. *Philemon Holland* (1552-1637), Major Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge: translated Livy, Pliny's *Natural History*, Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, and other classical works.

CHAPTER IX

p. 22. *The Giant Moulineau*, a character in *Le Béliier*, one of four 'Contes' written by Anthony Hamilton (1646?-1720) for the entertainment of Henrietta Bulkeley, sister of the Duchess of Berwick.

CHAPTER XII

p. 32. *Dr. Parr*: Samuel Parr (1747-1825), scholar, pedagogue, and controversialist. Regarded as 'the Whig Johnson,' though altogether inferior to his great rival.

CHAPTER XIII

p. 34. *Joshua Sylvester* (1563-1618), poet, and translator of the scriptural epics of Du Bartas.

p. 35. *Du Bartas*, Guillaume de Saluste, Seigneur (1544-1590): a Huguenot poet and the author of several religious epics, which won for him in his day a great reputation.

CHAPTER XIV

p. 43. *Mambrino's helmet* was of pure gold, and rendered the wearer invulnerable. It was taken possession of by Rinaldo (*Orlando Furioso*).

CHAPTER XV

p. 45. *Nicholas Udal* (1505-1556), Head Master of Eton, 1534-1541, and author of *Ralph Roister Doister*, the earliest known English comedy, was notorious for the severity with which he flogged his pupils, as were also *Richard Busby* (1606-1695), Head Master of Westminster, and *Samuel Parr*, 'the Whig Dr. Johnson,'

(1747-1825), who was for a time Head Master of the Grammar School at Norwich, and subsequently took private pupils.

p. 46. *Dean Colet* (1467?-1519), Dean of St. Paul's and founder of St. Paul's School. 'The story told by Erasmus of the cruelty with which an unnamed teacher of his acquaintance treated his pupils has been applied to Colet, wholly without warrant, and there is every reason to believe that Colet discounted severe punishments' (*D. N. B.*).

INTERCHAPTER I

p. 49. *John Kyrle* (1637-1724), the Man of Ross, of Balliol College, Oxford, lived very simply on his estates at Ross as a country squire, and devoted his surplus income to works of charity. He was eulogised by Pope in his third *Moral Epistle*:

'Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?

"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.'

Pope here attributes to him the construction of the raised stone causeway which connected Ross with Wilton; but this, according to the *D. N. B.*, was in existence centuries earlier.

Maud Heath, popularly said to have been a market-woman, left a benefaction, c. 1474, for the constitution and maintenance of a stone-pitched path leading from Chippenham across a low tract of heavy clay land to the top of Bremhillwick Hill. A monumental column, crowned with a rude statue of Maud Heath, was erected on the ridge of the hill in 1838 by Lord Lansdowne and the Rev. W. L. Bowles. (See Murray's *Handbook to Wilts and Dorset*.)

CHAPTER XVII

p. 54. The original of *William Dove* was William Tyler, half-brother of Southey's mother, and brother of the Miss Tyler with whom Southey spent much of his boyhood. In his fragment of autobiography Southey describes 'Uncle William' as a half-witted being, yet possessed of 'an excellent memory, an observing eye, and a sort of half-saved shrewdness which would have qualified him, had he been born two centuries earlier, to have worn motley and figured, with a cap and bells and a bauble, in some baron's hall.' The motto prefixed to *The Curse of Kehama*, 'Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost,' was one of his apophthegms (Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, i. 11 sqq.).

p. 56. *John Ray* (1627-1705), famous as a naturalist, and more particularly as a botanist, published in 1670 *A Collection of English Proverbs*, which passed through numerous editions.

For *St. Withold* see *King Lear*, Act III., sc. iv.

'*Clym of the Clough*, with *Adam Bell* and *William of Cloudesly*, were noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them as

famous in the north of England as Robin Hood and Little John in the midland counties. Their place of resort was in Englewood Forest, near Carlisle' (Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*).

CHAPTER XVIII

p. 59. *Serjeant Maynard*: John Maynard (1602-1690), barrister and judge, was M.P. for Totnes in both the Short and the Long Parliaments. He helped to frame Strafford's impeachment, but protested against the deposition of Charles I in 1648. In 1658 he was appointed Protector's Serjeant and was Solicitor-General under Richard Cromwell. On the Restoration he was created King's Serjeant and knighted. He took part in most of the State Trials under Charles II. Pepys regarded him as a turncoat.

p. 60. *John Higgins* (fl. 1570-1602), poet and compiler, is best known by his supplement to William Baldwin's *Mirror for Magistrates*, in which he dealt in verse with sixteen legends connected with early British history, concluding with a metrical address to the reader.

John Nichols (1745-1826), author and editor, was solely responsible for the management of *The Gentleman's Magazine* from 1792 to 1826. Between 1780 and 1800 he published his *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica* in ten volumes. His *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century* appeared between 1807 and 1831 in six volumes, of which two were published posthumously.

p. 61. *Bernard Gilpin* (1517-1583), Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and subsequently Archdeacon of Durham, and Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. Every winter he made a progress through certain neglected regions of Northumberland and Yorkshire, preaching and distributing alms, and thereby gained the title of the 'Apostle of the North.'

CHAPTER XIX

p. 62. *Aaron Hill* (1685-1750), a dramatist and versifier satirized by Pope.

p. 64. '*Lily's own authority*': William Lily (d. 1522) was famous as a grammarian and as High Master of St. Paul's School, 1512-1522. He contributed a Latin Syntax to Colet's *Aeditio*, first printed in 1527. The *Aeditio*, and another Latin Syntax, in which both Lily and Erasmus had a share, were by 1540 remodelled and combined into one Grammar, designed to become the national Latin Grammar. As late as 1758 a still further revised edition was adopted for use at Eton.

CHAPTER XX

p. 69. *Thomas Tusser* (1524?-1580), agricultural writer and poet, was at Eton under the head-mastership of Nicholas Udal, of whose severity he has bitterly complained. In 1557 he published *Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie*. In 1573 this appeared

in an amplified form as *Five Hundredth Pointes of Good Husbandry, united to as many of Good Huswifery*; and to this edition was prefixed an autobiography in verse.

INTERCHAPTER II

p. 71. *Aballiboozobanganorribo*. Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles as follows, on June 22, 1835: 'The great word has no meaning whatever, but is of great use, which you will see explained and exemplified in the fourth volume,¹ and for which use I composed it myself seven- or eight-and-thirty years ago. It then became a household word, but all those who used it with me have departed, or are now far away. On the day when the book arrived, when I went down to supper, Cuthbert was so full of that chapter that he rose from his seat before supper was ended to show me the long word, and he read the whole chapter to me that I might see what a queer book it was—the queerest he had ever seen! Twenty years before, that very chapter had taken the fancy of his brother,² to whom I read the beginning when he came to his lessons the morning after it had been written. . . . The book brings to me as many recollections of this kind as the sight of wild flowers in spring, and the singing of birds—sights and sounds that always carry us back to the past.'

CHAPTER XXI

p. 77. *Daniel Heinsius* (1580-1655), a famous scholar of the Dutch Renaissance, Professor of Latin, Professor of Greek, and Librarian in the University of Leiden.

CHAPTER XXII

p. 79. '*Powel, whom the "Spectator" has immortalized.*' Robert Powel was a popular London showman in the reign of Queen Anne. The *Spectator* of March 16, 1711, refers to his performance with puppets at the Piazza, Covent Garden.

CHAPTER XXIII

p. 86. *Laurence Echard* (1670?-1730), Prebendary of Lincoln and Archdeacon of Stow, was a voluminous author. His chief work was a *History of England*, 1707 and 1718.

p. 87. *Dr. Phillpotts*: Henry Phillpotts (1778-1869), well known as Bishop of Exeter, 1830-1869.

CHAPTER XXVI

p. 100. *Dr. Bell*: Andrew Bell (1753-1832), founder of the Madras system of education, the distinctive feature of which was the employment of monitors and pupil teachers. This he first introduced into the Madras Male Orphan Asylum, and subsequently developed and extended in England. He became Prebendary of Westminster in 1819, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

¹ See ch. lxxvii. of the present edition.

² Herbert Southey, who died April 17, 1816, aged nine years—a blow from which his father never really recovered.

INTERCHAPTER IV

p. 114. *Mussulmans*. I have ventured here to correct the inaccurate form *Mussulmen* favoured by Southey.

CHAPTER XXXV

p. 135. There is in the British Museum a copy of the first two volumes of *The Doctor*, presented to S. T. Coleridge by Southey. In ch. liii. p.i., Coleridge has marked the passage from 'The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages' to 'What she would have me, yet not have me know.' The next chapter (liv. p.i.) Coleridge has marked with a X; and he has drawn a line by the paragraph 'The man who gets in love . . . by a shark.'

CHAPTER XXXVI

p. 138. *Maria del Occidente*: Maria Brookes (1795-1845), an American poetess, published several volumes of verse. *Zophiel*, which appeared in England in 1833, was prepared for the press by Southey (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warton, iv. 214, 361). An edition had previously been published at Boston, U.S.A., in 1825.

Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon (1760-1825), was the founder of French Socialism. During his lifetime his views had little influence, but by 1828 his principal disciples, Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Bazard, found themselves the leaders of a sect. The last-named published his *Exposition de la doctrine de St. Simon* in two volumes, 1828 and 1830.

p. 139. *Thomas Day* (1748-1789), barrister and philanthropist, published *The History of Sandford and Merton* in three volumes, which appeared in 1783, 1787, and 1789 respectively. He married in 1778 a Miss Esther Milnes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

p. 144. 'The Guessers at Truth': Augustus and Julius Hare published *Guesses at Truth*, by two brothers, in 1827.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

p. 148. *Don Rodrigo Calderon*, a Spanish adventurer, favourite and secretary of the Duke of Lerma, the reigning Minister, was seized upon to satisfy public clamour when his master fell from power. He confessed to having ordered the murder of one Francisco de Juaras, but denied all the other charges of murder and of witchcraft. After being savagely tortured he was executed on October 21, 1621.

Arthur Thistlewood (1770-1820), chief of the Cato Street conspirators, who planned to assassinate the members of the Cabinet when dining at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square. He was executed with four of his accomplices on May 1, 1820.

p. 150. *William Crowe* (1745-1829), Fellow of New College, Oxford, and subsequently Rector of Alton Barnes, and Public Orator at Oxford, was the author of *Lewesdon Hill*, a poem, 1788.

He was the intimate friend of Samuel Rogers, who greatly admired his versification.

Somner the antiquary: William Somner (1598-1669), a zealous antiquary and loyalist, best known for his *Anglo-Saxon-Latin-English Dictionary*, published in 1659.

p. 152. *Sidronius Hosschius*, the author of *Elegiarum Libri Sex*, Antwerp, 1667.

CHAPTER XL

p. 156. *Miss Trewbody*. There can be little doubt that, as the character of William Dove is based upon that of Southey's uncle, William Tyler, so, in describing Miss Trewbody, Southey drew upon his recollections of his mother's half-sister (and William Tyler's sister), Miss Tyler. This lady had been a beauty, and passed for a person of fashion, but was of a temper at once imperious and capricious. She half adopted Southey and undoubtedly showed him real kindness; indeed he spent a great part of his early years with her. But the scheme of Pantisocracy and the news that her nephew proposed to marry and emigrate to America proved too much for her. On the evening of October 17, 1794, she turned Southey out of her house into the rain, to walk from Bristol to Bath; and from that day forward they never met.

INTERCHAPTER V

p. 165. '*The murder of Mr. Weare*.' John Thurtell murdered William Weare, a solicitor whom he accused of having cheated him at cards, on the St. Albans road on October 24, 1823. The body was thrown into a 'green swamp,' some two miles distant, but Thurtell's accomplices turned King's evidence, and he was convicted, and hanged on January 9, 1824. The murder caused a great sensation at the time, and became the theme of numerous chapbooks and ballads. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chh. lxxi. and lxxvi.

p. 166. '*My little more than nothing*' Jeffrey: Francis, Lord Jeffrey (1773-1850), the celebrated editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Southey describes him in a letter of November 7, 1805, as 'an homunculus of five foot one.'

Jeffrey Hudson (1619-1682), a dwarf, who up to the age of thirty was no more than eighteen inches high, but subsequently attained a stature of three feet six or nine inches. He entered the service of Queen Henrietta Maria, and had an adventurous life, for he was captured by Flemish pirates, served as captain of horse in the Civil War, was captured by Barbary pirates and kept by them as a slave, and after his escape and return to England was imprisoned for supposed complicity in the Popish Plot of 1679.

'*Sir*' *Jeffrey Dunstan* (1759?-1797) was originally a foundling, whose chief occupation became the buying of old wigs. On the death of 'Sir' John Harper in 1785, 'Sir' Jeffrey was elected 'Mayor of Garrett.' An association of the inhabitants had been formed to 'protect their rights in Garrett Common between

Wandsworth and Tooting. The head of this association was called the Mayor, and it was a rule that he should be re-chosen after each General Election. Dunstan, who possessed a large fund of vulgar and ready wit, was successful at three successive elections, but lost his office to a muffin-seller in 1796. Thousands of people were wont to assemble at these mock elections from far and near.

p. 168. *Cher Bobus*: Robert Percy Smith (1770-1845), elder brother of Sydney Smith, and Advocate-General of Bengal, whence he returned with a fortune in 1810. He was famous for his wit and for his Latin verses.

Horace (1779-1849) and *James* (1775-1839) *Smith*, authors of the famous *Rejected Addresses*, 1812.

Thinks I to myself:—a *serio-ludicro, tragico-comico Tale*, written by *Thinks I to myself who?* The above is the full title of a book published in 1811 by Edward Nares (1762-1841), who is now chiefly remembered by Macaulay's sarcastic review of his *Life of Lord Burghley*. He was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 1813-1841.

The Miseries of Human Life, by Rev. James Beresford (1764-1840), Rector of Kibworth Beauchamp—author of several religious books and verse translations—was published anonymously in 1806 with the sub-title . . . or the *Last Groans of Timothy Testy and Simon Sensitive, with a few supplementary sighs from Mrs. Testy*.

George Colman, the younger (1762-1836), educated at Westminster and Christ Church, between 1784 and 1822 wrote or adapted some twenty-five dramatic pieces, of which the best-known is *The Heir at Law*. He published *Random Records*, an autobiography, in 1830.

Wrangham: Francis Wrangham (1769-1842), scholar and miscellaneous writer, Archdeacon of Cleveland, 1820-1828, and of the East Riding, 1828-1841.

p. 169. *Dr. Clarke*: presumably James Stanier Clarke (1765?-1834), Canon of Windsor, and author of *Lives of Nelson and James II*. In 1812 he was appointed Historiographer Royal, a post to which Southey had himself aspired.

Thomas Busby (1755-1838), musical composer, journalist, and parliamentary reporter; Mus.Doc. Cambridge, 1801.

My Pocket Book: or Hints for a righte merrie and conceted Tour was published in 1807. Its author, Edward Dubois (1774-1850), a well-known journalist, editor of the *Monthly Mirror*, intended it to be a satire on the, then, recently published *Travels* of Sir John Carr.

Charles Phillips (1787?-1859), barrister and miscellaneous writer: called to the Irish Bar, 1812; to the English Bar, 1821. His oratory was florid, but very effective with juries.

Charles Robert Maturin (1782-1824), novelist and dramatist. It is plain that this chapter of *The Doctor* was written before 1824, the year of Maturin's death.

Hans Busk (1772-1862), a Radnorshire squire, published several volumes of verse between 1814 and 1834.

A World without Souls, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham (1780-1861), Vicar of Harrow-on-the-Hill, 1811-1861, appeared in 1805, and reached a sixth edition in 1816.

Thomas James Mathias (1754?-1835), Major Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Librarian at Buckingham Palace; 'the best English scholar in Italian since Milton' (*D. N. B.*). He published, in 1794-1797, *Pursuits of Literature*, a reckless satire upon various authors.

William Banks (d. 1855), of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a friend of Byron and known to the literary world by his travels in the East. Rogers said of him in his *Table Talk* (ed. Dyce, p. 291) that 'he had known Banks eclipse Sydney Smith by the vigour of his talk.'

INTERCHAPTER VI

p. 170. *Henry More* (1614-1687), Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; one of the Cambridge Platonists.

p. 171. *Thomas Mace* (1619?-1709?) devised a lute of fifty strings in 1672; published *Music's Monument*, 1676.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748), the hymn-writer, published *The Improvement of the Mind* in 1741.

p. 173. *Thomas Hearne* (1678-1735), historical antiquary, author of *Reliquiae Bodlianae* (1703), and other works.

Isaac Reed (1742-1807) furnished Johnson with notes for his *Lives of the Poets*, and in 1803 produced an elaborate edition of Shakespeare, known as 'the first variorum.'

Edmund Malone (1741-1812) was intimate with Johnson and his circle; edited Shakespeare, 1790, and left materials for a new edition published after his death by James Boswell the younger in twenty-one volumes in 1821. This latter edition, known as 'the third variorum,' was recognized as superior to all its predecessors.

Joseph Haslewood (1769-1833), founder of the Roxburghe Club, edited Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and other early works.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762-1837), an industrious editor of early English literature, who unfortunately despised these useful labours and regarded himself as a poet and a man of genius. Southey wrote of him in 1834, 'I never saw him, but if I could have afforded time to correspond with a person who always replied instant to my letters (the letters, moreover, costing half a crown, whether I received or sent them) I should most willingly have continued so to do, for there was no subject, literary, biographical, or historical, on which he was not ready to pour forth a stream of knowledge' (*Selections from the Correspondence of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warter, iv. 383-384). J. G. Lockhart, in his review of the first two volumes of *The Doctor* in the *Quarterly Review* for March 1834, was inclined to attribute the authorship of the book to Sir Egerton Brydges.

p. 176. 'Philip, while attempting to force a passage of the river Sandanus, on his way to attack Olynthus and Methone, was shot in the eye by an Olynthian named Aster, who said:

"Ἀστηρ Φιλίππῳ θανασιμὸν πέμπει βέλος.

Philip swam back to his own people, but lost his eye' (Plutarch, *Parallela* 8).

CHAPTER XLV

p. 183. *Dr. Uwins*: David Uwins (1780?-1837), M.D. Edinburgh, published in 1830 a *Treatise on Nervous and Mental Disorders*.

p. 184. *Mr. Newton of Olney*: John Newton (1725-1807), Vicar of Olney, 1764-1780, famous as an evangelical divine, whose friendship for Cowper exercised such an unhappy influence upon the poet's mind.

CHAPTER XLVII

p. 188. *Richard Brocklesby* (1722-1797), M.D. Leyden, 1745, was a friend of Burke and Johnson, and attended the latter in his last illness.

Mark Akenside (1721-1770), poet and physician, took his degree of doctor of physic at Leyden in 1744. Earlier in the same year he published *The Pleasures of Imagination*, the poem by which he is best known to fame.

p. 191. *John Zephaniah Holwell* (1711-1798) was one of the last survivors from the Black Hole of Calcutta, 1756. He published a number of works, including an account of the Black Hole (1758) and a *Dissertation on the Origin of Intelligent Beings and on Divine Providence* . . . (1786).

Adam Clarke (1762-1832), Methodist preacher and writer. His principal work was his commentary on all the books of Scripture in eight volumes, 1810-1826.

CHAPTER XLIX

p. 196. *Edward Daniel Clarke* (1769-1822), Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge and University Librarian, travelled extensively in Europe, Asia Minor, and Palestine, and published his *Travels* in six quarto volumes, which appeared between 1810 and 1823.

p. 200. *Pierre Pithou* (1539-1596) was a famous lawyer and scholar. The greater part of his valuable library, specially rich in MSS., was transferred to what is now the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

p. 202. *John Cleveland* (1613-1658), Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was ejected from his Fellowship for his loyalty to the King. He is perhaps best remembered for the couplet in which he expresses his disgust at the surrender of Charles I to his enemies by the Scots:

'Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confin'd him home.'

His *Poems* appeared in 1656.

Thomas Randolph (1605-1635), poet and dramatist, was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a friend of Ben Jonson. His abilities were brilliant, but 'his promise, as might be expected from his irregular life and premature death, was greater than his performance' (*D. N. B.*). His works were edited in 1875 by W. C. Hazlitt.

Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician and verse-writer, was grandfather of Charles Darwin. His *Loves of the Plants*, 1789, was the original of Canning's celebrated parody (in the *Anti-Jacobin*), *The Loves of the Triangles*.

p. 203. *Bernard Barton* (1784-1849), the Quaker poet, while his verses are forgotten, is remembered as the friend of Charles Lamb. From 1812 onwards he was among Southey's correspondents. He was for forty years clerk in a bank at Woodbridge; and his daughter married Edward FitzGerald.

CHAPTER L

p. 207. *Anne Eliza Bray* (1790-1883) married as her second husband the Rev. Edward Atkyns Bray, Vicar of Tavistock. She wrote, besides other works, a dozen or more novels. *Warleigh* was published in 1834. Southey corresponded with her not infrequently during his latter years.

Mary Colling was a poetical servant of the Brays. Mrs. Bray interested Southey in her, and he reviewed Mary's verses in No. xciii. of the *Quarterly Review*.

p. 208. *Adrien Baillet* (1649-1706), French scholar and critic. His most famous book is his *Jugemens des savans sur les principaux ouvrages des auteurs* (1685-1686).

p. 210. *John Taylor* (1580-1653), 'the Water-poet,' was born at Gloucester of humble parentage. He was pressed into the Navy, and on retiring became a Thames waterman and collector of the Lieutenant of the Tower's perquisite of wine. His 'rollicking prose and verse' won him the patronage of Ben Jonson. Taylor published a collective edition of his own works in 1630. 'As literature his books do not rank high, but they are of great value to the historian and antiquary' (*D. N. B.*).

CHAPTER LII

p. 215. It is a striking fact that the passage, 'He had looked for consolation . . . he felt that it was accepted,' was the last passage written by Southey—'and certainly,' he says, 'with no prospective feelings'—before the affliction of his wife's insanity burst upon him in the early autumn of 1834 (*Life and Correspondence*, vi. 248).

CHAPTER LVII

p. 238. *Joshua Sylvester's* work here referred to by Southey was republished in 1672 along with King James's *Counterblast to Tobacco*.

p. 241. *John Scott* (1639-1695), Canon of St. Paul's, published, in 1681, *The Christian Life from its Beginning to its Consummation in Glory*.

Lewis Bayly (d. 1631), Bishop of Bangor, 1616, published early in the seventeenth century his *Practice of Piety*, which won extraordinary popularity in Puritan circles.

Charles Drelincourt, minister of the Reformed Church in Paris, was author of *Les Consolations de l'Âme contre les Frayeurs de la Mort*, published at Geneva in 1669, and translated in 1675 as *The Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death*. Defoe added his *Apparition of Mrs. Veal* to the fifth edition of the translation, 1707—vide *The Times Literary Supplement*, February 7, 1929, p. 98.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737) published, besides other works, *Friendship in Death, in twenty letters from the Dead to the Living*, 1728, and *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, 1729-1733.

John Pomfret (1667-1702) is chiefly remembered by his poem, *The Choice*, which induced Johnson to include him in his *Lives of the Poets*.

CHAPTER LIX

p. 253. *Caroline Bowles* (1786-1854) became known to Southey in 1818, when she wrote to him, as a complete stranger, to ask his opinion of a manuscript poem subsequently published by Longman under the title of *Ellen Fitzarthur*. A warm friendship developed between them, which led to their marriage in 1839, two years after the death of Southey's first wife. But within three months the hopeless failure of Southey's intellect declared itself, and, in a most difficult situation, the relations between Mrs. Southey and her step-children at Keswick were strained and unhappy. Before her marriage, Caroline Bowles had brought out several volumes of prose and verse, of which *Chapters on Churchyards* and *The Birthday* are the most notable; and in 1847 she published the fragment of what was to have been a joint poem by Southey and herself on *Robin Hood*, together with other verses.

CHAPTER LXI

p. 259. *Marco Antonio de Camos* (1553-1606), Spanish theologian. A soldier in his youth, he became an Augustinian monk. He was appointed Archbishop of Trani (Bari) in 1605, but died before being consecrated.

CHAPTER LXII

p. 262. *Charles Balguy*, M.D. (1708-1767), practised at Peterborough, and was secretary of the Literary Club there. In 1741 he published anonymously a translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

CHAPTER LXIII

p. 264. *Thomas Gent* (1693-1778), printer and topographer, printed his own histories of York (1730), Ripon (1734), and Hull

(1735). He married in 1724. His autobiography was edited by the Rev. Joseph Hunter in 1832.

CHAPTER LXIV

p. 276. *Adam Littleton* (1627-1694), Chaplain to Charles II and Prebendary of Westminster, published *Sixty-one Sermons*, 1679-1680. His chief work was a Latin Dictionary in four parts, published 1673.

CHAPTER LXV

p. 279. *Nicolas Antonio*, author of (1) *Bibliotheca Hispana nova: Hispanorum Scriptorum*, 1500-1684, *notitia*, two vols., Madrid, 1783-1788; and (2) *Bibliotheca Hispana vetus: Hispanorum Scriptorum*, 1500, two vols., Madrid, 1788.

Antoine Bertolacci (d. 1833) emigrated from Corsica to England in 1793, and obtained a Government post in Ceylon. On his return to England he devoted himself to the study of political economy and published one or two works on the subject.

p. 281. *Thomas Jackson* (1579-1640), President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Dean of Peterborough, published, besides other works, *The Eternall Truth of Scriptures*, 1613.

CHAPTER LXVI

p. 284. *Tryphon* put to death Antiochus VI of Syria and seized the crown, c. 142 B.C. He was subsequently driven from the throne and committed suicide (see 1 Maccabees xi. sqq.).

p. 285. *Ambroise Paré* (1510-1590) was a famous French surgeon. A collection of his works was published at Paris in 1575.

p. 286. *Alphonso the Wise*, King of Castile, 1252-1284, promulgated a code of laws.

CHAPTER LXVIII

p. 295. *Lady Hester Stanhope* (1776-1839), niece of William Pitt the younger, kept house for him, 1803-1806. From 1810 onwards she lived in the Near East, settling on Mount Lebanon in 1814. There for a time she exercised an almost despotic power. She adopted Eastern habits, and became more and more eccentric, and 'to the last insisted on physicking and cutting out garments for all those with whom she came into close contact' (*D. N. B.*). *Charles Maryon* (1783-1877) was with her in the East on four separate occasions as her medical attendant. In 1845 he issued his *Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope* in three volumes, and in 1846 his *Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope*, also in three volumes.

Roger North (1653-1734), lawyer and historian, wrote the Lives of his three brothers—Francis, the Lord Chancellor (1637-1685), Sir Dudley North (1641-1691), and Dr. John North (1645-1683). These Lives were published posthumously, the Life of the Lord Keeper appearing first, in 1742.

CHAPTER LXX

p. 307. *Jacob Abbott* (1803-1879) was a prolific American

writer, principally of religious works and books for the young. In all, he produced more than two hundred volumes.

CHAPTER LXXI

p. 310. *John Gill* (1697-1771), a Baptist minister, and D.D. of Aberdeen University, was Wednesday-evening lecturer in Great Eastcheap, 1729-1756, and wrote a number of religious works.

p. 311. *Thomas Gouge* (1665?-1700) was pastor of the Independent congregation at Three Cranes, Fruiterers' Alley, Thames Street, London. Isaac Watts spoke of him as being one of the three greatest preachers he had heard in his youth, the other two being John Howe (1630-1705) and Joseph Stennett (1663-1713).

CHAPTER LXXVI

p. 325. *Mr. Conybeare*: John Josias Conybeare (1779-1824), Vicar of Batheaston, became Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford in 1808, and Professor of Poetry in 1812. He published various works on geology, and after his death his brother, Dean Conybeare, edited and published *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, translated by the Vicar of Batheaston, which contains great portions of the *Song of the Traveller* and *Beowulf*.

CHAPTER EXTRAORDINARY

p. 330. *Edward Smedley* (1788-1836), Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, won the Seatonian Prize for English Verse in 1813, 1814, 1827, and 1828. He took Orders, and engaged in varied literary work. His *Poems . . . with a Selection from his Correspondence and a Memoir of his Life*, were published by his widow in 1837.

p. 332. *Master Little*. Thomas Moore (1779-1852) published in 1801 *Poems by the late Thomas Little*, a collection of amorous pieces, 'exceptionable on the ground of morality, and with no conspicuous literary recommendation, except its sprightliness' (D. N. B.).

The Rev. Henry John Todd (1763-1845) published, among other works, an edition of Spenser, severely reviewed by Walter Scott in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1805.

In 1683 Izaak Walton edited *Thealma and Clearchus*, a pastoral history by his deceased friend John Chalkhill.

CHAPTER LXXVII

p. 341. *Charles Grant* (1778-1866) became President of the Board of Control in Lord Grey's Ministry formed in November 1830; and at the same time his brother Robert (1779-1838) became one of the Commissioners. Charles Grant had been Irish Secretary, 1819-1823, and President of the Board of Trade, 1827-1828. He was created Baron Glenelg in 1831.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

p. 342. '*The bells of St. George rang a peal.*' It has here

been necessary to garble the original text, which runs: 'rang th at peal,—that memorable peal which was anticipatively mentione d in the 32d chapter'; for ch. xxxii. of the original *Doctor* has not been included in the present edition.

CHAPTER LXXX

p. 348. *Little Waddington*: possibly the allusion may refer to *John Waddington* (1810-1880), a Congregational divine, who, at the age of fifteen, began to preach in the cottages of poor neighbours, and who, before he had reached the age of twenty, preached for Airedale College. He was subsequently pastor of Congregational churches at Stockport and Southwark, and published various books on the history of Congregationalism.

CHAPTER LXXXI

p. 351 sq. *Richard Porson* (1759-1808), Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge; *Peter Elmsley* (1773-1825), Southey's schoolfellow at Westminster, subsequently Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford; *Charles James Blomfield* (1786-1857), successively Bishop of Chester and of London; and *James Henry Monk* (1784-1856), Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, were all famous classical scholars.

CHAPTER LXXXII

p. 356. *William Scoresby* (1789-1857), son of William Scoresby (1760-1829), a noted Captain in the whale fishery, followed his father's profession. He wrote various books, relating chiefly to the Arctic seas, notably *A Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery*, 1823, and *Memorials of the Sea*, 1833.

p. 359. The lines quoted by Newton occur in a poem printed among the works of Tibullus as Tibulli, Lib. III. xix. = IV. xiii. Professor J. P. Postgate has shown reason for attributing this poem, not to Tibullus, but to an unknown writer of the Augustan age. Cf. *Journal of Phil.*, ix., p. 280 sqq.

INTERCHAPTER VII

p. 360. Southey received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the Oxford Encaenia in 1820.

'*The ever memorable Countess of Henneberg.*' Samuel Leland in his *Picturesque Tour through Holland, Brabant, etc.*, published in 1790 (vol. I., p. 81), relates a story current at the village of Loosduynen: 'About the year 1276 a Countess of Hennesberg, aged forty-two, was delivered of 365 children at a birth; said to be by the imprecations of a beggar-woman who (on being refused charity) wished she might have as many children as there were days in the year. Though a Dutch author mentions having seen the children, and describes them as no bigger than shrimps, and though at the village church is still shown the copper vessel in which they were baptized by Guy, Bishop of Utrecht, yet the truth seems to be that on a 3rd of January the beggar wished the Countess might have as many children as there *had been* days in

the year, and that her wish was fulfilled by the good Countess being delivered of three children on that day.' There is a reference to this story in Pepys's *Diary* for May 19, 1660.

p. 362. *Thomas Randolph* (1605-1635), poet and dramatist, was a friend of *Oliver Felltham* (1602-1668), and wrote an address *To Master Feltham on his book of Resolves*. Felltham's *Resolves*, a series of moral essays, first appeared, undated, about 1620. The second edition was published in 1628.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

p. 364. The poet whose name Southey had for the moment forgotten was *Edmund Waller* (1606-1687). The quotation (in which the correct reading should be 'cottage' for 'mansion') occurs in Waller's *On the Divine Poems*.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

p. 367. *Margaret Cavendish* (1624?-1674), daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, married, in 1645, William Cavendish, Marquis and subsequently Duke of Newcastle. She was a voluminous writer of plays, poems, and philosophical essays, and also published a *Life of her husband*, and an autobiographical sketch in *Nature's Pictures* (1656).

CHAPTER LXXXV

p. 373. *Daniel Rogers* (1573-1652), was a Puritan divine. His *Matrimonial Honour* was published in 1642.

p. 374. *Letters on the Importance of the Female Sex*, by Miss Hatfield of Manchester—authoress of various works carefully designed for female readers—appeared in 1803.

p. 376. *Lodovico Domenichi* (d. 1564) was a voluminous author and a translator of the classics.

Isotta Nogarola (1420?-1466) was a famous 'blue-stocking' of her period. She once pleaded the cause of Eve in a debate on the comparative culpability of Adam and Eve, and her argument was published at Venice by Aldus a century later, in 1563, in the form of a Dialogue.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

p. 377. *Lord Monboddo*: James Burnett (1714-1799), after a distinguished career at the Bar, was appointed a Scottish judge in 1767, and assumed the title of Lord Monboddo. Between 1773 and 1792 he published in six volumes a work entitled *Of the Origin and Progress of Language*. In this he advanced many curious opinions, among them that 'the ourang-outang is a class of the human species, and that its want of speech is merely accidental' (*D. N. B.*). Dr. Johnson visited Burnett at Monboddo during his tour in the Hebrides, as is recorded by Boswell.

p. 378. *William Whiston* (1667-1752), eccentric divine and scholar, is now best remembered for his translation of Josephus.

p. 380. *John Dunton* (1659-1733), a bookseller by trade,

carried on between March 1689-1690 and February 1695-1696 the *Athenian Gazette*, afterwards the *Athenian Mercury*, designed as a kind of *Notes and Queries*, and published weekly. In this he was assisted by his brother-in-law, Samuel Wesley, father of John Wesley, and other friends.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

p. 381. *The Jesuit Garasse*: François Garasse, a noted controversialist, wrote *La Doctrine Curieuse des beaux esprits de ce temps combattue*, 1624.

Huarte de San Juan (c. 1530-1592), Spanish physician and psychologist, won a European reputation by his *Examen de ingenios para las ciencias*, published in 1575 and eventually translated by Lessing.

John Barclay (1582-1621) attacked the Jesuits in his *Satyricon* (2nd ed., Paris, 1605). His most important work was his *Argenis*, published posthumously in 1621, a romance designed in particular to denounce political faction and conspiracy.

p. 384. *James Cowles Prichard* (1786-1848), M.D. Edinburgh, 1808, began to practise medicine at Bristol in 1810. In 1813 he published his *Researches as to the Physical History of Man* (2nd ed., 1826).

MEMOIR OF THE CATS OF GRETA HALL

p. 393. *Mrs. Wilson* was housekeeper to Mr. Jackson, the owner of Greta Hall, with whom the Southeys shared the house for a time. After Jackson's death she continued to live with the Southeys till she died in 1820.

The Zombi was a black tom-cat whose brief residence at Greta Hall and mysterious disappearance therefrom were described by Southey in a humorous letter, to Grosvenor Bedford, of April 3, 1821 (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warter, iii. 240). The cat was named from the title of the chief of the Palmares negroes (*Southey's History of Brazil*, iii. 24).

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΝΑΠΙΑΝΤΑΣ

p. 399. *Mrs. L.*: Mrs. Lovell, sister of Southey's first wife, and widow of his friend Robert Lovell, made her home with the Southeys at Greta Hall.

K. and B.: Southey's daughters, Bertha and Katharine, born in 1809 and 1810 respectively.

p. 400. *The Venerabilis*: Mrs. Coleridge.

p. 405. *Prince Hohenlohe's miracles*. Alexander Leopold Franz Emmerich, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst (1794-1849), was ordained priest in 1815, and obtained considerable reputation as a preacher at Munich and Bamberg. In conjunction with a peasant, Martin Michel, he was credited with having effected a miraculous cure on a princess of Schwartzberg, who had long been paralysed. His fame as a worker of miraculous cures grew, and attracted multitudes from various

countries. In 1821 he went to Vienna, and subsequently to Hungary, where he became Canon at Grosswardein and, in 1844, titular Bishop of Sardica. He was the author of a number of ascetic and controversial writings.

Thomas Taylor (1758-1835), son of a London staymaker, received an irregular education, which imperfectly fitted him for his self-chosen task of translating and expounding Plato, Aristotle, and the Neoplatonists and Pythagoreans. 'Critical faculty he had none. . . . Widely read in America, his works had never much vogue in England, where his frank avowal of philosophic polytheism created a strong feeling against him' (*D. N. B.*).

ADDITIONAL NOTE

The following extracts from two of Southey's letters are of interest in their reference to *The Doctor*.

'The *Edinburgh Review*¹ is more abroad in its guesses about *The Doctor* than I was when I guessed about it. No clue to the author has reached me. As for Hartley Coleridge, I wish it were his, but am certain that it is not. He is quite clever enough to have written it—quite odd enough; but his opinions are desperately radical, and he is the last person in the world to disguise them. One report was that his father had assisted him: there is not a page in the book, wise or foolish, which the latter *could* have written, neither his wisdom nor his folly are of that kind. It amuses me to find myself suspected. Rogers's *Italy* was given to me in like manner before it was claimed by its author' (Southey to C. W. W. Wynn, April 26, 1834—Warter's *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, iv. 373).

When I began the book, my view did not extend beyond two volumes. In the course of twenty years, however, enough in quantity (though not in sequence) for three was written, and a superabundance of materials collected for more. Miss Hutchinson then persuaded me to begin to print, Miss H. saying that, if it was delayed longer, few of those who were in the secret and would enjoy it most would be living to enjoy it. The greater part of it she transcribed for the press—this having been her amusement for many years whenever she visited us.

'Of the volume, which you will receive perhaps as soon as this letter, nearly four-fifths have been written since the two former

¹ Query, should we read here the *Quarterly*? Search has revealed no such review in the *Edinburgh*.

were published, and about a fourth part while it was in the press. Enough, certainly, for three more is written, and how much there may be to interweave in these, who can tell? The bookseller's report of a prodigious sale is a bookseller's useful puff. One thousand copies were printed, and the *Quarterly Review* and the talk carried off little more than half that number by midsummer last. If another hundred has since dropped off, I should be much surprised; but the new volume may put the remaining copies in motion.

'Intending little more at first than to play the fool in a way that might amuse the wise, and, becoming "a sadder and a wiser man" as I proceeded, I perceived that there was no way in which I could so conveniently dispose of some of my multifarious collections, nor so well send into the world some wholesome but unpalatable truths, nor advance speculations upon dark subjects, without giving offence or exciting animadversion. With something, therefore, of Tristram Shandy in its character, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, the predominant character is still my own.

'It was not till the book went to press that I thought of putting headings to the chapters, and finding mottoes for each' (Southey to Caroline Bowles, June 22, 1835—*The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*, ed. E. Dowden, pp. 326, 327).

It may be added that the original volumes of *The Doctor* ended as follows¹—Vol. I., with ch. xxxii. p.i.; Vol. II., with ch. lxxvii.; Vol. III., with ch. cv.; Vol. IV., with interchapter xvi.; Vol. V., with interchapter xix.; Vol. VI., with interchapter xxiii. Vol. VII., published, like Vol. VI., after Southey's death, by J. W. Warter, contained, besides materials prepared by Southey for *The Doctor*, various fragments designed to be worked up for it, and an Epilude of Mottoes, chosen by Warter from a mass which had not already been incorporated in the book.

¹ The notation, of course, here follows the original numbering of the chapters, and not the numbering in the present abridged edition.

Acc. No.	9673
Class No.	F. 7.
Book No.	1183

424 + 22 = 446

this, that in old times it might have excited strong suspicion, and he would have been in danger of passing for a Witch in disguise, or a familiar. The mystery, however, was solved about four weeks ago, when, as we were returning from a walk up the Greta, Isabel saw him on his transit across the road and the wall from Shulicrow, in a direction toward the Hill. But to this day we are ignorant who has the honour to be his owner in the eye of the law; and the owner is equally ignorant of the high favour in which Hurlyburlybuss is held, of the heroic name which he has obtained, and that his fame has extended far and wide—even unto Norwich in the East, and Escott and Crediton and Killerton in the West, yea—that with Rumpelstilzchen he has been celebrated in song, by some hitherto undiscovered poet, and that his glory will go down to future generations.

The strong enmity which unhappily subsists between these otherwise gentle and most amiable cats is not unknown to you. Let it be imputed, as in justice it ought, not to their individual characters, (for Cats have characters,—and for the benefit of philosophy, as well as *felisophy*, this truth ought generally to be known,) but to the constitution of Cat nature,—an original sin, or an original necessity, which may be only another mode of expressing the same thing:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one purlieu brook a double reign
Of Hurlyburlybuss and Rumpelstilzchen.

When you left us, the result of many a fierce conflict was, that Hurly remained master of the green and garden, and the whole of the out of door premises; Rumpel always upon the appearance of his victorious enemy retiring into the house as a citadel or sanctuary. The conqueror was, perhaps, in part indebted for this superiority to his hardier habits of life, living always in the open air, and providing for himself; while Rumpel, (who though born under a bum-bailiff's roof was nevertheless kittened with a silver spoon in his mouth,) passed his hours in luxurious repose beside the fire, and looked for his meals as punctually as any two-legged

ANTE-PREFACE

I here present thee with a hive of bees, laden some with wax, and some with honey. Fear not to approach ! There are no Wasps, there are no Hornets here. If some wanton Bee should chance to buzz about thine ears, stand thy ground and hold thy hands: there none will sting thee if thou strike not first. If any do, she hath honey in her bag will cure thee too.

QUARLES

'Prefaces,' said Charles Blount, Gent., who committed suicide because the law would not allow him to marry his brother's widow,—(a law, be it remarked in passing, which is not sanctioned by reason, and which, instead of being in conformity with scripture, is in direct opposition to it, being in fact the mere device of a corrupt and greedy church)—'Prefaces,' said this flippant, ill-opinioned and unhappy man, 'ever were, and still are but of two sorts, let other modes and fashions vary as they please. Let the profane long peruke succeed the godly cropt hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery presbytery again, yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of pre-facing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he shall be hanged, or no; or else in a huffing manner he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of some friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual shams of all scribblers as well ancient as modern.' This was not true then, nor is it now; but when he proceeds to say, 'for my part I enter the lists upon another score,'—so say I with him; and my Preface shall say the rest.